San Bernardino
County Free Library
San Bernardino, Calif.

THE BOOKMAN

SEPTEMBER 1929

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Beautiful Years Henry Williamson	"ITS ore is pure," says Sidney Williams of the Philadelphia Inquirer. "THE BEAUTIFUL YEARS is a touching and at times very amusing revelation of unfettered childhood. Here we see Mr. Williamson's acute perception of the spiritual and material fusion in nature; a communicated ardor in recent years only approached by the writing of Mary Webb." By the author of *The Pathway*. $2.50	*The Dutton Prize Book for September*
Scraps of Paper Marietta Minnigerode Andrews	AT the same time that great wars are raging on the battlefields, there are being fought invisible battles in the hearts and minds of those engaged in active fighting and likewise of those who have to stay at home. Here the author of *My Studio Window* presents such a picture of two great wars. $5.00	*By the author of My Studio Window*
Bridge Problems Fabyan Mathey *and* Harry Hallahan	A FASCINATING new puzzle game for beginner or professional. The problems are in order of difficulty—easy ones first, "stickers" last. Your bridge play will be greatly improved by the time you sharpen your wits on the last problem. $2.00	*For pleasure, profit and improvement*
Hills and the Sea Hilaire Belloc	IN THIS book of lovely far places, one sketch, *The Good Woman,* stands out in its surpassing beauty like a Cellini cup in a casket of gems. For all lovers of earthly and spiritual beauty, this book of splendid prose and exquisite illustrations is offered. $5.00	*A perfect title for a book of deathless beauty*
Willy Pogany's **Alice in Wonderland** Lewis Carroll	WILLY POGANY has given us a new Alice. ALICE IN WONDERLAND is one of the true classics in literature. A new illustrator has long been needed to illustrate Alice for this generation. The publishers feel that Pogany has wonderfully succeeded. Regular edition. $2.00	*Everything a book should be*
Thieves' Nights Harry Stephen Keeler	"IT LEAVES flabbergasted and happy the stunned reader. . . . Keeler introduces his reader to a miraculous jewel thief . . . a continuously absorbing story replete with plot and counterplot of so sensational a nature as to render hopeless any guessing which the ordinarily enterprising person might be inclined to make."—Bruce Gould, author of *Sky Larking.* $2.00	*The Dutton Prize Mystery for September*
A postcard will bring you our new fall catalogue	**E. P. DUTTON & CO., Inc.**	300 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEPTEMBER, 1929 THE BOOKMAN VOL. LXX; NO. I

Contents for September

San Bernardino County Free Library San Bernardino, Calif.

JACQUES MARITAIN, REVIVALIST — GEORGE N. SHUSTER — I

An introduction for American readers to a French author of growing renown, whose book, "Three Reformers", has just been published here. M. Maritain is a brilliant champion in both journalism and philosophic studies of traditionalism and anti-modernism. T. S. Eliot has described M. Maritain as "the most conspicuous figure and probably the most powerful force in contemporary French literature". Mr. Shuster is associate editor of "The Commonweal" and author of "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature" and "The Catholic Spirit in America".

JUNIOR MODEL — WILSON FOLLETT — 11

Mr. Follett has been shocked by a discovery which will shock all parents of boys: that the well-written, if undistinguished books for boys of a generation ago have been supplanted by a mass of reading-material so nearly illiterate that it must counteract the best efforts of parents and teachers to instil culture.

TWO POEMS — JOHN GOULD FLETCHER — 15

Mr. Fletcher, the American poet who has long resided in England and been a prominent member of the Imagist group, recently visited this country.

THE CLAXTONS — ALDOUS HUXLEY — 17

An amusing and bitter story of our day.

HENRY BLAKE FULLER: CIVILIZED CHICAGOAN — VICTOR SHULTZ — 34

Mr. Fuller's death in July removed an impressive figure from our letters.

AT SWIFT'S RECTORY — PADRAIC COLUM — 39

An Irish writer pictures the little Irish cottage where Jonathan Swift visited Hester Johnson daily and found a share of the peace and happiness that were so rare in his life.

STUART P. SHERMAN AND PAUL ELMER MORE

CORRESPONDENCE, EDITED BY JACOB ZEITLIN — 43

New light on the turbulent, too-brief career of the brilliant critic, Stuart Sherman.—His life will be recounted at full length in the book which his friends Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge have assembled. It will be published this fall in two volumes by Farrar and Rinehart.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents continued

HOBNOBBING WITH EMINENT AUTHORS — DOUGLAS BUSH — 54

Mr. Bush has given much time to the popular practice of seeking out famous British authors —but somehow with results unlike those usually reported.

MORE "OLD BOOKMAN DAYS" — ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE — 56

Mr. Maurice joined the staff of The Bookman in 1899 and was with it, most of the time as its editor, until the war called him in 1915. Mr. Maurice's first paper of reminiscences, "Old Bookman Days", appeared just two years ago in the first number of the magazine under its present ownership.

THE CHURCH FESTIVAL — MARY JOHNSTON — 66

A short story by the distinguished novelist, whose most recent book was "The Exile".

ENGLISH AND LOGIC — JANET RANKIN AIKEN — 73

A demonstration that English and logic do not bear much relation to each other.

MACAULAY: HISTORIAN TO THE PEOPLE — JOHN MACY — 76

Previous papers in Mr. Macy's series of Nineteenth Century rehabilitations dealt with Dickens, Carlyle, and Tennyson.

A LETTER FROM ABROAD — REBECCA WEST — 88

Following her custom Miss West has left London and gone to spend the summer in the south of France, whence will come her next few monthly letters.

Reviews and Departments

FICTION — 96

by Zona Gale, Clifton P. Fadiman, Geoffrey T. Hellman, Gorham B. Munson, Margaret Wallace.

BIOGRAPHY — 103

by Clifton P. Fadiman, Allan Nevins, John Chamberlain.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM — 106

by T. S. Matthews, Margaret Wallace, H. R. Hays.

A VARIED SHELF — 109

by Herbert Gorman, Foster Rhea Dulles, William Howell Wells, Norah Meade.

THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE — 112

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS — iv

BON VOYAGE — xvii

THE BOOK MART — xxvii

THE BOOKMAN is published monthly by the Bookman Publishing Co., Inc., 50c a copy; $5 a year (Canada $5.50, foreign $6). Publication office, 19th & Federal Sts., Camden, N. J. Editorial and general office, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Camden, N. J. Copyright, 1929, by the Bookman Publishing Co., Inc.

Reasonable care will be exercised to safeguard all manuscripts received, but THE BOOKMAN disclaims all responsibility for manuscripts damaged or lost in transit. Four weeks' notice is required for change of address on subscription copies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Join

the Book-of-the-Month Club

now—while you can get

The First Book *FREE*

A GREAT many people (we know) have been on the verge of joining the Book-of-the-Month Club, but have neglected to do so largely through oversight. This special offer is made, frankly, to overcome this procrastination by making it worth while for you not to delay longer. We suggest simply that you get full information at once about what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for you, and then decide once for all whether you want to join. The mere fact that over 100,000 judicious book-readers already belong to the organization—that they represent the elite of the land in every profession and every walk of life—that not a single one was induced to join by a salesman or by personal solicitation of any kind, but did so after simply reading the facts about what the Club does for book-readers—all these are indications that it is worth your while at least to get these facts as quickly as possible, and then (if you want to) join and get your first book free. You assume no obligation in sending the coupon below for full information.

Six distinguished foreign authors now serve as an International Advisory Committee for the Book-of-the-Month Club. The function they perform is to keep our judges advised about what they consider the significant new books published abroad, each in his own country. The Committee consists of:

FOR ENGLAND:
H. G. Wells
and
Arnold Bennett

FOR FRANCE:
André Maurois

FOR GERMANY AND AUSTRIA:
Thomas Mann
and
Arthur Schnitzler

FOR SCANDINAVIA:
Sigrid Undset

Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman

Heywood Broun

Dorothy Canfield

Christopher Morley

William Allen White

THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 25-9

Please send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Books shipped to Canadian members through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Limited

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

Philosophy and Psychology

CREATIVE UNDERSTANDING

THE RECOVERY OF TRUTH *by Count Hermann Keyserling.* (HARPERS. $5.00 EACH)

IN THESE two volumes, published as a unit embodying his complete philosophy, Count Keyserling presents a series of lectures which he has been delivering at his School of Wisdom in Darmstadt during the last eight years. Throughout both volumes he has utilized the practice sponsored by the School—"living improvisation at the right moment"—a practice which, on more than one occasion, "does a certain amount of violence to the facts". Despite this, and perhaps because of it, the Count succeeds in realizing the purpose of the School of Wisdom: not to pose questions and then answer them, but to create in the student and the reader a train of thought which will carry them to their own answering of their own questions.

In *Creative Understanding,* Count Keyserling examines the differences between Oriental and Occidental thought. They are to each other, he believes, as the metaphysical is to the empirical; they exist on different planes, the Eastern being more profound than Western thought. They are not mutually exclusive, but supplementary; a fusion of the two would make possible a search for hitherto undiscovered truths on a higher, more spiritual level than has yet been achieved.

In *The Recovery of Truth,* the Count laments the inability of the modern thinker to understand Eternal Truth when it is cloaked in the obscure language of antiquity. The recovery of Truth lies in its restatement in modern terminology, in the light of modern discoveries. The problems involved in the restatement include those of the mind—the spiritual unity of mankind, death and eternal life, etc.,—and those of the soul—love and understanding, religion and ethics and eternal happiness.

THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY *by Will Durant* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $5.00)

"THIS book," says Doctor Durant, "is an attempt at a consistent philosophy of life", a philosophy couched in "transparent speech" and vitalized by contemporary applications. Through the mansions of his "Queen of Sciences" he leads the reader, who is allowed to linger a while with the author's criticisms of philosophic thought, centering around such problems as the nature of matter, life and mind; man as a machine; our changing morals; the modern woman; the breakdown of marriage. The reader is permitted to listen to skilfully compiled dialogues on history and religion; he is admitted to a discussion of whether or not life is worth living and the nature of happiness. One's attitude toward life is a personal matter, "depending in part on the great god, Chance". Doctor Durant admits that he has "been unreasonably fortunate in these latter years . . . and confess[es] a prejudice in favor of existence". The underlying current of life carries man on in his quest after happiness. "Let philosophy concede, then, that not in philosophy but in life must man find his keenest satisfaction . . . not in the library or monastic cell, but in the fulfillment of his natural and oldest instincts".

CHARACTERS AND EVENTS *by John Dewey* (HENRY HOLT. $5.00)

DOCTOR DEWEY'S essays and articles on many topics have been resurrected by his interpreter, Mr. Joseph Ratner, from the periodicals in which they appeared originally, for inclusion in this two-volume work. The section devoted to "Characters" is not a series of contemporary portraits but an interpretation and evaluation of the philosophies of such men as Matthew Arnold, Browning, Renan, Kant, Emerson, Wells and Theodore Roosevelt. There is an interesting discussion of William James which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let These Famous Men and Women Select Outstanding Books Like These for Your Children—

At a Saving

You want to provide your children with the best new books obtainable, to mold those young people into the Great Men and Women of tomorrow. Now eight of the most eminent specialists in the field of juvenile literature will select those books for you, relieving you of this great responsibility. Through a recent merger of *The Junior Literary Guild* and *Selected Books for Juniors*, several new Editors have been added to the *Junior Guild Board*.

Junior Guild books are issued in special editions *for members only*. They will be illustrated, cloth bound books, beautifully printed on fine paper—but they will cost much less than the trade editions on sale in the stores. The books will be selected as the best, from the vast supply of new material which you could never find time to read. The books pictured above are the first Junior Guild selections. They are the sort of books your children want and the kind you want them to have.

Once every month *The Junior Literary Guild* sends its young members, postpaid, one book selected by these people. The books will not all be fiction; many of them will be devoted to serious subjects that will interest every young person. One book is selected for both sexes between 8 and 12, a second book for girls between 12 and 16, and a third for boys between 12 and 16.

Instead of paying an advanced price for these outstanding books you actually save money through this new plan. The Guild saves money by publishing a huge edition of its books for an assured audience, and passes that saving on to you.

Through the Junior Guild you can provide your children with twelve of the finest, worth while books published each year at a great saving in actual cash. Membership pins and a monthly periodical are only two of the many additional features which cost you nothing.

The Junior Literary Guild,
Dept. 12-B.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CARL VAN DOREN, Editor-in-Chief of the Literary Guild, is the father of three children. His personal interest in books for young people thus makes his opinions doubly valuable.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT is an educator and writer, prominent in scores of movements to develop the young people of America.

ANGELO PATRI is an author, educator and an authority second to none on the development and aspirations of boys and girls.

MRS. SIDONIE M. GRUENBERG is a director of the Child Study Association, consultant on Parental Education, Child Development Institute, Teacher's College, Columbia University.

HARFORD POWEL, JR., former Editor of *Youth's Companion*, writer and lecturer.

KATHERINE ULRICH has had a wide experience with juvenile libraries.

MR. ROBERT E. SIMON is President of the United Parents' Association of New York.

HELEN FERRIS has been Associate Editor of *Youth's Companion* and Editor of the *American Girl*.

THE JUNIOR LITERARY GUILD, Dept. 12-B. 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I want Charter Membership in the Junior Guild for

Master / *Miss* ..... *Age* .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

I will pay $1.50 upon receipt of the first book and *free* pin, followed by 6 monthly payments of $3 each. This entitles the member to *one book a month for a year* selected by the Board named above—postage free. (You can save $1 by sending $18.50 in full payment with this coupon.) (*Parent's name below, if different address please note.*)

.....

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is more an appreciation of the man than of his position in the world of thought. Part of the first and all of the second volume are given over to a number of discussions readily grouped under "Events". Many of them appeared under different titles in *The New Republic* and other periodicals. They present a consistent indication of Doctor Dewey's reaction to recent developments in the Far East, Turkey, Russia and Mexico, as well as occurrences at home.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PROFITS *by Donald A. Laird* (FORBES. $3.50)

"Most productive of the profits (of self-realization) is the psychological attitude in the executive's grasp of his problem. This little book is designed to aid in the cultivation of this attitude. It is the insight of the psychological attitude which makes formulas work." And profits grow where none grew before. These profits arise from putting the right man on the right job, seeing that he is not the victim of excessive and remediable fatigue, encouraging him to develop himself (by a bonus or sharing of profit) and building up a morale in the ranks of workers which will cause them to exert themselves beyond ordinary limits for their employers. Executives everywhere should welcome some of the practical suggestions in Dr. Laird's book.

The Social Sciences

THE READING INTERESTS AND HABITS OF ADULTS *by William S. Gray and Ruth Munroe* (MACMILLAN. $3.50)

THE AUTHORS have compiled painstakingly a body of data on the reading practices of young and old Americans which should be of interest to all who read, write or publish. Reading as a leisure-pursuit is rapidly assuming first place in the hearts of our countrymen, and it is newspapers and magazines which they read, rather than books. Reading habits differ from place to place and from age to age, as one would expect. The nature of individual or community practices varies with the past history of the reader, his intelligence, his formal education, etc. The motives that prompt reading are as different as are the readers. But the influences which condition reading are very much the same; the family (or parents), first; school and teachers, second; friends and shared interests, hobbies, and the thoroughness of performance which they inspire, third. The absence of children's books in the home encourages them to read low-grade periodicals which are brought into the household by the parents. The problem, therefore, of those who would build up and improve the reading taste of a new generation is the re-education of these selfsame parents.

THE USEFUL ART OF ECONOMICS *by George Soule* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)

"ECONOMICS, if it cannot yet be a science, dismal or otherwise, may be a salutary art," one that would aid us "to control the life of industry and trade for the general good". In this key, Mr. Soule discusses the nature of the producing plant; the considerations that determine what it is to produce; how to market the product and at what price; and the economic factors involved in the stimulation of demand through advertising and high-pressure salesmanship. He maintains that under adequate economic control, the production plants of the nation—perhaps of the world—could be regulated to turn out products that were really wanted, in quantities conforming to *bona fide* demand and of a quality not dependent upon publicity for its appreciability. The tools of such control would include dissemination of known, economic facts; development and enforcement of standards in industry; governmental supervision and regulation of crucial industries and the encouragement of industrial co-operation through expansion and absorption by one large organization of smaller, less efficient enterprises. The outcome of economic control, secured through these means, would be complete economic freedom. Mr. Soule has written a thought-stimulating book.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF SAVAGES *by Bronislaw Malinowski* (LIVERIGHT. TWO VOLS. $10.00)

DOCTOR MALINOWSKI has produced an account of the erotic lives of the Melanesians found on the Trobriand Islands, which is at once complete, authoritative and astounding. Several years spent among the natives revealed to him the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Only Way to Save Money on these Twelve Best Books

THERE are several "book clubs" in America, each offering readers current selections from advance lists before publication for the retail trade. Naturally, some confusion has arisen. Possibly you have not clearly in mind just which of these organizations it is that binds its books in permanent editions and delivers twelve of them to its members each year at a *tremendous cash saving*. ONLY The *Literary Guild* DOES THIS!

Only the *Literary Guild* sends its members *twelve* new, outstanding, cloth bound books a year at a great reduction in price.

Every discriminating book buyer will want to investigate the advantages offered by all of the "clubs" before he subscribes to any of them. It is only by such comparison that all of the advantages of the *Literary Guild* are revealed.

The Guild Solicits only Your Consideration

It would seem too vainglorious to state that every advantage of book-buying procurable in any other way—through subscription or otherwise—is to be had through Guild membership, in addition to many unique advantages—including the cash saving. Therefore, we leave the decision to you. Mail the coupon for full particulars that you may judge for yourself.

One obvious testimony to the superiority of the Guild is its amazing growth. From an *idea*, two years ago, it has become unique in the book world, the only organization of its kind in America.

The books pictured on this page were all Guild selections. All nation-wide favorites. Every literary review of importance in America has printed feature articles about these most extraordinary books of the decade. Guild members received them at a great saving—without having to search for them—on the very day they were published. In one year the members saved more than $1,150,000 on their books—and they secured such outstanding successes as:

TRADER HORN
MAGIC ISLAND
BAD GIRL
MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS
MEET GENERAL GRANT
ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY
ROUND UP
THE WAVE

But if—after they had seen them—they did not want to keep any of them as a permanent part of their library—they *could have been returned in exchange for any books in print in the United States.*

This Exchange Privilege *Guarantees Your* Satisfaction

Now you cannot lose. Guild membership is absolutely guaranteed to please you. But before you join, you should know exactly how the Guild plan operates.

A new brochure, *Make the Literary Guild Serve You*, has just been printed, fully describing every phase of Guild membership.

The coupon will bring it to you without the slightest obligation. Compare the advantages offered on its pages with those of any other agency for book distribution in the world. Your own acumen will prompt you—you will not need to be urged.

The Literary Guild
Dept. 93-B
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE LITERARY GUILD, Dept. 93-B.
55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

You may send me a copy of the booklet, *Make the Literary Guild Serve You*, free and without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

early participation in matters of sex which characterized *The Coming of Age in Samoa.* But his picture is much more inclusive than was Miss Meade's. He discloses the details of their wooing, the nature of their practices after adolescence and during maturity. He indicates the place of marriage as an institution and as a relationship; he points out that the Trobriands' ignorance of the factors involved in conception and birth has resulted in the development of a matrilineal society in which the father has no kinship with his own children, his duties, as we know them, being assumed by the mother's brother, who stands *in loco parentis.* The ceremonials and rituals attending phases in the sex life of this people are faithfully described and frequently pictured. Both practice and ritual reveal the savage to be essentially human and not too unlike his more civilized brother in the essential drives underlying his reaction to the opposite sex. Doctor Malinowski's work will repay amply those who have long been waiting for it.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MODERN GIRL *by Mabelle B. Blake, Caroline Ruutz-Rees, Mary R. Hillard, Jessie Hewitt, Dorothy Waldo, Lucy M. Wing, Mary A. Elcock, Frances Lee and William A. Neilson* (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. $3.00)

THIS symposium is a companion piece to *The Education of the Modern Boy.* Its contributors write upon the importance of home environment for the growing girl and the potential wholesomeness of even the "modern" family background; the nature of her academic experiences, which are as wide in scope as those of the boy; the rôle of athletics in the girl's life; the question of attendance at college, which should be decided practically and not by social dictation; the growing importance of summer camps in the molding of health and character; and the basis for co-operation between the adolescent and her parents.

OLD CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD *by A. Hyatt Verrill* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $5.00)

THIS fascinating volume contains a most readable account of those American civilizations which antedated old Egypt. There was the Coclé culture in ancient Panama, the highly developed Maya civilization in Yucatan; there were the Aztecs and Toltecs of Mexico, the Chimus who preceded them and the Peruvian Incans—not Incas, Mr. Merrill points out—who, like the Aztecs and Toltecs, fell before the Spanish invaders. The book presents as complete a picture of their lost culture as time has left to the modern scientist. Their songs and language, their customs and rituals, their art in dress and architecture, their monuments, temples and homes, all are vividly described by word and picture. There is a special appendix of the scores and words of some ancient Indian songs which have come down in semi-Spanish versions.

RECENT ECONOMIC CHANGES IN THE UNITED STATES. *The Report of the President's Conference Committee*—1922-1929 (MCGRAW, HILL. TWO VOLS. $7.50)

UNDER the chairmanship of Mr. Hoover, the Committee on Economic Changes of President Coolidge's Conference on Unemployment inaugurated several surveys to determine the nature and direction of industrial, agricultural and commercial developments in this country. Their findings are embodied in these two volumes. The nature of economic change has been that of acceleration in production and marketing rather than alteration of economic structure. The tremendous growth of the power industry is held responsible for this increase in speed and scope. The result has been an increase in production, an extended use of credit, the expansion of human wants beyond the primary needs of food, clothing and shelter, and an increased consumption of leisure. No definite report is included on the scope and seriousness of unemployment or labor shortage, due to a regretted lack of adequate statistical material. More than a hundred institutions and individuals co-operated in the assembling of data.

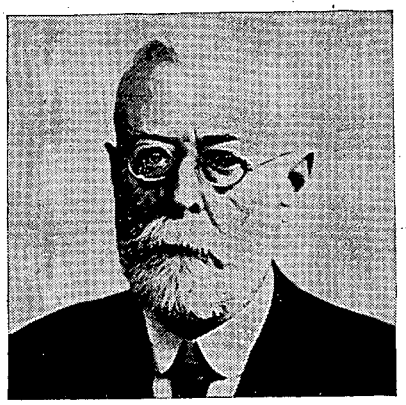
COLLEGE LIFE IN THE OLD SOUTH *by E. M. Coulter* (MACMILLAN. $3.00)

HERE is an interesting history of the University of Georgia from the days of its founding to the period of Reconstruction. Organized and chartered between 1801 and 1806, during which years it was dragged about the state with the shifting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GARDENS OF THIS WORLD

by Henry Blake Fuller



CARL VAN VECHTEN had often spoken to me about Henry Blake Fuller, so when last March this manuscript reached my desk, I looked forward to reading it with uncommon pleasure. I decided to publish *Gardens of This World* not because I felt that American readers would flock by the thousands to buy as delicate and special a kind of book as this, but to try to get a fair hearing for a seventy-two year old gentleman, who, since his youth, had been writing and publishing books, the distinguished and distinctive qualities of which had been recognized by no worse critics than James Huneker, Percival Pollard, Henry L. Mencken, Carl Van Vechten, Charles Eliot Norton and E. F. Edgett of *The Boston Transcript*.

Mr. Fuller died very suddenly on July 28th, but *Gardens of This World* is to be published in the exact form in which he intended it to appear, for he had read not only galley and page proofs, but revised page proofs. I am certain that his work will endure and that he will now take his place among the classics, minor classics, if you like, but classics just the same, of American literature.

Alfred A. Knopf

To be published September 13th, price $2.50
The first edition will be limited to 2000 numbered copies

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · 730 FIFTH AVE · NEW YORK

BORZOI BOOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

center of power in politics, it finally came to rest at Athens whose life it colored with its own, developing customs and codes. It faced and solved its own problems, among which were "certain fancy people who preyed upon the students", intemperance in college circles and clashes between students and faculty. During the War of Secession, the University played an important part in support of Georgia's activities; afterward, it tackled courageously the difficulties of the years following 1865. Since then, it has been moving steadily toward a programme of broader and higher education.

Science

AT HOME AMONG THE ATOMS *by James E. Kendall* (CENTURY. $3.00)

WRITTEN in an easy, popular style, with amusing chapter headings, Professor Kendall's book seeks to entertain as well as to orient the reader in his colorful environment of everyday chemical phenomena. It discusses the chemical nature of many things—the elements which go to make them up, how these elements combine, what they do to each other and how the results of their chemical union can be determined. It discusses in simple terms the ordinarily esoteric topics of valence, atomic theory and manipulation of chemical equations. It considers intelligently the time-honored principles in chemistry and the effect upon them of more recent discoveries; it hastens to point out that the latter do not replace the former, but, rather, depend upon and supplement them. For the reader who would like to be able to answer the questions of his friends, Professor Kendall has organized tables of information which are good enough to be used in university classes, and yet are easy to understand.

THE BASES OF MODERN SCIENCE *by J. W. N. Sullivan* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

WITHOUT resorting to a single mathematical formula and using a minimum of obscure, technical terms, Mr. Sullivan has turned out a concise account of the fundamentals underlying recent scientific developments. His book begins with a brief review of the outstanding contributions to science down through the ages. It goes on to a discussion of the Newtonian conceptions of time, space and mass; the theory of outer ether; the rôle in modern life of heat and energy. Several chapters are devoted to an examination of the physical theory of matter, the atomic theory and electromagnetism. These lead to a presentation of the electric theory of matter which, in turn, becomes the foundation for a remarkably lucid explanation of relativity. In conclusion, Mr. Sullivan points out that "science tells us much less about the universe than we used to suppose . . . [It] can tell us nothing about phenomena but their structure . . . Our aesthetic and religious experiences need not lose significance because they are not taken into account in the scientific scheme. It is possible that they will not always remain excluded from that scheme". A human and scholarly book.

Poetry

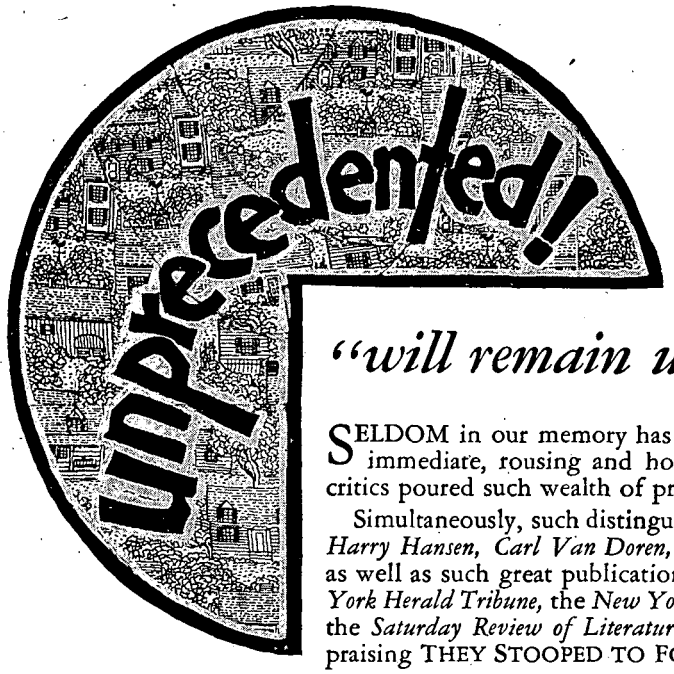
BLUE JUNIATA *by Malcolm Cowley* (CAPE & SMITH. $2.00)

TODAY usually it is the color and striping of a young poet's temperament that first win him an audience, but with Malcolm Cowley it is the glass-like colorlessness of his temperament that captivates. A cool transparency of mood and vision, a mind agile in making varied and exact and surprising patterns, and a simple pure lyric energy that makes a direct appeal, combine to establish Cowley in the front rank of the younger generation's versifiers. Because of the crystalline character of his temperament, Cowley makes an excellent medium through which to hear without distortion the hopes and baffle-ments, the changes in mood, the posturings and efforts typical of his generation. He is never less than clever in the middle sections of *Blue Juniata;* and in the opening and closing sections there is some of the best simple eloquence in verse written in the last decade.

WILD GARDEN *by Bliss Carman* (DODD, MEAD. $2.00)

IN THIS last volume, published not long before his sudden death, the Canadian poet laureate reaffirms the faith he has so often sung in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"will remain unsurpassed . . ."

SELDOM in our memory has any book been received with such immediate, rousing and honest enthusiasm. Seldom have the critics poured such wealth of praise on a book.

Simultaneously, such distinguished literary critics as *Burton Rascoe, Harry Hansen, Carl Van Doren, Isabel Paterson, Percy Hutchison* . . . as well as such great publications as the *New York Times,* the *New York Herald Tribune,* the *New York Evening Post,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the *New York Sun* united in praising THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY.

Just read what the *New York Times* had to say immediately on publication:

"ALTHOUGH the year is not yet done, and there are torrents of novels on the Fall lists, it is safe to say that until there arises in this country a novelist, who, like Galsworthy and Thackeray and Meredith, can combine the creation of full-bodied fictional characters with wit of observation, THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY will remain unsurpassed in any year in its chosen field of the comedy of manners. And when it is surpassed perhaps it will be by ELLEN GLASGOW herself. It is our guess that this is precisely what will take place. And until then THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY should remain the most delectable mingling of ironic wit and tolerance yet done on this side of the Atlantic."—*Percy Hutchison.*

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY

A comedy of morals, by

Ellen Glasgow

Author of *Barren Ground, The Romantic Comedians,* etc.

135th Thousand

At all bookstores $2.50 **DOUBLEDAY, DORAN**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regenerative power of woods and waters, in the earth which he loved so much that he dreamed the angels in heaven sang of it. His "wild garden" is a closed-in and mirage-like refuge, which city dwellers in these days of endless suburbs must travel far to find.

MACHINERY *by MacKnight Black* (LIVERIGHT. $2.00)

THIS is poetry of pure emotion. Mr. Black has achieved so complete a synthesis of the objective appearance, the sensory response and the intellectual suggestion that the elements seem purged away, and the experience stands up, deceptively simple. That his subjects are machines and the offspring of machines is an accident of time and place. In any other age he would still have been the interpreter of its characteristic forms. His richness—which is of idea, not of diction or allusiveness—springs from a gift for repose. His climaxes are piercing, and his rhythms proper and profound.

COMPASS ROSE *by Elizabeth Coatsworth* (COWARD-MCCANN. $1.00)

THERE is a crisp relish in the lyrics of New England and New Mexico which Miss Coatsworth has gathered here. Her themes are familiar, often slight, but turned with a delicate, inquiring fancy, and pointed by an eager and accurate feeling for all the values of the five senses.

GOLDEN FALCON *by Robert P. Tristram Coffin* (MACMILLAN. $1.50)

TO SAY that a book is uneven is an easy way to say little. Yet the most patent quality of Mr. Coffin's *Golden Falcon* is its unevenness, both of prosody and imagination. The first part of the book is marred by what seems a faulty touch of Blake, a sobering dash of Wordsworth. And the latter part is unstable. Obviously, Mr. Coffin is deft. Rhyme slides gently into rhyme; but there is something pedestrian in their regular motion. The imagery is interesting and varied—sometimes lovely, sometimes annoying as only artificial things can be. However, in the poems called "Peacocks in Snow", "Reticence" and "Old Ballad", Mr. Coffin has crystallized wayward rhythms and fragile words into verbal Tanagras. These lines from "Reticence" are typical of his best:

. . . . What heart
With love in it like a greyhound's cry
Would dare to press upon you? You must go
With morning's wonder on you still a part
Of earth's old reticence and I stand by . . . .
With no more comfort than a dream can show.

Miscellaneous

THE HISTORY OF THE DEVIL *by R. Lowe Thompson* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.00)

THE RISE and fall of the Horned God of the West, in his many manifestations, is the absorbing theme of this book. Mr. Thompson has assembled data tracing his development from a fearsome figure in the religion of the Stone Age, to his assumption of power as King of the Underworld. His part in the growth of witchery and his ultimate appearance as Satan, the universally feared evil power of the Middle Ages, make engrossing reading. Mr. Thompson traces the development of magic to the Devil, whose aid was considered indispensable to the magician. The latter part of the book is devoted to an explanation of the declining importance of the Devil in modern religion and the social processes by which believers in the Horned God have been disabused of their convictions. An interesting chapter is given over to an account of the existence, in out-of-the-way places today, of cults who give the Devil his due by magic and black ritual.

PSYCHING THE ADS *by Carroll Rheinstrom* (COVICI-FRIEDE. $5.00)

IN THIS analysis of one hundred and twenty-six cases of national advertising, the history of the product is given; the problems facing its successful merchandising; the idea conceived to overcome these problems; the working out of that idea, in terms of psychology, economics, merchandising, media, layout, art and copy, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIVANDIÉRE

By PHOEBE FENWICK GAYE

William Lyon Phelps says: "A very remarkable novel and the style is distinguished. Emphatically, one of the best novels of the season."

On All Best Seller Lists $2.50

HORACE LIVERIGHT N.Y.
GOOD BOOKS

"A work of Art." Burton Rascoe

LITTLE CAESAR

by W. R. Burnett

"The most exciting book of the year." Herbert Asbury in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

$2.00

LINCOLN MacVEAGH
THE DIAL PRESS NEW YORK

COLLEGE COURSES

at Home

Carry on your education. Develop power to initiate and achieve. Earn credit toward a Bachelor degree or Teaching Certificate *by correspondence.* Select from 450 courses in 45 subjects, including English, Mathematics, History, Education, Psychology, Economics, the Languages, etc. Write for catalog.

The University of Chicago
435 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

All Book Buyers

All prices smashed on LIMITED EDITIONS

What others sell we undersell.
Get our price before you buy.
Send for our weekly catalogue of book prices.

SARA FIELD, 17 East 14th St., N. Y. C.

BON VOYAGE

Readers of THE BOOKMAN have asked for this department. They are interested in travel books. Your advertising in this section, consequently, will be productive. (See Page XVII.)

"As absorbing as a book of fiction."—*Syracuse Post Standard.*

CROWELL'S DICTIONARY *of* ENGLISH GRAMMAR

and Handbook of American Usage
By Maurice H. Weseen
$4.50

"Deserves a place at the elbow of every writer and reader who wants to understand his native tongue and use it with precision."—*N. Y. Times.*

Send for sample pages.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., 393 4th Ave., New York

"A full-fledged nautical classic."
—*Lincoln Colcord*

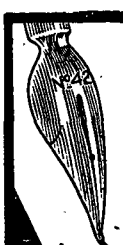
FALMOUTH FOR ORDERS

By A. J. VILLIERS

"Full of truth and feeling and the high spirit of adventure. A zestful tale instinct with the true romance of ships and the sea. Glorious reading."—*Lincoln Colcord.*
Beautifully illustrated $3.50

Send for new Fall Catalog

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY
One Park Ave. New York



FINE
MEDIUM
STUB
DOME-POINTED
BROAD-EDGE

SPENCERIANS

100% write!

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY, 349 Broadway, New York City Bk. 9-29

Enclosed find 25c for an expert CHARACTER ANALYSIS of my handwriting, and sample pens. (Ask any questions about yourself or your vocation.)

Name..... Address.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the reasons given for following certain procedures; and finally, the results achieved, whether failures or successes.

This is a book which should be equally valuable to the novice and the expert, presenting definite results on which advertising executives can build, instead of having to rely on theory, conjecture and personal judgment.

BOOKBINDING *by William F. Matthews* (DUTTON. $2.75)

As A SOURCE of information for style and exactness, this manual is exceptionally well laid out. The art of binding from the early ages down to the present day is discussed and explained with unusual clarity. All the actual details of the several methods are shown. A most practical handbook for the student.

SOME NOTES ON BOOKBINDING *by Douglas Cockerell* (OXFORD. $2.50)

A COMPLETE résumé of the bookbinding art, from the old days when books were bound by hand to present-day quantity-production methods. Aside from an accurate description of the various processes now used, there are several chapters devoted to the manufacturing of paper, paper sizes, and notes on the judging and valuing of bindings by a master craftsman.

Fiction

LITTLE NOVELS *by Arthur Schnitzler* (SIMON & SCHUSTER. $2.50)

IN THIS collection of ten short stories, dealing with Austrian life at the end of last century, we have Schnitzler the artist, fantasist and dramatist. He is at his best in creating unusual situations which develop amidst an atmosphere heavily charged with potentialities. An example, taken at random from the collection, is "The Death of a Bachelor." A bachelor dies and round his bed three of his friends read a letter left for them by the dead man. He has informed them that he has seduced the wife of each. The average short-story writer might have allowed such a theme to degenerate into mere sensationalism, but not so Schnitzler. He is too profound an analyst of human motives and passions, as all these stories show. Mr. Eric Sutton is to be congratulated upon his translation, which faithfully keeps to the spirit of the original.

THE GALAXY *by Susan Ertz* (APPLETON. $2.50)

MISS ERTZ'S admirers will rejoice that she has broken the silence of two years and brought them a book which will certainly add to her already immense popularity. *The Galaxy* is the life story of Laura Deverell, from her cramped and emotion-starved childhood, through the disillusionments of her marriage, up to the joys and pains of her second love. The scene is laid in London, and in addition to the brilliant psychological study of Laura, the author has given us a no less brilliant panorama of the Victorian, Edwardian and Georgian eras, with their changing manners and customs. There is disappointment and tragedy in the book, but Miss Ertz sounds a note of courage throughout. Her style is a sheer delight.

SPLENDOR OF GOD *by Honoré Willsie Morrow* (MORROW. $2.50)

ADONIRAM JUDSON, the first Baptist missionary to go to Burma, arrived in Rangoon with his lovely young bride a century ago, with hope high and great faith in his mission. Mrs. Morrow writes here of their spiritual and physical hardships during their years there, describing a good deal of Buddhist philosophy as well as the Christian teachings. In this absorbing book she has made a far more profound character study than that of Lincoln in *With Malice Toward None.*

PLUS AND MINUS *by Franz Harper* (COVICI-FRIEDE. $2.50)

THIS German post-expressionistic novel of a super-sophisticated European set has all the vividness and unreality of a dream. It is filled with things that would bring joy to the heart of a movie director—automobiles with concealed beds, supper tables all laid, factories turning out mechanical men at the rate of thirty a day. But

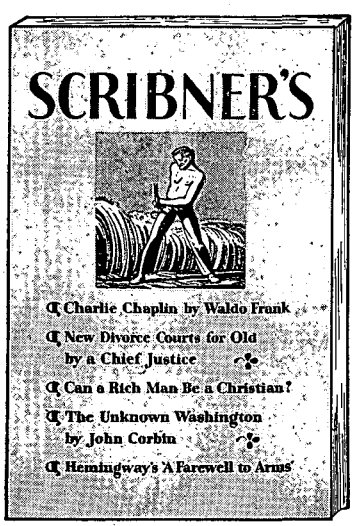
(CONTINUED ON PAGE XX)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIX MONTHS FOR A DOLLAR

A Special Introductory Offer

So important, so interesting is the new programme of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for the autumn, that we take this means of introducing it to new readers. You get six numbers of SCRIBNER'S for just one-half the regular subscription price.



These numbers will be distinguished by

IMPORTANT ARTICLES BY LEADERS of American thought and American business on the economic and social future of this country.

MORE DISTINCTIVE FICTION than any other of the high-grade magazines, by Ernest Hemingway, Conrad Aiken, Don Marquis, J. B. Connolly, Howard Brubaker, Stark Young, and many others.

REVEALING EXPLORATIONS INTO CHARACTERS from George Washington to Charlie Chaplin, with the grand prospect of the biography of one fighting man by another—Jeb Stuart by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr., of the Marines.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S "A FAREWELL TO ARMS" reaches its great climax in the September and October issues.

"LITERARY SIGN-POSTS," a new department introducing a new book critic, ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, begins in the September number.

Each number will have "As I Like It," by William Lyon Phelps, and "The Field of Art," by Royal Cortissoz.

Each number will be filled with brilliant essays and discussion.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE —B
597 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to Scribner's Magazine for six months, for which I enclose herewith One Dollar.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An important book, FREE — if you can name these authors

THE MAGIC ISLAND *William B. Seabrook*	*$3.50*
DODSWORTH *Sinclair Lewis*	*$2.50*
HERMAN MELVILLE *Lewis Mumford*	*$3.50*
ABRAHAM LINCOLN *Carl Sandburg*	*$5.00*
THE MODERN TEMPER *Joseph Wood Krutch*	*$2.50*
HUNGER FIGHTERS *Paul de Kruif*	*$3.00*
ELIZABETH AND ESSEX *Lytton Strachey*	*$3.75*
ORLANDO *Virginia Woolf*	*$3.00*
RHINESTONES *Margaret Widdemer*	*$2.00*
MIDDLETOWN *R. S. (and H. M.*) Lynd*	*$5.00*

*No picture of H. M. Lynd.

Here are ten famous authors and their ten important books. The authors are not reading their own books. If you can write their names under their pictures correctly we will present you with a FREE copy of one of the books.

This is a simple and amusing way of testing your knowledge. We are not being magnanimous. You know some of these outstanding books and authors. We are tempting you to know more of them and to realize that they are all on one list, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

HOW YOU CAN GET THIS FREE BOOK!

Just write the name of each author under his photograph. Send it (mailed not later than Oct. 1st) to *Harcourt, Brace & Company, 383 Madison Ave., New York*, with your name and address and choice of one of the ten books costing $3 or less. If you want a higher priced book, send with your solution the difference between $3 and its price. (If you pick Middletown at $5, send $2). Your money will be refunded if your solution is not correct.

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN

Edited by Seward Collins

SEPTEMBER, 1929 VOL. LXX; NO. I

JACQUES MARITAIN, REVIVALIST

by George N. Shuster

THE MODERN TEMPER is fairly well defined when one says that it has lately been in some real danger of reaction. And here we must think not merely of ultra-conservative tendencies in politics and social theory—the piebald Fascismos of states and bank accounts—but also of at least three widespread hankerings after ages of gold. The nostalgia for Greece has resulted, on the one hand, in a fervent conviction that the way out of contemporary industrial chaos lies through Attica, and on the other hand in such curious and exceedingly funny outbreaks as the German "nakedness cult", which has sent throngs of buxom fräuleins gambolling on the prairie like Rubensesque Mother Eves. Then we have witnessed, even in America, a serious restoration of the Orient in mood, thought and religion. Who shall say that the essence of Buddha is not basic in a hundred up-to-the-minute intellectual cocktails? Finally Christianity itself, still incomparably the greatest force in the world, has grown intensely conscious of its origins in moral outlook, social conception and liturgical expression. The new lives of the Saviour are all explorations of the source. What is quite as interesting, and perhaps equally important, is the fact that our concern with the Church is with the "really vital [and so the native] in the Church".

These three efforts at reaction are, I believe, basic and prevalent. At any rate, they share an unshakable dissatisfaction with modern "progress". Here socialist and saint are on common ground. The medievalist is no more vitriolic than Paul Elmer More, and a French radical like Emanuel Berl writes passages which one might pardonably attribute to a strait-laced theologian. For obvious reasons no single reactionary doctrine is pure. Each contains a little of the others, each exacts cross-references. Moreover, the prophet of Christianity has a social gospel, humanism discourses on war and economics, the spokesmen for India proclaim a message of internationalism. Our modern conception of the soul's well-being is necessarily complex. We cannot think of salvation without remembering that there has been a European cataclysm, that the poor still starve, that governments are suspected of being corrupt, that the churches have bred corrosive dissensions. A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gospel can no longer be a light; it must become a diamond, dispersing radiance on all sides. We want not a static formula but a nucleus of enthusiasm. Revivalism must germinate in it, fierce and contagious.

Jacques Maritain is a revivalist. In several respects he is, I think, the most interesting living revivalist. Comparatively a young man, he occupies the humdrum position of professor of modern history and philosophy at the Institut Catholique of Paris, an institution founded after 1871 to "offset" the influence of an agnostic university system. The doctrine he expounds is no chain of witty paradoxes likely to startle and amuse jaded listeners, but "integral Thomism"—the rudimentary official philosophy of the Catholic Church stripped bare and clean, presented utterly without ceremony or compromise. His joy lies in an almost primitively masculine thinking which can be used quite as if it were the sword of an athletic soldier, rude and yet noble, to war against the established acceptances of modern culture. This thinking (one might almost say this extant, ancestral thought) is, for Maritain, reality itself. It incorporates antique confidence in spiritual verities, antique indifference to material verities. Nevertheless it also embodies, as we shall see, something of the three reactionary tendencies named. You may estimate it as you will, but the fact remains that for the first time since Chateaubriand, France is listening to a lay spokesman for the Catholic Church. Maritain, wearing his faith boldly upon his sleeve, has diagnosed a hundred "spiritual cases" and prescribed a regimen they were glad to follow. An obscure lecturer, expounding a philosophy generally ignored, despised and therefore ridiculed, has earned his rank as a captain in the European intellectual advance. A scholar has come preaching a sermon hard as nails and dizzy as the ascent of angels. The salons listen, dilettanti stop fingering their copies of Proust, Erik Satie avers a yearning for the *Viaticum*. And there is not a sign of the eighteen-nineties!

The intellectual development of Jacques Maritain is not easy to follow. He has traced no definite outline, and one must pin together scattered hints for a serviceable pattern. A few men were undoubtedly influential. First there was Bergson, whose teaching wrenched so many young men loose from mechanistic delusions without offering them a final synthesis of morality and religion to round out the spiritualistic orientation. Next came Léon Bloy, ecstatic and grotesque mystical Catholic pamphleteer, man of strange and piercing intuitions, of unbounded faith, of almost gross social realism. It was Bloy who proposed the Church to Maritain (then an "outsider"), not merely as a supplement to but actually as a substitute for Bergsonism. Then, of course, there was Ernest Psichari, descendant of Renan, who learned in the African desert the mystery of contemplation and also the mystery of martial action. Tendencies incarnate in these men have all modified the attitude of Maritain, but over and above them he placed the medieval doctrine of Aquinas, recommended to Catholics fifty years ago by Pope Leo XIII and then fostered by the great Cardinal of Malines.

A careful examination of what Maritain has done with scholasticism would, of course, necessitate looking into not only the published books, as we shall do here, but also the very considerable amount of briefer controversial and expository writing scattered in many places. Viewed as a whole, one seems to notice three stages of development. *La Philosophie bergsonienne,* published in 1914, was a first book resuming a series of conferences devoted to interpreting Bergson's doctrine. Much has been written on this subject and little is wholly satisfactory. Maritain's book assuredly is not. Incomplete in exposition, hostile in mood, it does not rise above mediocrity of style. The rather bald and infertile diction savors of pedantry instead of promise, though a marked desire for clarity invites approval. If one compares Albert Thibaudet's well-known treatise on the same sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ject, two contrasted ideals of French composition are revealed. Maritain boils down the Bergsonian sap until much of the sugar is burned in the pan; Thibaudet blends it with other liquids, some volatile and others viscid, until the spicy and heterogeneous mixture almost keeps the basic Bergsonism from being discernible at all.

This eagerness for clarity is present in Maritain's first endeavors to give a new expression to Thomistic scholasticism. *Eléments de philosophie,* a manual containing an introduction to philosophic problems and a summary of the elements of logic, appeared during 1922. Though merely a text-book, it is interesting for two reasons. First, it was a pioneer effort to effect a modern version of scholastic speech, the difficult terminology of which bored and baffled so many. Though not completely successful from this point of view, it indicates the task which would thenceforth absorb much of Maritain's energy. In the second place, it expounds a version of the "intelligence" and of "philosophy" which is boldly offered as an intransigent substitute for "modern" thought. Three aspects of this version deserve attention: intelligence is defined as the sum total of those knowable principles which, evident in themselves, form the nucleus of common human knowledge, and from which consequences or conclusions may be drawn by deduction, or more specifically by syllogistic reasoning; "metaphysical philosophy" is independent of the "lower sciences" and may use them as "instruments" without incurring any obligation; and philosophy is the handmaid of theological speculation, by which the validity of reasoning is ultimately tested.

In order to understand this fairly bold and sudden declaration, it is necessary to bear in mind a little of the history and needs of Catholic thought in modern France. The philosophy expounded in the seminaries during the middle years of the Nineteenth Century was a weird blend of misunderstood Descartes and arbitrarily appropriated Scottish realism. Curiously enough, it bears a not distant resemblance to the "natural philosophy" employed by Protestant divines against deism in the United States during the Eighteenth Century. Its supreme moment was the apostasy of Renan, who frankly mocked his teachers, and the rise of modernism. Thereafter reform was in order, and it oscillated between two interesting and highly important trends. The first was a revival of Thomism, sponsored at Rome and Louvain. There have existed considerable differences of opinion between the two schools, and a modern French Catholic thinker is almost always to be tested by his choice of one or the other. A great contribution was made, however, by the Dominicans of Toulouse and Paris, who promoted the immense work of medieval research now identified with the great names of Denifle, Pègues and Théry. An enormous deposit of textual and other information was placed to the credit of scholars, and for the first time since the Renaissance it became nearly possible to find out what the medieval world actually thought.

The second trend was sponsored by Catholic philosophers identified with the state universities and taught to swim in the modern stream. These men, though not indifferent to scholasticism, sought to wrest from the academic development contemporary with themselves a new "apologetic philosophy" incorporating much of Cardinal Newman, Descartes, Gratry and others. Beyond any question there have been great, if almost constantly harassed, men among them. At the beginning there was Maine de Biran, the intuitionist teacher whose influence upon Bergson was decisive and whose recently published *Journal* is, to my mind, one of the most important books in Nineteenth Century French literature. Later on, a fierce debate surged round the figures of Maurice Blondel, Ollé-Laprune and George Fonsegrive—all teachers who have places of their own in the revival of French idealism after Boutroux and his successors had struggled to discover what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

science really is. One must add that the trend here described is continued by able living protagonists grouped round the aging Blondel, and that not a few among the clergy have actively sponsored it.

Now the thing to note about Maritain's scholasticism is that, though of course associated with scholastic doctrine, it remains aloof from all the trends described. It has been outspokenly hostile to the new "apologetic philosophy"; it is not in accord with the standard versions of Thomism. Most of the variance is over subtle and abstruse matters, but some of it may be explained by reverting to the definitions we have culled from *Eléments de philosophie*. Maritain, eager convert to Catholicism, sought to exorcise subjective and materialistic thinking with a single gesture. Since redemption lay in "being objective", why not accept the "intelligence" as identical with the objective? Why not deny to other antennæ of the human personality, whether infra-rational or supra-rational, all ability to pick up the messages of reality? Reason is, says Maritain, "*the* faculty of the real". Since the rightness of a scientific theory, either in the realm of nature or in the realm of man, must be tested, ultimately, by its conformity with a "principle of the intelligence", the modern world has gone hopelessly astray by turning to science for fundamental information. This simplification—for it is that—can really be traced to Saint Thomas. He was, as is well known, a metaphysician and a moralist pressed for an explanation of accepted "dogmas" and not for a critical diagnosis of "how" the race acts and thinks. He was, therefore, really a traditionist, a dogmatist (in the philosophic sense) and a firm advocate of deduction from basic principles. But that he was vastly more open to the especial difficulties and considerations of modern thought than Maritain is willing to concede is affirmed by a constantly increasing number of scholastic thinkers. Our philosopher is accounted for by his need.

The absence of principle held intimately and confidently is the fundamental blight of our time. It is in the air we breathe, this delusion that moral or intellectual verities are gathered from "personal experience" or "history". If the butcher learns that his brethren in the business skim an ounce off every pound, he concludes that "honesty" is all right, but that the way of the world shall be his way. If the hunger after salvation is accompanied by a revolt against religious authority, a man's sole hope is in an "individual revelation". If the social philosopher considers it a fact that mankind is "evolving toward a higher intelligence", he can hardly avoid the conclusion that fresh ages of intellectual gold are constantly dawning and that the laborious job of training "aristocrats"—in the humanistic sense—may be dispensed with. Maritain profoundly wanted a restoration of Catholic Christian principle, order and practice. But his problem is, in so far as philosophy is concerned, fundamentally the humanist's problem (Irving Babbitt's or Paul Elmer More's).

This resemblance becomes more marked in the second stage of Maritain's development. Charles Maurras had organized *l'Action française* to work for the "future of the intelligence", the abandonment of the republic in favor of a monarchy, the defense of Latin culture and the mummifying of democracy. Though an atheist he introduced into his programme as one of its basic aims the restoration of "integral Catholicism". Maritain tells us, in a little book published in 1926 (*Charles Maurras et le devoir des Catholiques*), that for a long time he remained utterly indifferent to this and all other political doctrines. Indeed it was only after Père Humbert Clerissac, his spiritual guide and the author of a remarkable book, insisted that it was his solemn duty that the young philosopher joined *l'Action française*, and so posed for what may be a memorable group picture. The accession was, on the one hand, valuable to Maurras. His party, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strove to be vastly more than a factor in campaigns, badly needed a philosophy, and the brand of Thomism which Maritain preached was precisely the "anti-romantic" variety desired. On the other hand *l'Action française,* with its brilliantly edited journals and its popularity with younger and ecclesiastical intellectuals, provided a perfect sounding-board for uncompromising scholasticism.

The vigor of the new alliance was immediately apparent. First came another experiment in the art of restating scholastic doctrine in flexible modern idiom. *Théonas,* which appeared in 1921, purports to be conversations "between a sage and two philosophers regarding diverse matters equally important". Many of the basic queries of speculation are touched upon with a brilliant skill which incurs some risk of superficiality but is precisely the kind of writing a "serious educated man" may be expected to like. The matter is similar to that treated in *Eléments de philosophie,* but the writing is almost incomparably better. Maritain appears as the master of a style limpid as a country brook (once one has mastered a few technical terms), shot through with strands of quivering enthusiasm, and adroitly polemic without the slightest trace of bad manners. *Antimoderne,* which appeared the year following, carried these dictional advantages still farther, but (as the title indicates) emphasized intransigently its author's opposition to modern thinking. Thus the book fits into the series of famous royalist attacks upon the post-Revolution world—the works of Maurras, Daudet, Lasserre, Seillière and others—though with a difference. Maritain is anti-modern because he is a Catholic. He offers a doctrine "inflexibly attached to tradition" and yet "bold in adapting itself to conditions prevailing in the life of the modern world". He castigates subjective idealism, denounces the *superbia vitæ* which persuades man to accept his "self" as the fulcrum of the universe, and demands respect for the "object". But hand in hand with these blows endorsed by everyone who fosters a similar view of life there come others struck a little wildly, perhaps, at matters which appear to be considered reprehensible merely because they are modern. *Antimoderne* therefore remains a target for critics of various kinds, including not a few Catholics.

Réflexions sur l'Intelligence et sur sa vie propre was published in 1925 and is certainly one of Maritain's best books. Being a compilation of essays, it necessarily lacks unity but compensates for this with a truly remarkable maturity of expression. There appears to full advantage a device which Maritain has since perfected—the insertion into his own compactly woven sentences of admirable quotations galore. If one follows these with some care, the author's mind may be seen in them at least as clearly as in his own phrasing. And just as Montaigne's fondness for the classical writers revealed a French culture turning from medievalism to the Renaissance, so Maritain represents a world grown fond once more of mystics and blessed sages, of that literature which Christianity wove of its own fibre. The book naturally divides itself into several distinct parts: a statement of "integral" scholastic conceptions of truth and intelligence, formulated this time with exceptional subtlety and vigor; a critique of that theory of religious understanding which we English-speaking people associate with Cardinal Newman but which, in France, has found its best exponents in Blondel and Brémond, and some pertinent but more or less random comments on scientific theory, including a significant discourse upon Einstein. No other book summarizes so well the essentials of Maritain's philosophy, or exemplifies more satisfactorily his consummate complexity of manner. It is small wonder that his disciples and friends have applauded it heartily.

It was probably out of a sense of solidarity with these that *Trois Réformateurs* was written. Since this book has now been translated into English and published here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Three Reformers*. Scribner's, 1929. $2.50), some detailed notice of it may be demanded. In a sense it is more representative of Maritain's milieu—the anti-democratic doctrinaires associated, in a measure, with *l'Action française*—than of Maritain's own achievement. Three men are singled out as the source of modern error: Luther, Descartes, Rousseau. The first symbolizes the "advent of self" into the realm of religion; the second "led the mind astray", and committed the "sin of angelism"; the third exemplifies the "primacy of feeling" as opposed to the "primacy of intelligence" and is important particularly as a moralist. Having laid down these definitions, Maritain attempts to demonstrate their correctness. Yet these are no merely analytical essays. Their constant object is to wring from modern man a concession that he is without intellectual stability, "hopeless in the face of the great problems, which Christ and His doctors solved for redeemed humanity so long as it was faithful, problems which nearly four centuries ago once more began to rack the human heart like angelic instruments of torture". To be sure, this is even in translation a flaming book!

Obviously the rightness of Maritain's definitions depends upon the evidence. I shall admit that the dossier seems incomplete, and that I should not, personally, endorse any of the portraits as authentic. They are the versions of an antagonist, who has borrowed a great deal from literature to his own liking. In so far as Luther is concerned, Maritain is relatively objective and even charitable, hard though he finds it to understand this fiery and soil-stained German monk of the late Middle Ages. If he follows Denifle the merciless Catholic biographer, rather than Grisar the impartial Catholic biographer, he does avoid almost every trace of that grotesque nationalism which has led not a few modern Frenchmen to identify their country with orthodoxy, and Germany with every conceivable variety of spiritual excess. But when one gets into the essay on Descartes, one can hardly avoid growing steadily more dubious. If this be a correct analysis of Cartesianism, the circumstance that hundreds of profoundly Catholic men turned to this system, during centuries, baffles explanation. I do not believe many competent modern scholastic thinkers would endorse this chapter in its entirety, however relentlessly they might expose the errors of Descartes. To them it would seem evident that his problem, while specific and relatively narrow, was none the less new and real. Finally, there is Rousseau. The torrent of abuse expended upon him by a corps of modern writers has roared into almost everybody's ears. Strange though it may seem, however, scholarship has probably not yet succeeded in determining precisely what Rousseau thought and felt. But though Maritain goes pretty far with the opposition (Seillière and the rest), he stops short of the dogmatic simplifications of Irving Babbitt. These are admirable nails for tacking down a thesis—but Rousseau was really not all nails.

A more fundamental flaw in *Three Reformers* is probably its failure to use—a failure apparent in so much writing done in the entourage of Maurras—the back-drop which may be termed "social reference". What fundamental social or intellectual situations, whether moral, spiritual or economic, shaped the cocoons from which these butterflies emerge? The query is of sovereign importance because upon the answer given to it the validity of "integral Catholicism" (and incidentally the validity of humanistic positivism) must ultimately depend. Does history, the sequence of human life, generate values of its own, axioms of experience, which have a right to be heard even in the presence of imperial reason? One may decide, for instance, that although modern science is the result of free inductive inquiry and experiment, civilization would be better off if it had never sat at the feet of Bacon but had remained, absolutely, the product of a serene concern with principles. There are many good

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arguments for this point of view. Even Paul Morand wonders, in a recent essay, if "progress" be not essentially "speed", and if "speed" be a good thing. Doubtless, too, the more religious, philosophical and moral tendencies which are, in a measure, summarized in the careers of Luther, Descartes and Rousseau are affiliated with the roots of "progress" and cannot be judged apart from this. And so it is eminently natural that reaction from modern individualism should attribute a probably excessive importance to the individual.

The genuine importance of Maritain's book (and of the numerous volumes which are similar to it in character) lies in its virile comment upon prevalent modern errors, from whatever source derived. These errors are the capital concerns of modern intelligence; and though we may not agree upon the method for rectifying them, we are perforce interested in the diagnosis. I think *Three Reformers* is searching and often right, and that those who join in the demand for sanitation will be hard pressed to deny that Maritain's outspokenly Christian Catholic recipe is the simplest and most practical method. At any rate the book marks the close of the second period of his achievement. The Papal condemnation of *l'Action française,* predicted in a letter published by the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux and later (1927) consummated in the open warfare declared upon Maurras by the Holy See, necessarily forced Catholic thinkers associated with the movement to choose a new route. At first Maritain argued that the party ought to assign "theologian guides" to groups of its Catholic members. This suggestion came naturally because Maritain had from the beginning been eager to supplement his philosophy with what he could learn from theologians, and because a whole school of eminent clerics (headed in a measure by the illustrious Dominican, P. Garrigou-Lagrange) had championed the movement. Soon, however, it had become impossible. When the journal of Maurras and Daudet was proscribed by the Pope, Maritain loyally marked his copy *"refusé"*.

That the trial was dolorous and bitter, that obedience to the Church seemed to mean the abandonment of friends, need not be said. But Maritain carefully disentangled his philosophy from the advertising agency which had earned for it so much prestige, and wrote a book to prove, among other things, the rightness of his decision. *Primauté du Spirituel* is in some respects a strangely unsettled and tangled treatise, but it is unquestionably a very fine book which manifests a soul ennobled by painful experience. Maritain analyzes the doctrine that the Church possesses the right to intervene in temporal affairs when these breed sin (*ratione peccati,* in the Latin of theologians). The argument is thus directed specifically against *l'Action française,* which had refused to obey the Papal order that French Catholics cease from following Maurras, but it is more generally the servant of a larger and quite different purpose. This is nothing less than the rescue of as much of the "integral Catholic program" as could be saved from the wreck; and every reader will feel that the attempt has been made with learning, fervor and courage. But the ground is exceedingly slippery here, and I for one do not know what path to take across it.

Unquestionably a profound change is manifest in the later writings of Maritain. In a sense this coincides with a new orientation in French culture as a whole, recently so deeply stirred by Julien Benda's plea (*The Treason of the Intellectuals* and other books) for an emancipation of the speculative and moral reason from servitude to practical ends. Whatever one may think of Benda's thesis or of his critical method, it is hard to deny that Thibaudet is right when he says that a "restoration of intellectual sovereignty" would "favor the old Church". The eye of faith sometimes measures reality according to a wholly impractical geometry, but it can

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never descend to purely practical arithmetic. It can never say, with Maurras, *politique a'abord*. And so those elements in Maritain's outlook which are purely speculative, serene and mystical have now gained the upper hand over the partisan and the merely reformatory. "I am weary," he declares in a recent discourse, "of argument." Thus there appears to better advantage that which is, I think, truly grand in him—not his scintillant discursive gift, not his manly power to wrestle with philosophic or historical problems, but a sense of the unity of all things, of even the well-nigh innumerable aspects of the soul, in the light of Divine reality. This unity which is not identity, which is the goal of both intelligence and experience, is the sacred substitute by which Christianity transcends the Orient. I believe that Maritain shares with Paul Claudel that blessing so often stressed in this poet's work, of being able to see in what manner, for all its diversities, the Real is a hierarchic whole. Claudel leaned against a pillar in Notre Dame and believed. That was the beginning (and almost the end) of his spiritual journey. And however much discourse Maritain may devote to his own case, it bears the same stamp and is, ultimately, a testimonial to neither metaphysics nor casuistry, but to the folly of the saints.

Meanwhile we must not ignore the part of Maritain's work which may be termed basically Greek in character, and which has to do with a theory of art and literature. As all the world knows, modern French music and poetry (not to mention fiction) have been haunted by a thirst for objectivity. To escape from the thrall of subjective impressionism (but not into neo-classical arctic regions) has been the ideal served by Erik Satie, Georges Auric, Paul Valéry and a hundred others. Since Thomism is the "philosophy of the object", Maritain seized upon the opportunity to stress the relation. A people inured as we are to the methods of English literature necessarily finds a book like *Art et scolastique* (which has been translated in a small edition) somewhat bewildering. Here many of the old quandaries are discussed according to the mind of Thirteenth Century sages. What is permanent in art and what seasonal? How can morality and beauty be served at the same time? Can one "explain" the creative endowment? More generally, however, the book is interested in showing that the scholastic view of the crafts is really ultra-modern (and here the illustrative material is often surprisingly pertinent), that the *habitus* of the artist—an old term revived for the occasion—is a human function independent of moral prudence and yet necessarily companionable with it, and that the evils under which the service of beauty languishes can be remedied only by the proper ordering of all things under God. It may be that Coulton is right when he says that the Middle Ages held no such theory of art; but in our time theories are indispensable, and Maritain's has been gratefully received even by persons who are far from indulgent to his philosophic position.

Art et scolastique is especially concerned, of course, with problems which modern Catholic writers have been compelled to face, and one hears snatches of the melody which has re-echoed in the reflections of so many harassed folk since Baudelaire and Huysmans. Note, for instance, the following passage: "The modern world, which has promised the artist everything, will presently leave him with no more than a bare livelihood. Founded upon two principles—both of them antagonistic to nature—of the *fertility of money* and the *finality of the useful,* multiplying without regard to any conceivable limit both needs and servitude, destroying the soul's leisure, withdrawing the material *factabile* from the law which proportioned it to the ends of the human being, and forcing upon man the whir of the machine and the accelerated motion of matter, the modern world stamps upon our activity a rhythm genuinely inhuman and a direction genuinely

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diabolical. For the final end of all this delusion is to keep man from remembering God". If that be the language of a prophet, do not forget that the world has always needed prophets.

More emphatic still is Maritain's mandate to the artist: "Purify the source!" Do not question the truth that we are given only those revelations of which we are worthy, and that right aspiration must be an integral part of the creative effort. You cannot plaster a moral upon a travesty of Reality. You cannot mock sincerity, you cannot fake courage. This doctrine is also the theme of the remarkable correspondence which passed between Maritain and Jean Cocteau when that more-than-contemporary poet was converted to Catholicism. Though the *Réponse à Jean Cocteau* (1927) is relatively sad and marked by the scourge of the discipline imposed by the quest for God, it is precious writing. It does not matter in the least that Cocteau proved unable to bear up under the lofty charge to which he was here committed, and succumbed (after the fashion of the most of us) to the lure of his heart's desire. Maritain has returned to the same reflections in *Frontières de la poésie* (1928), a masterly and charitable résumé of the contemporary literary debate.

Not a few consider these commentaries, which enrich esthetic with reflections derived from pure philosophy, the most important and human of Maritain's writings. Certainly they have been more widely discussed and have borne richer fruit than his speculative books. Yet even though criticism should winnow from the titles we have enumerated the one or two destined to outlive their author, Maritain's career has been identified too intimately with vital moments in modern culture to permit its being described in purely literary terms. The contemporary "renaissance" of Catholic life in France is not a flash in the pan, but a moving forward which synchronizes with the "renaissance" of France as a whole. Having recuperated, at least inside the circle of its best and ablest citizens, from the ravages of the Revolution and of the defeat of 1870, the nation which is also "eldest daughter of the Church" has grown intensely aware of constructive opportunities in several domains. Construction means, first of all, order, in theory and practice. It was Howells who reminded his American countrymen that the only order France has ever known is the Roman, the Catholic order. We may safely repeat the same truth now, while bearing in mind that possibly the "reactionary" tendency which Maritain has helped to express has been inclined to overemphasize the affinity between the faith of Christ and the genius of imperial Rome to which that faith fell heir. It may be that even scholasticism can be reduced to too rigid a formula, and that the service of saints may spill over any definition offered in advance. Nevertheless the chaos of a hundred years did clamor for a formula, the fortunes of disorder were genuinely an invitation to order.

If I may be permitted to voice a personal impression of what seem to be the directions of modern Catholicism as a whole, I shall admit frankly that the map drawn by Maritain seems to suffer from too drastic curtailments. It is, in the intellectual order, what a sketch of the world drawn during the Fourteenth Century would be to geography. It is really a map and will prove helpful within limits: but the new continents are inadequately indicated, and are sometimes even peopled with monsters. As a group, Catholic thinkers of today are not inclined to sponsor the view that a literal Thomism is an entirely satisfactory philosophy. They realize, with such men as Rousselot and Sertillanges, that the doctrine of the schools, even in the present form, combines disparate tendencies which must be worked out more fully than Saint Thomas did in his first synthesis. It is widely taken for granted—and stressed with especial vigor by Italian writers —that both the critical explorations of recent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

philosophy and the testimony of history as an independent experience need to be honored sincerely. *Il neo sintetismo* is the significant title of a new book by Archbishop Sturzo; and it may well be that, in France, Maurice Blondel and his fellows are working toward something of this kind.

It is likewise profoundly evident that the mind of the Church, as that is expressed in a manifold and even partly official literature, does not contemplate the sacrifice of romanticism in the interests of any "classical revival" whatsoever. Precisely the contemporary reëvaluation of the romantic effort according to the life of the spirit, with which such able leaders as the Abbé Henri Brémond and Père Pierre Sanson are concerned in France, promises to develop a new awareness of that universality which, from the beginning, has been one of the true marks of Christian living. The Church which confronts the modern world is certainly not interested in identifying, either spiritually or intellectually, its boundaries with those of any particular civilization. Who can tell but that under the vagaries of Luther (for to the modern historian they are vagaries), the callous practicality of Bacon and the sentimentalism of Rousseau there may be concealed truths, realities, which the world allowed to rust again after Bernard and Francis had discovered them? At all events, one is fascinated by the idea that there may be such truths and realities, the unearthing and refurbishing of which may lead to a new understanding among men.

Thinkers like Maritain have, therefore, bravely shouldered a twofold task: the vigorous restatement of the core of the tradition of western Christianity, so as to force a hearing for essential truths which a flabby vagueness of mind has too often dubbed outworn and ineffectual; and (these truths having been skeletonized) the inviting of others to supply the flesh and blood derivable from modern experience and conjecture. This job Maritain could not have faced manfully if his life had not been given to it without stint. He has been a charming and yet adamantine confessor of his faith, a scrupulous witness to the sources of his own enlightenment. The imperishable thing in him (and this he knows as well as any of us do) is that boon of belief granted him simply, gratuitously. Its lustre has been sufficient to make of an obscure professor in a far from fashionable college a person whom the smartness of Paris has known to be a master forever independent of its merciless dominion, forever superior to its unmeasured snobbishness. The world may, I believe, acquire faith in the spirit through other means than syllogisms, even scholastic syllogisms. But it is awed by those who, in some manner that passeth understanding, have looked on Calvary with the austere kindliness of children.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUNIOR MODEL

by Wilson Follett

THE fashion in books for boys has changed a good deal in the generation or more since the Horatio Alger-Oliver Optic period. The makings of a good yarn for adolescents used to involve, to begin with, a noble and quick-witted young man of fifteen years and his impoverished widowed mother. (I once blundered upon an Alger book in which the boy's father was expected home for supper in the first chapter, and I nearly fainted. But it was all right: the poor man had already tumbled to his death from a scaffolding, and arrived on a shutter in Chapter II.) The rich village squire, a miser and usually the lad's uncle, defrauds the widow by concealing a document of which she is ignorant, while his cowardly and detestable son exults over the irreproachably neat patches which the widow, never anything but a seamstress, has put on the hero's breeches. The poor lad has to give up his place at the head of his class and go to work for three dollars a week. As soon as he betrays a suspicion of the miserly squire's infamy he is shanghaied and carried to sea on a long voyage; or, as an occasional variant, is plausibly accused of a theft which the squire's son has committed. Eventually he is befriended by a mysterious wealthy stranger who turns out to possess dark secrets about the squire's past. The villain, forced to confess and make restitution, is left all but impoverished, and his proud son is humbled to the dust. The stranger, whether or not he marries the hero's mother, makes the hero his heir. This noble, modest and very sententious young man goes back to his schoolbooks, and all is well, having ended so.

This oft-told tale of adventure had at least the solid merit of being adventurous. Its suspense was contrived out of such threats as disgrace and stark indigence. Its triumph, however little "true to life", was a triumph over enemies that are powerful, disastrous and real, in life as well as in fiction. There was, in fine, something at stake worth writing a story about. Very different are today's tales of adventure for the young. They are written about the long and short vacations of Boy Scouts. No more does a solitary young hero struggle in the dark against malignant oppressions. Rather, a gregarious motley of youngsters—a fat boy, a tall, acrobatic boy, an absent-minded boy, an Irish boy with a comic-supplement brogue, a camera fiend, and a wise all-round boy on whom the others lean for advice and everything else—go on chattering forays into the Rocky Mountains and the Maine woods and Florida bayous. A two-pound bass is good for a long chapter; the plight of two lads night-bound in the woods five miles from camp is worth five chapters—six, if the two have no matches along. The most that can ever possibly happen is the boys' accidental discovery of the hide-out of some bank robbers; and the most that can come of this is their collection of a reward which finances another expedition—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that is to say, commits the author to another book. The action takes place, all in the inanely bantering atmosphere of a Sunday school picnic, for volume after volume. For these performances are made to go on as nearly forever as the authors can endure to keep them up, or a market be found. The standard thing in contemporary "juveniles" is a formula which anybody can apply; all that is required is—well, the application. The lowering of the requirements has so far multiplied producers and production as to lift this kind of writing out of mere authorship into industry. The Rover Boys, the Outdoor Chums, the Motor Boat Boys, the Putnam Hall Cadets, Tom Swift, Ted Marsh, Dick Hamilton, the Moving Picture Boys, the Boys of Columbia High, the Boy Allies—these and other like groups are made to yield from five to twenty-five volumes apiece, and almost any two selected by chance will prove to be as like as two of the vacuums that nature abhors. For one reason, it is usual for the authors of this sort of quantity-production commodity to steal from each other, and from the same few reference books, with a nonchalance that would be taken as unmannerly in any other province of letters.

What I wish to get at can best be stated in a sequence of very simple propositions:

(*1*) The number of inconceivably silly books for boys is rapidly multiplying.

(*2*) The number of boys who read them has also multiplied, partly because there are so many more convenient libraries, partly because the books circumvent the old-fashioned parental hostility to fiction by being innocuous and moralistic *ad nauseam*.

(*3*) The general slovenliness with which this mass of reading matter is written and printed increases even faster than the appalling rate of production; and nine-tenths of it is saturated with diction and grammar of exactly the sort that drives college teachers distracted by its obstinate persistence in undergraduate writing.

(*4*) It is impossible to resist the conclusion that such woefully written stuff, distributed by hundreds of thousands of copies a year to boys young enough to accept it as good, has had a great deal to do, and will have more, with our national insensitiveness to the decencies of language, our frequent confusion of mere cheapness with humor, and our adult hospitality to printed matter equally defiant of all civilized standards.

As a nation of responsible parents we could not manage much worse if we were systematically trying to cultivate in our offspring a firm early foundation for poor taste and inability to read anything of consequence.

And perhaps this is the place to say that authors, who are often ignorant as well as careless, are considerably less to blame for the slovenly writing than publishers, who are denied the excuse of ignorance. Publishers are, at any rate, informed as to their obligation to present their output respectably edited and proof-read. In general literature the best of them discharge this obligation with some care and zeal, and even the poorest go through a few motions. But in connection with "juveniles" the obligation is apparently not so much as acknowledged by a gesture. The internal evidence shows that the average book for boys is sold to the public with all the mistakes of the author's manuscript perpetuated and the printer's typographic miscues thrown in to boot. I submit that none of the immoralities vociferously charged against the publishing business is quite so shocking as this, which is never mentioned. To let down one's publishing standards in works printed for children and adolescents is on a level with the old educational morality which gave the most defective pupils the most incompetent teaching, because they had no way of knowing the difference.

One evidence that this indictment is not overstated is that the publishers are introducing hundreds of new errata into popular reprints of the older books for young readers, while doing nothing to correct the original ones. Alger, a Latinist of a sort and something of a grammarian when not too hurried,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrote in a style which is to that of the Boy Scout order of fictioneers as cheese is to chalk. His works, out of copyright, are reprinted and sold by the long ton; I believe they are even purchasable in ten-cent stores. And the text grows more corrupt all the time. In two different editions of *Shifting for Himself, or Gilbert Greyson's Fortune,* I find: "He would liked to have pitched into him". *Try and Trust* has: "Now, here was an opportunity of getting him into disgrace, and cause him to lose his situation". *Strive and Succeed* yields: "He saw that he had made a blunder quite as bad as Phineas"; *Chester Rand, or the New Path to Fortune:* "The more Chester thought of this plan the more favorable it struck him"; *Sink or Swim:* "Nobody except he knew that the squire was himself the incendiary"; *Making His Way:* ". . . a boy whom he expected would now transfer his allegiance from Frank to himself"; and so on. If poor Alger's printed style becomes, in twenty-five years more, indistinguishable from that of the most maudlin of his successors, there will be no one to thank for it but his various Twentieth Century publishers.

Of the successors, the one who wrote on the whole the purest English seems to have had the most amazing circulation. The thousands of pages of Arthur M. Winfield (Edward Stratemeyer), inventor of the Rover Boys and of the Putnam Hall Cadets, are comparatively free from solecisms. The remarkable characteristic of his style is a persistent, inexorable, and very naïve persecution of the obvious with many, many words; *e.g.,* "'Douse the glim!' And he suited the action to the words by putting out the light". (This trait has its counterpart in Alger, whose favorite construction was "Mr. Robinson—for that was the gentleman's name—".) Mr. Stratemeyer was capable of applying "between" to three or more persons, and of writing "students whom he knew were usually careless"; but his chapters never bristle with such slips. His characteristic touch is the superfluous comma in such a phrase as "the blue, tin box". His was the dreadful excess punctiliousness that dots every *i*—and every *e* as well.

Since his heyday, his general vacuity has been much reproduced, but his punctiliousness hardly at all. I take up an armful of the works of Herbert Carter, author of the Boy Scouts series, and unearth at random:

Hardly had they been moving for a minute than Thad thought . . .

Life may even have been sweet enough to accept it at the hands of the man whom he believed had so terribly wronged him.

. . . another strata of smoke further up.

He had come in a hesitating way to ask as a favor that, since the scouts were settled . . . could he be spared to make the run through the pine forests . . .

Each boy was sighing because, like Alexander of old, there were no more worlds to conquer.

The idea of having to turn cannibal, and devour the game raw did not appeal to him.

Like the crowded street car, there was always room for more.

. . . a few more stings that rather added to his ridiculous appearance. [Why is it that all untrained writers and some trained ones record additions to the "appearance", when they mean to some quality of the appearance?]

. . . since this little whipper-snapper of a leader among these boys appeared more capable of swaying the sheriff than he could himself do.

It [a lantern] was a good type of its kind.

Feverish with impatience though Aleck might be, to know whether all his hopes were doomed to be shattered then and there, or allowed to blossom forth into glorious buds of promise . . .

His heart was filled with a desire to assist him secure the legacy left by his father, than whom no living soul had ever gazed upon the hidden mine.

The fellow whom Thad guessed went by the name of . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It had given Rob back a father whom he had believed was dead.

. . . a certain tender inflection to the soft voice that stamped him for one who had been born below the Dixie line.

They seemed to feel a good deal like Step Hen expressed it, that . . .

And more than grammar is outraged in the lingo which this writer puts into the mouths of backwoodsmen of Maine: "Not ther big pond; it's tew late naow fur thet; but they's a littler un 'baout half way. Thet'll hev tew dew fur us, I guess". No British novelist can ever have got farther afield than that in his efforts to make his Yankee characters talk American. Even more pathetically, Mr. Carter is one of those authors whose only method of saving their characters from bookishness is to confer illiteracy upon them. His boys converse in this idiom:

Thad, we had ought to be finding a good tree like that Jim dandy one I wanted to climb. . . . These torches ain't agoin' to last much longer.

Is this sort of language made any more edifying in books by the fact that boys actually speak it more or less?

The Outdoor Chums series, by Captain Quincy Allen, is peppered with Grade *E* English indistinguishable from that quoted above; *e.g.,* "His manner thrilled the boys as they had seldom been before". Captain Allen also has a queer addiction to the word "balance" in the sense of "rest" or "remainder": "the balance of the night", "to encourage the balance of his chums to renewed efforts". And, like most freshmen who fall short of the requirements in English, he is a persistent passive-voice narrator: "Finally the cabin near the bank of the partly frozen creek was reached"—that is, the boys reached it. Nevertheless, Captain Allen, like many another scribe who writes "try and", "hardly . . . than", and "cannot help but", always uses the quotation marks of apology for "dunnage", "cat-nap", "tote", "boss", and "snack". That is *his* way of dotting every *e*. His regular manner of narration is illustrated in this sentence:

"I wouldn't be at all surprised if Teddy knew something about that fire business," he mentioned to Bluff, a short time later, when they walked together down to the spot where the mink tracks had been seen, as the latter had shown more or less interest in the habits of these little animals.

Naturally, it cannot be proved in one tiny article that the few specimens here arrayed typify the English of the entire juvenile library at its more popular levels today. But those who are (very properly) indisposed to take my word for it, or anyone's word, can determine the fact for themselves by a few hours in a library. And that would be the best thing that could possibly happen. If a few influential teachers, some editors and publicists, and a good many solicitous parents could bring themselves to face at close quarters the preposterous quality of what most of us hand to our youngsters for reading matter, the resultant outcry would be a marvellously good omen for American boyhood, American education in language—even, ultimately, for American publishing and printing. Here is a rather disconcerting fact: No one with a voice to reach the public ever challenges the ethics, or even the expediency, of encouraging children to gorge themselves upon matter which the normal adult digestion cannot receive without nausea. The more the American boy reads of what is chiefly accessible to him, the nearer his mind comes to perishing of malnutrition. The lad whose mind is not undernourished at seventeen is the one who thumbed over *Treasure Island* at twelve until he could have recited half of it without the battered copy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO POEMS

by John Gould Fletcher

I. TO A SEA-GULL

With your harsh-screaming voice and smooth-gliding
Wings poised above your spindle-moulded body,
You are the watcher of fate who warns mankind of tempest,
The crier of requiem over poor drowned sailors;

You wheel as sentinel where the harbor rocks
Wind-sharpened, stand to part the moaning white-maned waters,
You settle in quarrelsome flocks upon the shallows,
You clamorously rise to cheer the coming dawn.

You, sea-gull: searcher of the crumbling cliff,
Nesting on shelterless granite, you whose pink feet
Print the blue ice that rings grim Arctic barrens,
Dip to the purple trough where slanting ports swing home!

For centuries you soared ere man, an infant, wakened
On his first wonderful shore and rubbed his eyes
To see your wings in steady pulsation flickering
Between the bowing palm-reef and the sky;

Now you drift helpless, trapped on polluted waters,
Hither and thither tossed, a draggled heap of feathers,
Smudged with black engine-waste, a noisome share of horror,
Slaughtered by ships whose voyaging you cheered on.

Dying in shoals, because men, unregarding
Of all but their own greed, have willed oil-wells shall rule
Henceforth their swaggering purses, and you leave us
Tenantless oceans without screams of joy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II. UNDER ANTARES

Under Antares, on the south horizon,
Red horsemen gallop, scattering the autumn;
Over the hills they toss tumultuous music:
The falling of a million crimson leaves.

Altair soars up the Milky Way to east,
White-haired Capella of the Arctic Isles
Guards the chill North, while far away to west
Spica amid her golden wheat-sheaf gleams.

And ringed about the Polestar east and west,
The Lyre burns bright, the swaying Plough yet glides,
Leading the keels of shipmen safe to port,
The Herdsman and great Hercules burn between.

But were we elsewhere than upon this earth,
Not these familiar gods would guide our ways;
But a new pattern of far blazing fires
Would burst upon us, till our minds again

Would fashion to an image of new fate
Million-miled drift of heedless worlds and suns
On the unreal horizon of our lives;
Till they, too, ebbed out for the dying ones.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CLAXTONS

by Aldous Huxley

In their little house on the common, how beautifully the Claxtons lived, how spiritually! Even the cat was a vegetarian—at any rate officially—even the cat. Which made little Sylvia's behavior really quite inexcusable. For after all little Sylvia was human and six years old, whereas Pussy was only four and an animal. If Pussy could be content with greens and potatoes and milk and an occasional lump of nut butter, as a treat—Pussy, who had a tiger in her blood—surely Sylvia might be expected to refrain from surreptitious bacon-eating. Particularly in somebody else's house.

What made the incident so specially painful to the Claxtons was that it had occurred under Judith's roof. It was the first time they had stayed with Judith since their marriage. Martha Claxton was rather afraid of her sister, afraid of her sharp tongue and her laughter and her scarifying irreverence. And on her own husband's account she was a little jealous of Judith's husband. Jack Bamborough's books were not only esteemed; they also brought in money. Whereas poor Herbert. "Herbert's art is too *inward,*" his wife used to explain, "too spiritual for most people to understand." She resented Jack Bamborough's success; it was too complete. She wouldn't have minded so much if he had made pots of money in the teeth of critical contempt; or if the critics had approved and he had made nothing. But to earn praise *and* a thousand a year—that was too much. A man had no right to make the best of both worlds like that, when Herbert never sold anything and was utterly ignored. In spite of all which she had at last accepted Judith's often repeated invitation. After all, one ought to love one's sister and one's sister's husband. Also all the chimneys in the house on the common needed sweeping and the roof would have to be repaired where the rain was coming in. Judith's invitation arrived most conveniently. Martha accepted it. And then Sylvia went and did that really inexcusable thing. Coming down to breakfast before the others she stole a rasher from the dish of bacon with which her aunt and uncle unregenerately began the day. Her mother's arrival prevented her from eating it on the spot; she had to hide it. Weeks later when Judith was looking for something in the inlaid Italian cabinet, in one of the drawers a little pool of dried grease still bore eloquent witness to the crime. The day passed; but Sylvia found no opportunity to consummate the outrage she had begun. It was only in the evening, while her little brother Paul was being given his bath, that she was able to retrieve the now stiff and clammy-cold rasher. With guilty speed she hurried upstairs with it and hid it under her pillow. When the lights were turned out she ate it. In the morning, the grease stains and a piece of gnawed rind betrayed her. Judith went into fits of inextinguishable laughter.

"It's like the Garden of Eden," she gasped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between the explosions of her mirth. "The meat of the Pig of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. But if you *will* surround bacon with categorical imperatives and mystery, what can you expect, my dear Martha?"

Martha went on smiling her habitual smile of sweet forgiving benevolence. But inside she felt extremely angry; the child had made a fool of them all in front of Judith and Jack. She would have liked to give her a good smacking. Instead of which—for one must never be rough with a child, one must never show it that one is annoyed—she reasoned with Sylvia, she explained, she appealed, more in sorrow than in anger, to her better feelings.

"Your daddy and I don't think it's right to make animals suffer when we can eat vegetables which don't suffer anything."

"How do you know they don't?" asked Sylvia, shooting out the question malignantly. Her face was ugly with sullen ill-temper.

"We don't think it right, darling," Mr. Claxton went on, ignoring the interruption. "And I'm sure you wouldn't either, if you realized. Think, my pet; to make that bacon, a poor little pig had to be killed. To be *killed,* Sylvia. Think of that. A poor innocent little pig that hadn't done anybody any harm."

"But I hate pigs," cried Sylvia. Her sullenness flared up into sudden ferocity; her eyes that had been fixed and glassy with a dull resentment, darkly flashed. "I hate them, hate them, *hate* them."

"Quite right," said Aunt Judith, who had come in most inopportunely in the middle of the lecture. "Quite right. Pigs *are* disgusting. That's why people called them pigs."

Martha was glad to get back to the little house on the common and their beautiful life, happy to escape from Judith's irreverent laughter and the standing reproach of Jack's success. On the common she ruled, she was the mistress of the family destinies. To the friends who came to visit them there she was fond of saying, with that smile of hers, "I feel that, in our way and on a tiny scale, we've built Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land".

It was Martha's great-grandfather who started the brewery business. Postgate's Entire was a household word in Cheshire and Derbyshire. Martha's share of the family fortune was about seven hundred a year. The Claxtons' spirituality and disinterestedness were the flowers of an economic plant whose roots were bathed in beer. But for the thirst of British workmen, Herbert would have had to spend his time and energies profitably doing instead of beautifully being. Beer and marrying Martha permitted him to cultivate the arts and the religions, to distinguish himself in a gross world as an apostle of idealism.

"It's what's called the division of labor," Judith would laughingly say. "Other people drink. Martha and I think. Or at any rate we think we think."

Herbert was one of those men who are never without a knapsack on their backs. Even in Bond Street, on the rare occasions when he went to London, Herbert looked as though he were just about to ascend Mont Blanc. The rücksack is a badge of spirituality. For the modern high-thinking, pure-hearted Teuton or Anglo-Saxon the scandal of the rücksack is what the scandal of the cross was to the Franciscans. When Herbert passed, long-legged and knickerbockered, his fair beard like a windy explosion round his face, his rücksack overflowing with the leeks and cabbages required in such profusion to support a purely graminivorous family, the street-boys yelled, the flappers whooped with laughter. Herbert ignored them, or else smiled through his beard forgivingly and with a rather studied humorousness. We all have our little rücksack to bear. Herbert bore his not merely with resignation, but boldly, provocatively, flauntingly in the faces of men; and along with the rücksack the other symbols of difference, of separation from ordinary, gross humanity—the concealing beard, the knickerbockers, the Byronic shirt. He was proud of his difference.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Oh, I know you think us ridiculous," he would say to his friends of the crass materialistic world, "I know you laugh at us for a set of cranks."

"But we don't, we don't," the friends would answer, politely lying.

"And yet, if it hadn't been for the cranks," Herbert pursued, "where would you be now! What would you be doing? You'd be beating children, and torturing animals and hanging people for stealing a shilling, and doing all the other horrible things they did in the good old days."

He was proud, proud; he knew himself superior. So did Martha. In spite of her beautiful Christian smile, she too was certain of her superiority. That smile of hers—it was the hall-mark of her spirituality. A more benevolent version of Mona Lisa's smile, it kept her rather thin, bloodless lips almost chronically curved into a crescent of sweet and forgiving charitableness, it surcharged the natural sullenness of her face with a kind of irrelevant sweetness. It was the product of long years of wilful self-denial, of stubborn aspirations towards the highest of conscious and determined love for humanity and her enemies; (and for Martha the terms were really identical; humanity, though she didn't of course admit it, *was* her enemy, she felt it hostile and *therefore* loved it, consciously and conscientiously; loved it because she really hated it). In the end habit had fixed the smile undetachably to her face. It remained there permanently shining, like the headlamps of a motor car inadvertently turned on and left to burn, unnecessarily, in the daylight. Even when she was put out or downright angry, even when she was stubbornly, mulishly fighting to have her own will, the smile persisted. Framed between its pre-Raphaelitic loops of mouse-colored hair the heavy, sullen-featured, rather unwholesomely pallid face continued to shine incongruously with forgiving love for the whole of hateful, hostile humanity; only in the gray eyes was there any trace of the emotions which Martha so carefully repressed.

It was her great-grandfather and her grandfather who had made the money. Her father was already by birth and upbringing the landed gentleman. Brewing was only the dim but profitable background to more distinguished activities as a sportsman, an agriculturist, a breeder of horses and rhododendrons, a member of Parliament and the best London clubs; the adolescent William discovered Tolstoy and Folk Dancing with all the conquest of spirituality. The fourth generation was obviously ripe for Art and Higher Thought. And duly, punctually, the adolescent Martha discovered William Morris and Mrs. Besant, discovered Tolstoy and Rodin and Folk Dancing and Lao-Tsze. Stubbornly, with all the force of her heavy will, she addressed herself to the conquest of spirituality, to the siege and capture of the Highest. And no less punctually than her sister, the adolescent Judith discovered French literature and was lightly enthusiastic (for it was in her nature to be light and gay) about Manet and Daumier, even, in due course, about Matisse and Cézanne. In the long run brewing almost infallibly leads to impressionism or theosophy or communism. But there are other roads to these spiritual heights. It was by one of them that Herbert travelled. There were no brewers among Herbert's ancestors. He came from a lower, at any rate a poorer, stratum of society. His father kept a drapery shop at Northwich. Mr. Claxton was a thin feeble man with a taste for argumentation and pickled onions. Indigestion had spoilt his temper and the chronic consciousness of inferiority had made him a revolutionary and a domestic bully. In the intervals of work he read the literature of socialism and unbelief and nagged at his wife, who took refuge in non-conformist piety. Herbert was a clever boy with a knack for passing examinations. He did well at school. They were very proud of him at home, for he was an only child.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You mark my words," his father would say, prophetically glowing in that quarter of an hour of beatitude which intervened between the eating of his dinner and the beginning of his dyspepsia, "that boy'll do something remarkable."

A few minutes later, with the first rumblings and convulsions of indigestion, he would be shouting at him in fury, cuffing him, sending him out of the room.

Being no good at games Herbert revenged himself on his more athletic rivals by reading. Those afternoons in the public library instead of on the football field, or at home with one of his father's revolutionary volumes, were the beginning of his difference and superiority. It was, when Martha first knew him, a political difference, an anti-Christian superiority. Her superiority was mainly artistic and spiritual. Martha's was the stronger character; in a little while Herbert's interest in socialism was entirely secondary to his interest in art, his anti-clericalism was tinctured by Oriental religiosity. It was only to be expected.

What was not to be expected was that they should have married at all, that they should ever even have met. It was not easy for the children of land-owning brewers and shop-owning drapers to meet and marry.

Morris-dancing accomplished the miracle. They came together in a certain garden in the suburbs of Nantwich where Mr. Winslow, the Extension Lecturer, presided over the rather solemn stampings and prancings of all that was most earnestly best among the youth of eastern Cheshire. To that suburban garden Martha drove in from the country, Herbert cycled out from the High Street. They met; love did the rest.

Martha was at that time twenty-four and, in her heavy, pallid, style, not unhandsome. Herbert was a year older, and tall; a disproportionately narrow young man, with a face strong-featured and aquiline, yet singularly mild ("a sheep in eagle's clothing" was how Judith had once described him) and very fair hair. Beard at that time he had none. Economic necessity still prevented him from advertising the fact of his difference and superiority. In the auctioneer's office, where Herbert worked as a clerk, a beard would have been as utterly inadmissible as knickerbockers, an open shirt and that outward and visible symbol of inward grace, the rücksack. For Herbert these things only became possible when marriage and Martha's seven hundred yearly pounds had lifted him clear of the ineluctable workings of economic law. In those Nantwich days the most he could permit himself was a red tie and some private opinions.

It was Martha who did most of the loving. Dumbly, with a passion that was almost grim in its stubborn intensity, she adored him—his frail body, his long-fingered, delicate hands, the aquiline face with its, for other eyes, rather spurious air of distinction and intelligence, all of him, all. "He has read William Morris and Tolstoy," she wrote in her diary; "he's one of the very few people I've met who feel *responsible* about things. Everyone else is so terribly frivolous and self-centered and indifferent. Like Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. He isn't like that. He's conscious, he's aware, he accepts the burden. That's why I like him." That was why, at any rate, she thought she liked him. But her passion was really for the physical Herbert Claxton. Heavily, like a dark cloud, charged with thunder, she hung over him with a kind of menace, ready to break out on him with the lightnings of passions and domineering will. Herbert was charged with some of the electricity of passion which he had called out of her. Because she loved, he loved her in return. His vanity, too, was flattered; it was only theoretically that he despised class-distinctions and wealth.

The land-owning brewers were horrified when they heard from Martha that she was proposing to marry the son of a shopkeeper. Their objections only intensified Martha's stubborn determination to have her own way.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even if she hadn't loved him, she would have married him on principle, just because his father *was* a draper and because all this class business was an irrelevant nonsense. Besides, Herbert had talents—what sort of talents it was rather hard to specify. But whatever the talents might be, they were being smothered in the auctioneer's office. Her seven hundred a year would give them scope. It was practically a duty to marry him.

"'A man's a man for a' that'", she said to her father, quoting, in the hope of persuading him, from his favorite poet; she herself found Burns too gross and unspiritual.

"And a sheep's a sheep," retorted Mr. Postgate, "and a woodlouse is a woodlouse —for all that and all that."

Martha flushed darkly and turned away without saying anything more. Three weeks later she and the almost passive Herbert were married.

Well, now Sylvia was six years old and a handful, and little Paul, who was whiny and had adenoids, was just on five, and Herbert, under his wife's influence, had discovered unexpectedly enough that his talents were really artistic and was by this time a painter with an established reputation for lifeless ineptitude. With every re-affirmation of his lack of success he flaunted more defiantly than ever the scandal of the rücksack, the scandals of the knickerbockers and beard. Martha, meanwhile, talked about the inwardness of Herbert's art. They were able to persuade themselves that it was their superiority which prevented them from getting the recognition they deserved. Herbert's lack of success was even a proof (though not perhaps the most satisfactory kind of proof) of that superiority.

"But Herbert's time will come," Martha would affirm prophetically. "It's bound to come."

Meanwhile the little house on the Surrey common was overflowing with unsold pictures. Allegorical they were, painted very flatly in a style that was Early Indian tempered, wherever the Oriental originals ran too luxuriantly to breasts and wasp-waists and moon-like haunches, by the dreary respectability of Puvis de Chavannes.

"And let me beg you, Herbert—" those had been Judith's parting words of advice as they stood on the platform waiting for the train to take them back again to their house on the common—"let me implore you; try to be a little more *indecent* in your paintings. Not so shockingly pure. You don't know how happy you'd make me if you could really be obscene for once. Really obscene."

It was a comfort, thought Martha, to be getting away from that sort of thing. Judith was really too . . . Her lips smiled, her hand waved good-bye.

"Isn't it lovely to come back to our own dear little house!" she cried, as the station taxi drove them bumpily over the track that led across the common to the garden gate. "Isn't it lovely?"

"Lovely!" said Herbert dutifully echoing her rather forced rapture.

"Lovely!" repeated little Paul, rather thickly through his adenoids. He was a sweet child, when he wasn't whining, and always did and said what was expected of him.

Through the window of the cab Sylvia looked critically at the long low house among the trees. "I think Aunt Judith's house is nicer," she concluded with decision.

Martha turned upon her the sweet illumination of her smile. "Aunt Judith's house is bigger," she said, "and much grander. But this is Home, my sweet. Our very own Home."

"All the same," persisted Sylvia, "I like Aunt Judith's house better."

Martha smiled at her forgivingly and shook her head. "You'll understand what I mean when you're older," she said. A strange child, she was thinking; a difficult child. Not like Paul, who was so easy. Too easy. Paul fell in with suggestions, did what he was told, took his color from the spiritual environment. Not Sylvia. She had her own will.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul was like his father. In the girl Martha saw something of her own stubbornness and passion and determination. If the will could be well directed . . . But the trouble was that it was so often hostile, resistant, contrary. Martha thought of that deplorable occasion, only a few months before, when Sylvia, in a fit of rage at not being allowed to do something she wanted to do, had spit in her father's face. Herbert and Martha had agreed that she ought to be punished. But how? Not smacked, of course; smacking was out of the question. The important thing was to make the child realize the heinousness of what she had done. In the end they decided that the best thing would be for Herbert to talk to her very seriously (but very gently, of course) and then leave her to choose her own punishment: Let her conscience decide. It seemed an excellent idea.

"I want to tell you a story, Sylvia," said Herbert that evening, taking the child onto his knees, "about a little girl, who had a daddy who loved her so much, so much." Sylvia looked at him suspiciously, but said nothing. "And one day that little girl, who was sometimes rather a thoughtless little girl, though I don't believe she was really naughty, was doing something that it wasn't right or good for her to do. And her daddy told her not to. And what do you think that little girl did? She spat in her daddy's face. And her daddy was very, very sad. Because what his little girl did was wrong, wasn't it?" Sylvia nodded a brief defiant assent. "And when one has done something wrong, one must be punished, mustn't one?" The child nodded again. Herbert was pleased; his words had had their effect; her conscience was being touched. Over the child's head he exchanged a glance with Martha. "If you had been that daddy," he went on, "and the little girl you loved so much had spat in your face, what would you have done, Sylvia?"

"Spat back," Sylvia answered fiercely and without hesitation.

At the recollection of the scene Martha sighed. Sylvia was difficult, Sylvia was decidedly a problem. The cab drew up at the gate; the Claxtons unpacked themselves and their luggage. Inadequately tipped, the driver made his usual scene. Bearing his rücksack, Herbert turned away with a dignified patience. He was used to this sort of thing; it was a chronic martyrdom. The unpleasant duty of paying was always his. Martha only provided the cash. With what extreme and yearly growing reluctance! He was always between the devil of the undertipped and the deep sea of Martha's avarice.

"Four miles' drive and a tuppenny tip!" shouted the cab driver at Herbert's receding and rücksacked back.

Martha grudged him even the twopence. But convention demanded that something should be given. Conventions are stupid things; but even the Children of the Spirit must make some compromise with the World. In this case Martha was ready to compromise with the World to the extent of twopence. But no more. Herbert knew that she would have been very angry if he had given more. Not openly, of course; not explicitly. She never visibly lost her temper or her smile. But her forgiving disapproval would have weighed heavily on him for days. And for days she would have found excuses for economizing in order to make up for the wanton extravagance of a sixpenny instead of a twopenny tip. Her economies were mostly on the food, and their justification was always spiritual. Eating was gross; high living was incompatible with high thinking; it was dreadful to think of the poor going hungry while you yourself were living in luxurious gluttony. There would be a cutting down of butter and Brazil nuts, of the more palatable vegetables and the choicer fruits. Meals would come to consist more and more exclusively of porridge, potatoes, cabbages, bread. Only when the original extravagance had been made up several hundred times would Martha begin to relax her asceticism. Herbert never ven-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tured to complain. After one of these bouts of plain living he would for a long time be very careful to avoid other extravagances, even when, as in this case, his economies brought him into painful and humiliating conflict with those on whom they were practised.

"Next time," the taxi driver was shouting, "I'll charge extra for the whiskers."

Herbert passed over the threshold and closed the door behind him. Safe! He took off his rücksack and deposited it carefully on a chair. Gross, vulgar brute! But anyhow he had taken himself off with the twopence. Martha would have no cause to complain or cut down the supply of peas and beans. In a mild and spiritual way Herbert was very fond of his food. So was Martha—darkly and violently fond of it. That was why she had become a vegetarian, why her economies were always at the expense of the stomach—precisely because she liked food so much. She suffered when she deprived herself of some delicious morsel. But there was a sense in which she loved her suffering more than the morsel. Denying herself, she felt her whole being irradiated by a glow of power; suffering, she was strengthened, her will was wound up, her energy enhanced. The dammed-up instincts rose and rose behind the wall of voluntary mortification, deep and heavy with potentialities of force.

In the struggle between the instincts Martha's love of power was generally strong enough to overcome her greed; among the hierarchy of pleasures, the joy of exerting the personal conscious will was more intense than the joy of eating even Turkish delight or strawberries and cream. Not always, however; for there were occasions when, overcome by a sudden irresistible desire, Martha would buy and, in a single day, secretly consume a whole pound of chocolate creams, throwing herself upon the sweets with the same heavy violence as had characterized her first passion for Herbert. With the passage of time and the waning, after the birth of her two children, of her physical passion for her husband, Martha's orgies among the chocolates became more frequent. It was as though her vital energies were being forced by the closing of the sexual channel to find explosive outlet in gluttony. After one of these orgies Martha always tended to become more than ordinarily strict in her ascetic spirituality.

Three weeks after the Claxtons' return to their little house on the common, the War broke out.

"It's changed most people," Judith remarked in the third year, "it's altered some out of all recognition. Not Herbert and Martha, though. It's just made them more so—more like themselves than they were before. Curious." She shook her head. "Very curious."

But it wasn't really curious at all; it was inevitable. The War could not help intensifying all that was characteristically Herbertian and Martha-ish in Herbert and Martha. It heightened their sense of remote superiority by separating them still further from the ordinary herd. For while ordinary people believed in the war, fought and worked to win, Herbert and Martha utterly disapproved and, on grounds that were partly Buddhistic, partly Socialist-International, partly Tolstoyan, refused to have anything to do with the accursed thing. In the midst of universal madness they almost alone were sane. And their superiority was proved and divinely hallowed by persecution. Unofficial disapproval was succeeded, after the passing of the Conscription Act, by official repression. Herbert pleaded a conscientious objection. He was sent to work on the land in Dorset, a martyr, a different and spiritually higher being. The act of a brutal War Office had definitely promoted him out of the ranks of common humanity. In this promotion Martha vicariously participated. But what most powerfully stimulated her spirituality was not war-time persecution so much as war-time financial instability, war-time in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crease in prices. In the first weeks of confusion she had been panic-stricken; she imagined that all her money was lost, she saw herself with Herbert and the children, hungry and houseless, begging from door to door. She immediately dismissed her two servants, she reduced the family food supply to a prison ration. Time passed and her money came in very much as usual. But Martha was so much delighted with the economies she had made that she would not revert to the old mode of life.

"After all," she argued, "it's really not pleasant to have strangers in the house to serve you. And then, why should they serve us? They who are just as good as we are." It was a hypocritical tribute to Christian doctrine; they were really immeasurably inferior. "Just because we happen to be able to pay them—that's why they have to serve us. It's always made me feel uncomfortable and ashamed. Hasn't it you, Herbert?"

"Always," said Herbert, who always agreed with his wife.

"Besides," she went on, "I think one ought to do one's own work. One oughtn't to get out of touch with the humble small realities of life. I've felt really happier since I've been doing the house work, haven't you?" Herbert nodded.

"And it's so good for the children. It teaches them humility and service . . ."

Doing without servants saved a clear hundred and fifty a year. But the economies she made on food were soon counterbalanced by the results of scarcity and inflation. With every rise in prices Martha's enthusiasm for ascetic spirituality became more than ever fervid and profound. So too did her conviction that the children would be spoilt and turned into worldlings if she sent them to an expensive boarding school. "Herbert and I believe very strongly in home education, don't we, Herbert?" And Herbert would agree that they believed in it very strongly indeed. Home education without a governess, insisted Martha. Why should one let one's children be influenced by strangers? Perhaps badly influenced. Anyhow, not influenced in exactly the way one would influence them oneself. People hired governesses because they dreaded the hard work of educating their children. And of course it *was* hard work—the harder, the higher your ideals. But wasn't it worth making sacrifices for one's children? With the uplifting question, Martha's smile curved itself into a crescent of more than ordinary soulfulness. Of course it was worth it. The work was an incessant delight—wasn't it, Herbert? For what could be more delightful, more profoundly soul-satisfying than to help your own children to grow up beautifully, to guide them, to mold their characters into ideal forms, to lead their thoughts and desires into the noblest channels? Not by any system of compulsion, of course; children must never be compelled; the art of education was persuading children to mold themselves in the most ideal forms, was showing them how to be the makers of their own higher selves, was firing them with enthusiasm for what Martha felicitously described as "self-sculpture".

On Sylvia, her mother had to admit to herself, this art of education was hard to practise. Sylvia didn't want to sculpture herself, at any rate into the forms which Martha and Herbert found most beautiful. She was quite discouragingly without that sense of moral beauty on which the Claxtons relied as a means of education. It was ugly, they told her, to be rough, to disobey, to say rude things and tell lies. It was beautiful to be gentle and polite, obedient and truthful. "But I don't mind being ugly," Sylvia would retort. There was no possible answer, except a spanking; and spanking was against the Claxtons' principles.

Esthetic and intellectual beauty seemed to mean as little to Sylvia as moral beauty. What difficulties they had to make her take an interest in the piano! This was the more extraordinary, her mother considered, as Sylvia was obviously musical; when she was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two-and-a-half she had already been able to sing "Three Blind Mice" in tune. But she didn't want to learn her scales. Her mother talked to her about a wonderful little boy called Mozart. Sylvia hated Mozart. "No, no!" she would shout, whenever her mother mentioned the abhorred name. "I don't want to hear." And to make sure of not hearing, she would put her fingers in her ears. Nevertheless, by the time she was nine she could play "The Happy Peasant" from beginning to end without a mistake. Martha still had hopes of turning her into the musician of the family. Paul, meanwhile, was the future Giotto; it had been decided that he inherited his father's talents. He accepted his career as docilely as he had consented to learn his letters. Sylvia, on the other hand, simply refused to read.

"But think," said Martha ecstatically, "how *wonderful* it will be when you can open any book and read all the *beautiful* things people have written!" Her coaxing was ineffective.

"I like playing better," said Sylvia obstinately, with that expression of sullen bad temper which was threatening to become as chronic as her mother's smile. True to their principles, Herbert and Martha let her play; but it was a grief to them.

"You make your daddy and mummy so sad," they said, trying to appeal to her better feelings. "So sad. Won't you try to read to make your daddy and mummy happy?" The child confronted them with an expression of sullen, stubborn wretchedness, and shook her head. "Just to please us," they wheedled. "You make us *so* sad." Sylvia looked from one mournfully forgiving face to the other and burst into tears.

"Naughty," she sobbed incoherently. "Naughty. Go away." She hated them for being sad, for making her sad. "No, go away, go away," she screamed when they tried to comfort her. She cried inconsolably; but still, she wouldn't read.

Paul, on the other hand, was beautifully teachable and plastic. Slowly (for, with his adenoids, he was not a very intelligent boy) but with all the docility that could be desired, he learnt to read about the lass on the ass in the grass and other such matters. "Hear how beautifully Paul reads," Martha would say, in the hope of rousing Sylvia to emulation. But Sylvia would only make a contemptuous face and walk out of the room. In the end she taught herself to read, secretly, in a couple of weeks. Her parents' pride in the achievement was tempered when they discovered her motives for making the extraordinary effort.

"But what is this dreadful little book?" asked Martha holding up the copy of *Nick Carter and the Michigan Boulevard Murderers* which she had discovered carefully hidden under Sylvia's winter underclothing. On the cover was a picture of a man being thrown off the roof of a skyscraper by a gorilla.

The child snatched it from her. "It's a lovely book," she retorted, flushing darkly with an anger that was intensified by her sense of guilt.

"Darling," said Martha, beautifully smiling on the surface of her annoyance, "you mustn't snatch like that. Snatching's ugly." "Don't care." "Let me look at it, please." Martha held out her hand. She smiled, but her pale face was heavily determined, her eyes commanded.

Sylvia confronted her, stubbornly she shook her head. "No, I don't want to."

"Please," begged her mother, more forgivingly and more commandingly than ever, "please." And in the end, with a sudden outburst of tearful rage, Sylvia handed over the book and ran off into the garden. "Sylvia, Sylvia!" her mother called. But the child would not come back. To have stood by while her mother violated the secrets of her private world would have been unbearable.

Owing to his adenoids Paul looked and almost was an imbecile. Without being a Christian Scientist, Martha disbelieved in doctors; more particularly she disliked sur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

geons, perhaps because they were so expensive. She left Paul's adenoids unextirpated; they grew and festered in his throat. From November to May he was never without a cold, a quinsy, an earache. The winter of 1921 was a particularly bad one for Paul. He began by getting influenza which turned into pneumonia, caught measles during his convalescence and developed at the New Year an infection of the middle ear which threatened to leave him permanently deaf. The doctor peremptorily advised an operation, treatment, a convalescence in Switzerland, at an altitude and in the sun. Martha hesitated to follow his advice. She had come to be so firmly convinced of her poverty that she did not see how she could possibly afford to do what the doctor ordered. In her perplexity she wrote to Judith. Two days later Judith arrived in person.

"But do you want to kill the boy?" she asked her sister fiercely. "Why didn't you get him out of this filthy dank hole weeks ago?"

In a few hours she had arranged everything. Herbert and Martha were to start at once with the boy. They were to travel direct to Lausanne by sleeper. "But surely a sleeper's hardly necessary," objected Martha. "You forget" (she beautifully smiled) "we're simple folk."

"I only remember you've got a sick child with you," said Judith and the sleeper was booked. At Lausanne he was to be operated. (Expensive reply-paid telegram to the clinic; poor Martha suffered.) And when he was well enough he was to go to a sanatorium at Leysin. (Another telegram, for which Judith paid, however. Martha forgot to give the money back). Martha and Herbert, meanwhile, were to find a good hotel, where Paul would join them as soon as his treatment was over. And they were to stay at least six months and preferably a year. Sylvia, meanwhile, was to stay with her aunt in England; Judith would try to find a tenant for the house on the common.

"Talk of savages!" said Judith to her husband. "I've never seen such a little cannibal as Sylvia." "It's what comes of having vegetarian parents, I suppose."

"Poor little creature!" Judith went on with an indignant pity. "There are times when I'd like to drown Martha, she's such a criminal fool. Bringing those children up without ever letting them go near another child of their own age! It's scandalous! And then talking to them about spirituality and Jesus and *ahimsa* and beauty and goodness knows what! And not wanting them to play stupid games, but be artistic! And always being sweet, even when she's furious! It's dreadful, really dreadful! And so silly. Can't she see that the best way of turning a child into a devil is to try to bring it up as an angel? Ah, well . . ." She sighed and was silent, pensively; she herself had had no children and, if the doctors were right, never would have children.

The weeks passed and gradually the little savage was civilized. Her first lessons were lessons in the art of moderation. The food, which at the Bamboroughs' house was good and plentiful, was at the beginning a terrible temptation to a child accustomed to the austerities of the spiritual life.

"There'll be more tomorrow," Judith would say, when the child asked for yet another helping of pudding. "You're not a snake, you know; you can't store up today's overeating for next week's dinners. The only thing you can do with too much food is to be sick with it."

At first Sylvia would insist, would wheedle and whine for more. But luckily, as Judith remarked to her husband, luckily, she had a delicate liver. Her aunt's prophecies were only too punctually realized. After three or four bilious attacks Sylvia learned to control her greed. Her next lesson was in obedience. The obedience she was accustomed to give her parents was slow and grudging. Herbert and Martha never, on principle, commanded, but only suggested. It was a system that had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore almost forced upon the child a habit of saying no, automatically, to whatever proposition was made to her. "No, no, no!" she regularly began, and then gradually suffered herself to be persuaded, reasoned, or moved by the expression of her parents' sadness into a belated and generally grudging acquiescence. Obeying at long last, she felt an obscure resentment against those who had not compelled her to obey at once. Like most children, she would have liked to be relieved compulsorily of responsibility for her own actions; she was angry with her father and mother for forcing her to expend so much will in resisting them, such a quantity of painful emotion in finally letting her will be overcome. It would have been so much simpler if they had insisted from the first, had compelled her to obey at once and so spared her all her spiritual effort and pain. Darkly and bitterly did she resent the incessant appeal they made to her better feelings. It wasn't fair, it wasn't fair. They had no right to smile and forgive and make her feel a beast, to fill her with sadness by being sad themselves.

Sylvia felt that they were somehow taking a cruel advantage of her. And perversely, just because she hated their being sad, she deliberately went out of her way to say and do the things that would most sorely distress them. One of her favorite tricks was to threaten to "go and walk across the plank over the sluice". Between the smooth pond and the shallow rippling of the stream, the gentle water became for a moment tenable. Pent in a narrow channel of oozy brickwork six feet of cataract tumbled with unceasing clamor into a black and heaving pool. It was a horrible place. How often her parents had begged her not to play near the sluice! Her threat would make them repeat their recommendations; they would implore her to be reasonable. "No, I won't be reasonable," Sylvia would shout and run off towards the sluice. If, in fact, she never approached to within less than five yards of the roaring gulf, that was because she was much more terrified for herself than her parents were for her. But she would go as near as she dared for the pleasure (the pleasure which she hated) of hearing her mother mournfully express her sadness at having a little girl so disobedient, so selfishly reckless of danger. She tried the same trick with her Aunt Judith. "I shall go into the woods by myself," she menaced one day, scowling. To her great surprise, instead of begging her to be reasonable and not to distress the grown-ups by disobediently running into danger, Judith only shrugged her shoulders. "Trot along then if you want to be a little fool," she said without looking up from her letter. Indignantly, Sylvia trotted; but she was frightened of being alone in the huge wood. Only pride kept her from returning at once. Damp, dirty, tear-stained and scratched, she was brought back two hours later by a gamekeeper.

"What luck," said Judith to her husband, "what enormous luck that the little idiot should have gone and got herself lost." The scheme of things was marshalled against the child's delinquency. But Judith did not rely exclusively on the scheme of things to enforce her code; she provided her own sanctions. Obedience had to be prompt, or else there were prompt reprisals. Once Sylvia succeeded in provoking her aunt to real anger. The scene made a profound impression on her. An hour later she crept diffidently and humbly to where her aunt was sitting. "I'm sorry, Aunt Judith," she said, "I'm sorry," and burst into tears. It was the first time she had ever spontaneously asked for forgiveness.

The lessons which profited Sylvia most were those which she learnt from other children. After a certain number of rather unsuccessful and occasionally painful experiments she learnt to play, to behave as an equal among equals. Hitherto she had lived almost exclusively as a chronological inferior among grown-ups, in a state of unceasing rebellion and guerrilla warfare. Her life had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been one long *risorgimento* against forgiving Austrians and all too gentle, beautifully-smiling Bourbons. With the little Carters from down the road, the little Holmeses from over the way, she was now suddenly required to adapt herself to democracy and parliamentary government. There were difficulties at first; but when in the end the little bandit had acquired the art of civility, she was unprecedentedly happy. The grown-ups exploited the children's sociability for their own educational ends. Judith got up amateur theatricals; there was a juvenile performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Mrs. Holmes, who was musical, organized the children's enthusiasm for making a noise into part singing. Mrs. Carter taught them country dances. In a few months Sylvia had acquired all that passion for the Higher Life which her mother had been trying to cultivate for years, always in vain. She loved poetry, she loved music, she loved dancing —rather platonically, it was true; for Sylvia was one of those congenitally clumsy and esthetically insensitive natures whose earnest passion for the arts is always destined to remain unconsummated. She loved ardently, but hopelessly; yet not unhappily for she was not yet, perhaps never would be, conscious of the hopelessness of her passion. She even loved the arithmetic and geography, the English history and French grammar, which Judith had arranged to have her imbibe, along with the little Carters, from the little Carters' formidable governess.

"Do you remember what she was like when she arrived?" said Judith one day to her husband.

He nodded, comparing in his mind the sullen little savage of nine months before with the gravely, earnestly radiant child who had just left the room.

"I feel like a lion-tamer," Judith went on with a little laugh that covered a great love and a great pride. "But what does one do, Jack, when the lion takes to high Anglicanism? Dolly Carter's being prepared for confirmation and Sylvia's caught the infection." Judith sighed. "I suppose she's already thinking we're both damned."

"She'd be damned herself if she didn't," Jack answered philosophically. "Much more seriously damned, what's more; because she'd be damned in *this* world. It would be a terrible flaw in her character, if she didn't believe in some sort of rigmarole at this age."

"But suppose," said Judith, "she were to go on believing in it."

* * * *

Martha, meanwhile, had not been liking Switzerland, perhaps because it suited her, physically, too well. There was something, she felt, rather indecent about enjoying such perfect health as she enjoyed at Leysin. It was difficult when one was feeling so full of animal spirits, to think very solicitously about suffering humanity and God, about Buddha and the higher life and what-not. She resented the genial care-free selfishness of her own healthy body. Waking periodically to conscience-stricken realizations that she had been thinking of nothing for hours and even days together but the pleasure of sitting in the sun, of breathing the aromatic air beneath the pines, of walking in the high meadows picking flowers and looking at the view, she would launch a campaign of intensive spirituality; but after a little while the sun and the bright eager air were too much for her and she would relapse once more into a state of mere well-being.

"I shall be glad," she kept saying, "when Paul is quite well again and we can go back to England."

And Herbert would agree with her, partly on principle, because, being resigned to his economic and moral inferiority, he always agreed with her, and partly because he too, though unprecedentedly healthy, found Switzerland spiritually unsatisfying. In a country where everybody wore knickerbockers, an open shirt and a rücksack, there was no superiority, no distinction in being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so attired. The scandal of the top hat would have been the equivalent at Leysin of the scandal of the cross; he felt himself undistinguishedly orthodox.

Fifteen months after their departure the Claxtons were back again in the house on the common. Martha had a cold and a touch of lumbago; deprived of mountain exercise, Herbert was already succumbing to the attacks of his old enemy, chronic constipation. They overflowed with spirituality.

Sylvia also returned to the house on the common and, for the first weeks, it was Aunt Judith here and Aunt Judith there, at Aunt Judith's we did this, Aunt Judith never made me do that. Beautifully smiling, but with unacknowledged resentment at her heart, "Dearest," Martha would say, "I'm not Aunt Judith". She really hated her sister for having succeeded where she herself had failed. "You've done wonders with Sylvia," she wrote to Judith, "and Herbert and I can never be sufficiently grateful." And she would say the same in conversation to friends. "We can never be grateful enough to her; can we, Herbert?" And Herbert would punctually agree that they could never be grateful enough. But the more grateful to her sister she dutifully and even supererogatively was, the more Martha hated her, the more she resented Judith's success and her influence over the child. True, the influence had been unequivocally good; but it was precisely because it had been so good that Martha resented it. It was unbearable to her that frivolous, unspiritual Judith should have been able to influence the child more happily than she had ever done. She had left Sylvia sullenly ill-mannered and disobedient, full of rebellious hatred for all the things which her parents admired; she returned to find her well behaved, obliging, passionately interested in music and poetry, earnestly preoccupied with the newly discovered problems of religion. It was unbearable.

Patiently Martha set to work to undermine her sister's influence on the child. Judith's own work had made the task more easy for her. For thanks to Judith, Sylvia was now malleable. Contact with children of her own age had warmed and softened and sensitized her, had mitigated her savage egotism and opened her up towards external influences. The appeal to her better feelings could now be made with the certainty of evoking a positive, instead of a rebelliously negative, response. Martha made the appeal constantly and with skill. She harped (with a beautiful resignation, of course) on the family's poverty. If Aunt Judith did and permitted many things which were not done and permitted in the house on the common, that was because Aunt Judith was so much better off. She could afford many luxuries which the Claxtons had to do without. "Not that your father and I mind doing without," Martha insisted. "On the contrary. It's really rather a blessing not to be rich. You remember what Jesus said about rich people." Sylvia remembered and was thoughtful.

Martha would develop her theme; being able to afford luxuries and actually indulging in them had a certain coarsening, despiritualizing effect. It was so easy to become worldly. The implication, of course, was that Aunt Judith and Uncle Jack had been tainted by worldliness. Poverty had happily preserved the Claxtons from the danger—poverty and also, Martha insisted, their own meritorious wish. For of course they could have afforded to keep at least one servant, even in these difficult times; but they had preferred to do without, "because, you see, serving is better than being served". Jesus had said that the way of Mary was better than the way of Martha. "But I'm a Martha," said Martha Claxton, "who tries her best to be a Mary too. Martha *and* Mary—that's the best way of all. Practical service *and* contemplation. Your father isn't one of those artists who selfishly detach themselves from all contact with the humble facts of life. He is a creator, but he is not too proud to do the humblest service." Poor Herbert! He couldn't have re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fused to do the humblest service, if Martha had commanded. Some artists, Martha continued, thought only of immediate success, worked only with an eye to profits and applause. But Sylvia's father, on the contrary, was one who worked without thought of the public, only for the sake of creating truth and beauty.

On Sylvia's mind, these and similar discourses, constantly repeated with variations and in every emotional key, had a profound effect. With all the earnestness of puberty she desired to be good and spiritual and disinterested, she longed to sacrifice herself, it hardly mattered to what so long as the cause was noble. Her mother had now provided her with the cause. She gave herself up to it with all the stubborn energy of her nature. How fiercely she practised her piano! With what determination she read through even the dreariest books! She kept a note-book in which she copied out the most inspiring passages of her daily reading; and another in which she recorded her good resolutions and with them, in an agonized and chronically remorseful diary, her failures to abide by the resolutions, her lapses from grace. "Greed. Promised I'd eat only one greengage. Took four at lunch. None tomorrow. O.G.H.M.T.B.G."

"What does O.G.H.M.T.B.G. mean?" asked Paul maliciously one day.

Sylvia flushed darkly. "You've been reading my diary!" she said. "Oh, you beast, you little beast." And suddenly she threw herself on her brother like a fury. His nose was bleeding when he got away from her. "If you ever look at it again, I'll kill you." And standing there with her clenched teeth and quivering nostrils, her hair flying loose round her pale face, she looked as though she meant it. "I'll kill you," she repeated. Her rage was justified; O.G.H.M.T.B.G. meant "O God, help me to be good".

That evening she came to Paul and asked his pardon.

* * * *

Aunt Judith and Uncle Jack had been in America for the best part of a year.

"Yes, go; go by all means," Martha had said when Judith's letter came, inviting Sylvia to spend a few days with them in London. "You mustn't miss such a chance of going to the opera and all those lovely concerts."

"But is it quite fair, mother?" said Sylvia hesitatingly. "I mean, I don't want to go and enjoy myself all alone. It seems somehow . . ."

"But you ought to go," Martha interrupted her. She felt so certain of Sylvia now that she had no fears of Judith. "For a musician like you it's a necessity to hear 'Parsifal' and 'The Magic Flute'. I was meaning to take you myself next year; but now the opportunity has turned up this year, you must take it. Gratefully," she added, with a sweetening of her smile.

Sylvia went. "Parsifal" was like going to church, but much more so. Sylvia listened with a reverent excitement that was, however, interrupted from time to time by the consciousness, irrelevant, ignoble even, but oh how painful! that her frock, her stockings, her shoes were dreadfully different from those worn by that young girl of her own age, whom she had noticed in the row behind as she came in. And the girl, it had seemed to her, had returned her gaze derisively. Round the Holy Grail there was an explosion of bells and harmonious roaring. She felt ashamed of herself for thinking of such unworthy things in the presence of the mystery. And when, in the entr'acte, Aunt Judith offered her an ice, she refused almost indignantly.

Aunt Judith was surprised. "But you used to love ices so much."

"But not now, Aunt Judith. Not now." An ice in church—what sacrilege! She tried to think about the Grail. A vision of green satin shoes and a lovely mauve artificial flower floated up before her inward eye.

Next day they went shopping. It was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bright cloudless morning of early summer. The windows of the drapers' shops in Oxford Street had blossomed with bright pale colors. The waxen dummies were all preparing to go to Ascot, to Henley, were already thinking of the Eton and Harrow match. The pavements were crowded; an immense blurred noise filled the air like a mist. The scarlet and golden buses looked regal and the sunlight glittered with a rich and oily radiance on the polished flanks of the passing limousines. A little procession of unemployed slouched past with a brass band at their head making joyful music, as though they were only too happy to be unemployed, as though it were a real pleasure to be hungry.

Sylvia had not been in London for nearly two years, and these crowds, this noise, this innumerable wealth of curious and lovely things in every shining window went to her head. She felt even more excited than she had felt at "Parsifal".

For an hour they wandered through Selfridge's. "And now, Sylvia," said Aunt Judith, when at last she had ticked off every item on her long list, "now you can choose whichever of these frocks you like best." She waved her hand. A display of Summer Modes for Misses surrounded them on every side. Lilac and lavender, primrose and pink and green, blue and mauve, white, flowery, spotted—a sort of herbaceous border of young frocks. "Whichever you like," Aunt Judith repeated. "Or if you'd prefer a frock for the evening . . ."

Green satin shoes and a big mauve flower. The girl had looked derisively. It was unworthy, unworthy.

"No, really, Aunt Judith." She blushed, she stammered. "Really, I don't need a frock. Really."

"All the more reason for having it if you don't need it. Which one?"

"No, really. I don't, I can't . . ." And suddenly, to Aunt Judith's uncomprehending astonishment, she burst into tears.

The year was 1924. The house on the common basked in the soft late April sunshine. Through the open windows of the drawing room came the sound of Sylvia's practising. Stubbornly, with a kind of fixed determined fury, she was trying to master Chopin's Valse in D flat. Under her conscientious and insensitive fingers the lilt and languor of the dance rhythm was laboriously sentimental, like the rendering on the piano of a cornet solo outside a public house; and the quick flutter of semi-quavers in the contrasting passages was a flutter, when Sylvia played, of mechanical butterflies, a beating of nickel-plated wings. Again and again she played, again and again. In the little copse on the other side of the stream at the bottom of the garden the birds went about their business undisturbed. On the trees the new small leaves were like the spirits of leaves, almost immaterial, but vivid like little flames at the tip of every twig.

Herbert was sitting on a tree stump in the middle of the wood doing those yoga breathing exercises, accompanied by auto-suggestion, which he found so good for his health. Closing his right nostril with a long forefinger, he breathed in deeply through his left —in, in, deeply, while he counted four heart beats. Then through sixteen beats he held his breath and between each beat he said to himself very quickly, "I'm not constipated, I'm not constipated". When he had made the affirmation sixteen times, he closed his left nostril and breathed out, while he counted eight, through his right. After which he began again. The left nostril was the more favored; for it breathed in with the air a faint cool sweetness of primroses and leaves and damp earth. Near him, on a camp stool, Paul was making a drawing of an oak tree. Art at all costs; beautiful, uplifting, disinterested Art. Paul was bored. Rotten old tree —what was the point of drawing it? All round him the sharp green spikes of the wild hyacinths came thrusting out of the dark mold. One had pierced through a dead leaf

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and lifted it, transfixed, into the air. A few more days of sunshine and every spike would break out into blue flower. Next time his mother sent him into Godalming on his bicycle, Paul was thinking, he'd see if he couldn't overcharge her two shillings on the shopping instead of one, as he had done last time. Then he'd be able to buy some chocolate as well as go to the cinema; and perhaps even some cigarettes, though that might be dangerous . . .

"Well, Paul," said his father, who had taken a sufficient dose of his mystical equivalent of Cascara, "how are you getting on?" He got up from his tree stump and walked across the glade to where the boy was sitting. The passage of time had altered Herbert very little; his explosive beard was still as blond as it had always been, he was as thin as ever, his head showed no signs of going bald. Only his teeth had visibly aged; his smile was discolored and broken.

"But he really ought to go to a dentist," Judith had insistently urged on her sister, the last time they met.

"He doesn't want to," Martha had replied. "He doesn't really believe in them." But perhaps her own reluctance to part with the necessary number of guineas had something to do with Herbert's lack of faith in dentists. "Besides," she went on, "Herbert hardly notices such merely material, physical things. He lives so much in the noumenal world that he's hardly aware of the phenomenal. Really not aware."

"Well, he jolly well ought to be aware," Judith answered, "that's all I can say." She was indignant.

"How are you getting on?" Herbert repeated and laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"The bark's most horribly difficult to get right," Paul answered in a complainingly angry voice.

"That makes it all the more worth while to get right," said Herbert. "Patience and work—they're the only things. Do you know how a great man once defined genius?" Paul knew very well how a great man had once defined genius; but the definition seemed to him so stupid and such a personal insult to himself, that he did not answer, only grunted. His father bored him, maddeningly. "Genius," Herbert went on, answering his own question, "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." At that moment Paul detested his father.

"One two-and three-and One-and two-and three-and . . ." Under Sylvia's fingers the mechanical butterflies continued to flap their metal wings. Her face was set, determined, angry; Herbert's great man would have found genius in her. Behind her stiff determined back her mother came and went with a feather brush in her hand, dusting. Time had thickened and coarsened her; she walked heavily. Her hair had begun to go gray. When she had finished dusting, or rather when she was tired of it, she sat down. Sylvia was laboriously cornet-soloing through the dance rhythm. Martha closed her eyes. "Beautiful, beautiful!" she said and smiled her most beautiful smile. "You play it beautifully, my darling." She was proud of her daughter. Not merely as a musician; as a human being too. When she thought what trouble she had had with Sylvia in the old days . . . "Beautifully." She rose at last and went upstairs to her bedroom. Unlocking a cupboard, she took out a box of candied fruits and ate several cherries, a plum and three apricots. Herbert had gone back to his studio and his unfinished picture of "Europe and America at the feet of Mother India". Paul pulled a catapult out of his pocket, fitted a buckshot into the leather pouch and let fly at a nuthatch that was running like a mouse up the oak tree on the other side of the glade. "Hell!" he said as the bird flew away unharmed. But the next shot was more fortunate. There was a spurt of flying feathers, there were two or three little squeaks. Running up Paul found a hen chaffinch lying in the grass. There was blood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the feathers. Thrilling with a kind of disgusted excitement Paul picked up the little body. How warm. It was the first time he had ever killed anything. What a good shot! But there was nobody he could talk to about it. Sylvia was no good: she was almost worse than Mother about some things. With a fallen branch he scraped a hole and buried the little corpse, for fear somebody might find it and wonder how it had been killed. They'd be furious if they knew! He went into lunch feeling tremendously pleased with himself. But his face fell as he looked round the table. "Only this beastly cold stuff?"

"Paul, Paul," said his father reproachfully.

"Where's Mother?"

"She's not eating today," Herbert answered.

"All the same," Paul grumbled under his breath, "she really might have taken the trouble to make something hot for us."

Sylvia meanwhile sat without raising her eyes from her plate of potato salad, eating in silence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY BLAKE FULLER: CIVILIZED CHICAGOAN

by Victor Shultz

THERE was in Chicago until this year an old man, born there in 1857, who was hailed by Huneker as his master, who was described by another as among the first of living American men of letters, who wrote one recognized masterpiece and influenced a whole school of modern writers. And yet when he died at the end of July his books were out of print, they are to be found only on the older shelves of the public libraries, and few people know anything about him or them. How does this happen, in a country where advertising and publicity have made all things of merit known to our people everywhere?

It is true Henry Blake Fuller has not been altogether unrecognized. In every group there is likely to be one who knows his books and who speaks enthusiastically of him. James Gibbons Huneker both spoke and wrote. In *Unicorns* he said, "Our other felicitous example of cosmopolitanism is Henry Blake Fuller". The critic valued Fuller's praise more than that of others. And Carl Van Vechten has published an essay in which he says that the Chicagoan combines "the fortunate moment and the felicitous hand". Note the repetition of the word "felicitous"; it describes the man's style better than any other. Agnes Repplier, reviewing his first book, spoke of his "faculty for delicate and sympathetic delineation". Professor Norton showed the volume to Lowell, who praised it. Howells, discussing one of the women of a Fuller novel in his *Heroines of Fiction,* declared that "among western novelists we must go to the pages of Henry Blake Fuller, apparently more sensitive to eastern influences or the western advances of feminization, for a heroine of fit proportions".

Mr. Fuller wrote two kinds of books, Italian tales and novels of modern Chicago. He was born of a family that settled on the shores of Lake Michigan shortly after an Indian massacre had failed to wipe out an indomitable village. He lived his life there, except for a few years of his youth spent in Europe. Italy was the chief attraction, and there he studied music and architecture. It is to these, perhaps, that we can attribute the sense of form shown in his books, and it is not altogether misleading to recall that Hardy was also trained as an architect. Fuller returned to Chicago, and turned to writing of the turbulent commercial life of the city. It was fruitful material. Perhaps his idea of it is shown in a few words he wrote two or three years ago on the Bromfield saga, in THE BOOKMAN: "The modern developments of industrial Ohio are, as compared with related manifestations in Chicago, but as moonlight to sunlight, and as hard cider to corrosive sublimate. Yet somehow one contrives to extract needed good from necessary evil. This evil is not so much local as modern".

The influence of his Chicago novels is to be seen in many of those which deal with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our modern business world. (Theodore Dreiser, in fact, has said that they started him on his career. It is a pity that Mr. Dreiser did not also follow Mr. Fuller in the matter of style, but perhaps it is too much to ask for both power and form in one man, and thank heaven when he appears.) These books about his home city were written with the advantage of foreign travel, and those about Italy have a mildly western viewpoint. But in treating Chicago Mr. Fuller did not make comparisons between it and European cities, as a cruder artist would have tried to do. However well done, these would have been entirely outside the Fuller method. He avoided entirely anything so obvious, and even suggested contempt for those of his characters who condemn Chicago because it is not like eastern American cities. He allowed Chicago to make its own criticism of itself. And in his delightful sketches of Italy he brought in the American point of view very deftly by means of an American traveller, Mr. George W. Occident, who is not at all uncomfortably out of place among the restful Europeans.

As a matter of fact, the manner of Mr. Fuller's two kinds of books does not change except as their subjects differ. There is the same quiet irony and mild humor in each. Mr. Van Vechten has summed up the style well enough: "His contribution to American fiction is a certain calm, a repose of manner, a decorative irony, exquisite in its not too completely hidden implications, a humor which is informed with abundant subtlety, a study of human nature abroad and at home as searching as it is careful, and above all, a delicate, abiding charm".

His first book, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani,* will be liked best by the average reader, and it is the one praised most by the critics who know anything about him. Agnes Repplier, at the time of its publication, described it as a series of detached episodes, without particular order, "with the keynote a beautiful, cultivated, polished, unmarred, well-spent inactivity". Unforgettable is the picture of the Cavaliere sitting at his window, looking out upon an empty plain, telling his friend the Prorege that what had gone on was quite as interesting as what was going on, and that nothing was more gratifying, from his point of view, than the very absence of change—since any change would be a change for the worse. That is typical of the charm of the book. Huneker declared that not even Fuller could repeat this excursion into Arcadia. Perhaps he came as near it as anyone in the next, *The Châtelaine of La Trinité,* similar in method and style. It is possibly the best description of these volumes to say that Thornton Wilder shows their influence on every page, particularly in *The Cabala.* It is like Fuller's world to come to know the master by avid reading of the pupil.

A later book, *The Last Refuge,* was a favorite of its author and praised by Van Vechten as his best work: "a forerunner of *South Wind* and quite comparable to that book in its degree of glamour. It is the story of a pilgrimage to the City of Happiness, which the author locates in Sicily, land of other idyls. It is a fable of the pursuit of different desires, written by a man who came very near achieving an avoidance of all desire. The chief personage of the book, a traveller who has reached forty, looks about for a youth to furnish the eyes through which he will recall the ecstasies caused by these scenes years before. This is a familiar theme in Fuller. He always had, even in the writings of his younger days, a view of life as a moving scene. There are nearly always these two points of view—old and young—and a contrast of their reactions. Nearly always the author appears on the side of age. He seems to say that time takes from us our capacity for certain delights, that mostly we are engaged in trying to hold these, and the wiser man makes use of a sympathetic contact with those about him who are still young. Always his stories have the tone of age, of time, as if it were the chief fact of life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Chicago novels began in 1893, evidently under some stimulus from the World's Fair, with *The Cliff Dwellers*. There is pointed comment on pioneer cities in this book: "If you can only be big you don't mind being dirty". It contains an element of melodrama lacking in most of his books, and actually renounced openly in *On the Stairs,* one of his last. An example of his happy sentences is the description of the business man of early Chicago: "He towered and swayed like a rank plant that has sprung rapidly from the earth and has brought the slime and mold on its sheath and stalk". That is pointed summary for the rapid growth of a whole civilization. Similarly he analyzes our modern methods: "And now we are beginning to build on these foundations. We might have put up our buildings first and then put in the underpinning, afterwards. That is a common way, but ours will be found to have its advantages".

The book which followed *The Cliff Dwellers, With the Procession,* was another story of his home town. This was reviewed in THE BOOKMAN in 1895 with the regret that "so charming a book should be wholly a work of disintegration, of discontent, and despair". It does not seem that bad now, although none of Mr. Fuller's books preaches any particular happiness. But it is perhaps characteristic of criticism in those days that the same volume of THE BOOKMAN contains a review of *Jude the Obscure* which calls it a "novel of lubricity", and which denounces Hardy for "deliberate obscenity" in its writing. *With the Procession* contains one scene which several commentators have praised highly, in which the travelled scion of the Chicago family brushes aside their respectable fears of scandal. It is gentle exposition of the sophisticated view of the world, and an effective comparison of that view with the strait philosophy.

Under the Skylights is a collection of stories of artists' lives, laid in Chicago, which, Mr. Fuller used to say, it was fun to write, and which it is certainly fun to read. One of these characters, Abner Joyce, is as good as he ever did, and character delineation was his best accomplishment. Artists are favorite subjects in nearly all of his books. The spectacle of the artist in America interested Mr. Fuller as the statement of our whole problem as a growing society. Another of his occasional volumes is *The Puppet-Booth,* a series of dramatic sketches, and "At St. Judas's", a psychological study, drew further praise from Huneker. *From the Other Side* and *Waldo Trench and Others* are collections of stories about Europe and Americans travelling abroad. The latter book was another of Mr. Blake's favorites. One of its best stories is that of the final and complete rejection of Americanization by an Italian community and its overlord: edifying reading for those who regard the rest of the world as waiting anxiously in the darkness for our message. *Lines Long and Short* is a volume of poetry—short biographies in free verse. Mr. Fuller was for a long time one of Harriet Monroe's advisers on *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse,* and he was in the thick of the battle for what was once the new movement. He advocated, in one of his magazine articles, the use of free verse for story telling, as the most economical form and the most suitable for modern reading habits.

One of Mr. Fuller's later novels, *On the Stairs,* is worth notice because it throws some light on his own life. It was written to prove his own theory, set forth in the *Dial* in 1918, that a novel should not exceed 60,000 words except under unusual circumstances, and that all description and conversation should be as short as possible. Two figures are developed, one of them a vital and successful, though crude, man of action, and the other an artist in temperament, unassertive and withdrawn from life. An anonymous writer in THE BOOKMAN, whose short sketch is reprinted in *The Literary Spotlight,* said "there seems to have dawned upon him the first realization of what I believe to be the failure of his own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

career—the failure to make a choice between two roads. He shows for the first time his understanding that vitality and driving purpose, however crude, are naturally more admirable than ineffectiveness, however cultured and beautifully mannered". Let us suggest gently that if Mr. Fuller came to any such decision as that vitality is admirable for itself, even when crude, it was because of some one of those strange delusions that swept the country during the war, for his settled conviction and preference, shown by both earlier and later works, are the other way.

Huneker liked *On the Stairs,* which he humorously subtitled "the dilettante as slacker". He called it a sardonic masterpiece, and wrote its author: "Dilettantism is dead . . . Seven devils of war and woe and misery and cruelty, hatred, murder, and rapine, have driven forth the gentle arts from the House of Life". The war is gone now, and the reaction against it is so complete that it must be reassuring to those who love these gentle arts, however much they were disillusioned when it came. But reaction after disillusionment, wisdom without new illusions, these made Mr. Fuller's view of the world.

It will not do to get the notion that Mr. Fuller's taste was mere primness. He proved that it was not in *Bertram Cope's Year,* his latest—and, he declared at the time, his last—novel, which was published obscurely the year after the war. It is a masterful handling of a dangerous theme, so subtle that if the reader is not wise he can miss it altogether. The anonymous BOOKMAN writer said his friends were shocked by the book, but no one else will be—only profoundly moved.

There was nothing cosmic about Fuller. He was no Melville, no Hawthorne. Huneker liked *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* because, for one thing, the author did not try to prove anything. He cannot easily be classed as a pessimist, although he confessed he himself had tired of the clamorous optimism "which for the past two generations has been the chronic atmosphere of this town". But his notion of the world was surely more completely pessimistic than that of those who write bitterly about it. He said nothing of reform: there was for him no amelioration save the few pleasures of the civilized man who knows where to find beauty and how to enjoy it in quietness. What he said was that the world is a place of certain limited happinesses. These he pointed out, and the rest he put aside as uninteresting, or unprofitable.

Mr. Fuller was allowed to remain comparatively unknown because of what the annoyed critics call diffidence. "His work lacks temper, gusto, vitality", observe those who have these qualities. For the average man there are two possible reactions to a world of Chicagos. One may rail at it, or one may flee from it. But Mr. Fuller remained, and he did not rail. He turned it back upon itself with a mirror of irony, and a mirror, of course, is not an active weapon. He stayed in Chicago, he used to say, because he and his family belonged there. He evidently felt, or he learned in Europe to feel, the necessity of a permanent background. If he did not assume a passionate attitude toward the world, it was because he did not choose to. There are those who denounce the world intemperately: Mr. Fuller declined to have a great deal of interest in it, and this was surely criticism, a most civilized criticism. One feels that this was a deliberate choice; that in all of his writing he was in complete command of his attitude. If he did not write a thing, it was not from careless omission. What he refrained from writing is what made him less than popular. No American can understand any withholding of action. Our muscular civilization makes a fetish of exercise: resources are to be used, stories are to be told to the last detail, even if the author does wallow about for eight hundred pages in the telling of them. But that was not Mr. Fuller's method. In *The Last Refuge* he put this line: "There are times when one may work one's will by simply staying one's hand".

His books did not fail. Any man likes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

praise, but if it come from a few it is sufficient for the wise. Mr. Fuller had that. The failure, as Oscar Wilde said and as Mr. Fuller would not have said, has been the public's. But surely he had assurances of his influence, and extravagant compliments came from a few of respectable discernment. Considering his temperament, it is safe to hold that this is all he really desired. Since he had no delusions of ordinary success, it cannot be said that he was disappointed. As early as 1899 he wrote in THE BOOKMAN, on "Art in America", an essay which proved that any welcome for art in this country is exceedingly unlikely. We are too much under the Anglo-Saxon influence, he concluded, and this "feels the irksomeness of form and resents its tyranny, while it is the Latin who asks for clarity, proportion, and clean cut contour". He pointed out that our interest in biography is the result of our occupation of a new, bare, empty country. "We have no traditions, no accumulations of interests from the past; like little Dombey, we have 'taken life unfurnished'. Thus our great interest is the human interest—our interest in each other." And more significant still: "Our climate is against us. Ethnologists call our continent the graveyard of nations; its air has stimulated race after race into their graves. Too much of our work in art is the direct product of mere nervous irritation". He started his career with that conviction. Can it be doubted that he was prepared for neglect?

Besides, he was always aware of his tastes. The confession of the writer in *The Last Refuge* might be his own. "I have succeeded," this man explained. "I have established myself, and have position, recognition, a following. But my position is only about so high; my recognition not completely general; my following, to confess the truth, rather limited. I ask myself why. I have almost found the answer. My participation in life has been, after all, but partial. I have always felt a slight reluctance about committing myself —a touch of dread about letting myself go. I have lived, in fact, by the seashore without ever venturing into the water. Others have gone in before my eyes, and I have recorded, to the best of my endeavor, the exhilaration they appeared to feel, the dangers they appeared to brave. But as soon as the waves have stolen up to my own toes, I have always stepped back upon the dry sands."

"There are other elements beside water," observed the Freiherr. "The sea hath its pearls, true; but no less has the land its diamonds. . . . And there is air . . . A little whiff of air, rightly directed, may compass all the weal or woe that our poor flesh is capable of enduring."

Mr. Fuller used the air; it is light, but refreshing, invigorating, and for those who love civilized writing—what ought to be called suggestive writing, with varied turns and overtones—it is more meaningful than most of the cyclones that blow over our land.

THE BOOKS OF HENRY BLAKE FULLER

1891 The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani (novel)
1892 The Châtelaine of La Trinité (novel)
1893 The Cliff Dwellers (novel)
1895 With the Procession (novel)
1896 The Puppet-Booth (dramatic sketches)
1898 From the Other Side (short stories)
1900 The Last Refuge (short stories)
1901 Under the Skylights (short stories)
1908 Waldo Trench and Others (short stories)
1917 Lines Long and Short (poems)
1918 On the Stairs (novel)
1919 Bertram Cope's Year (novel)

TO BE PUBLISHED

Gardens of This World. Announced for September 13th by Alfred A. Knopf. The main character is the Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani who appeared in Mr. Fuller's first novel.

Not on the Screen. Mr. Fuller's last novel will be brought out by the same firm in the spring of 1930.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT SWIFT'S RECTORY

by Padraic Colum

LARACOR! I suppose that even people well versed in the literary history of the late Seventeenth Century would take it as a difficult riddle if they were asked how this oddly-named, out-of-the-way place came by a literary association. Well, Jonathan Swift had his rectory at Laracor when he invited Hester Johnson to come over from England and be his neighbor.

Laracor is in County Meath, in Ireland, near the little town of Trim. A wall stands to mark where Swift lived when he was hereabouts. Two miles from where the Rectory was stands a cottage with its gable-end to the road—a cottage that is still lived in—and this is where Hester Johnson had her abode. It is a little higher than the other cottages near-by. It is thatched and gray. I enter a gate and see hens and cocks and ducks, clothes drying on a hedge, and two goats, their heads in a sort of scaffolding, trying to climb a ditch. Hester Johnson's cottage has been made into two cottages of two rooms each; an agricultural laborer with a family lives on each side.

The house has been divided, but it has hardly been altered, and one can sit by the fireside that Swift sat by, while Mrs. Dingley got supper ready, and Hetty, the light of the candles showing the blackness of her hair, guessed an answer to a riddle the Doctor had made up, or scolded him for letting the laundress return his linen so scorched, or plucked out a needle to mend his frayed bands. He saw Hetty every day (Stella was not the name he had for her then—he named her Stella after the Laracor days). He could bring her the verses he had made, and talk their "little language" to her while she won him from a black mood. Doctor Swift never spent a night under this roof; he never visited Hetty without some third person being in the house.

And while he was here he came to have a better liking for Ireland. "If I love Ireland better than I did," he wrote while he was here, "it is because we are nearer related, for I am deeply allied to its poverty." There was, perhaps, a more human reason for this rise in his liking. At all events he had some peace and happiness while here. In London, afterwards, he met a Dean of Westminster, and wrote that he preferred Laracor to those famous cloisters. His Hetty turned herself into an Irishwoman, into something of an Irish nationalist, and this, one can easily suppose, was a token of her being happy in this place.

Two good miles—just five thousand, seven hundred and forty-eight steps—brings the Doctor to the cottage where Mistress Johnson and Madam Dingley are living with Marget, their maid. It is the middle of March. The willows begin to peep and the quicks of the hedges to bud. The cherry-trees are growing along the river-walk; it is not likely the apples have been blasted this year by the frost. Last night, as he will tell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hetty, he dreamt of eating ripe cherries. Now they begin to catch pikes, and they will shortly take trouts, "if the floods do not get over the holly bank". But if they do, farewell to the pikes.

The Doctor surveys all as he walks along with his lightning stride. It was he who had planted here the hedges and the apple-trees and the cherry-trees. He congratulates himself on his foresight on having the bottom of the canal cleared a month ago. It was then that he had the willows cut down and new ones planted; it was then that he attended to those quick-sets, to the hedges that now look so well. And Hetty is here. And now he goes into the cottage. Dingley is there, but Hetty is still a-bed. Headaches! She comes down, and he lays his hand upon her head. "God help poor, dear Hetty's eyes!" He tells her that she must not read, and when she returns that he is always at her to read more, he tells her he won't have her strain her eyes, and that she has more wit than any woman he has ever known—more by a bar's length, so she has! He will get her a large-print Bible. Hetty does not know the Bible and cannot follow a reference to any personage in it. Dingley has always to explain the references to her.

The Doctor stays to breakfast, and Patrick, his man, who has followed him, comes in carrying Madam Dingley's lap-dog. And there is talk with Marget, the maid, who can be awed by long and mysterious words. The Doctor recommends the ladies to walk, and tells them how much good he gets out of his walks or, rather, out of his runs. They are to walk three miles a day. But, out of consideration for Hetty, he would have them stop at every milestone, and would wish that there might be a good inn for them at every stop. Today is the twenty-fifth of March. A flip on the cheek is given to Dingley and to Hetty to remind them of the date: winter is over today; there are to be no more card-games, and no more fires until September to warm the room where they sit.

And now it is come to April and dear, pretty Hetty's birthday. "Pray God we may never be asunder," he tells her. They talk about the time when they were both domiciled at Sir William Temple's. "In what pain I would be when Sir William would look cold and out of humor for three or four days, and how I would suspect a hundred reasons," he reminds her. What a relief that all that is over, and that they are here together in Laracor. "Well," Doctor Swift says, "I have plucked up my spirit since then; he spoiled a very fine gentleman!" And now visitors come in. Mr. Warburton, the Doctor's curate, who makes very little impression on the company. And then Joe Beaumont, "Poet Joe". He is from Trim, a youngish man, but gray-headed, a mathematician and an investigator of longitude. And he is Mistress Johnson's humble servant and has come to pay his respects to her. Later on in the day he will talk to Doctor Swift about the set of sleying tables he has invented for the improvement of the linen trade, and about the affairs of Trim. The poor town is in danger of losing its franchise. But the Doctor offers no help; the town has behaved itself so ill to him and has so little regarded the advice he gave it, and the townspeople have disagreed so much amongst themselves, that he is resolved never to have more to do with them. But whatever personal kindness he can do for Joe shall be done. And when Joe talks about his calculation and his invention the Doctor promises to get him a reward from the Government.

Summer comes. Doctor Swift is prevailed upon to visit Raymond, the rector of Trim. Mistress Johnson and Dingley make a visit too. There is eel- and trout-fishing. Hetty, riding by in the morning, sees the Doctor sitting in the Rectory garden in his morning gown. And beside him is the night-cap that Dingley made for him—a night-cap trimmed with fur. They call to each other as Joe Beaumont takes her to the Hill of Bree and around by Scurlockstown. The attendant has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to get down every few minutes to attend to the lady's saddle-girths. Then evening, and they are together in the Rectory, and the Doctor will drink coffee or green tea, but not bohea, and he is made impatient by Raymond's talk, but he puts up with the parson. Raymond talks of being in London some time when Doctor Swift is there. Later on Presto and Hetty talk over that matter. "I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will have a delicate life—a parson and a perfect stranger." But Raymond has made himself pleasing to Hetty —he piques himself on his good manners.

Autumn, and a party at Tom Longfield's, four miles from Trim. Such carking, and caring, and scolding from Dingley, as she and Hetty make ready to go. Hetty is to ride, making a start before the others. But the horses have not come up to the door. The fellow who is to attend her can't find the bridle. Her stirrup is broken. Where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marget, where did you leave Mistress Johnson's riband to tie about her? Hand her her mask. And now she has to take this sup before she starts off. And now she is off! So, so! A gallop, a gallop! And now to ask Dingley whether Hetty has been a good girl. Does she mind her eyes and does she go early to bed? And does she expect to meet the fine-thing-man down the road?

It is winter, but not yet very cold. Fires are burning, and the ladies have permission to play cards once more, and Mr. Warburton, the curate, comes and plays with them. Now they hear the riddles that Doctor Swift has been making. He fathers them on others, but they know that they have been made about things that their talk has been around. As Hetty sits idly by the table she makes puns that the Doctor laughs at. Mr. Warburton leaves; Dingley reads with her magnifying glass; Hetty comes over and sits by Presto. His right ear has become more deaf, and she talks to him on his left side. She puts her hands upon his head; her wonderfully clear eyes are shining for him. Dear, dear Hetty, may God Almighty bless her and keep her! There is that maxim of Culpepper's to fix in her mind.

Would you have a settled head? You must
go early to bed:
I tell you, and I tell it again, you must be in
bed at ten.

The ladies are advised to take their walks; they have to show the ladies of these parts that legs were given them for use.

Walk fast in snow,
In frost walk slow,
And still as you go
Tread on your toe.
When frost and snow are both together,
Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather.

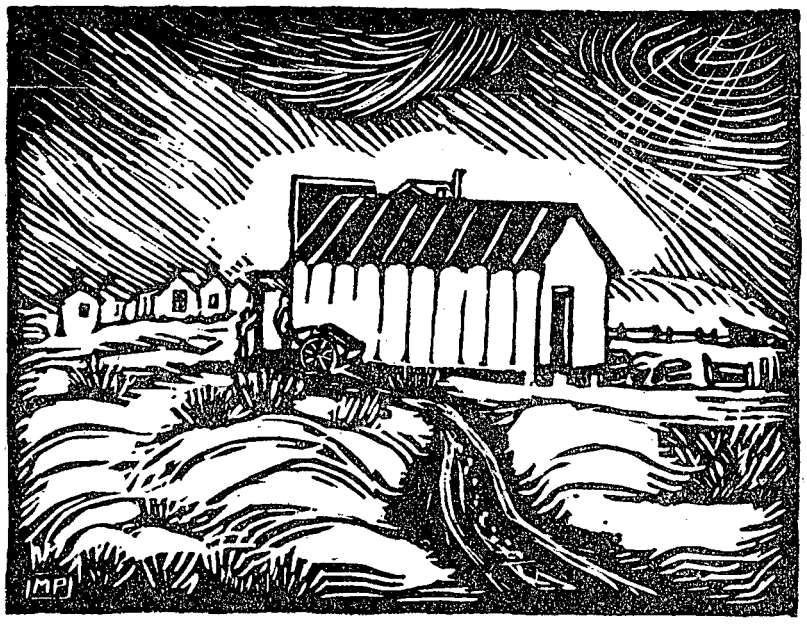
And telling them this, the Doctor leaves the ladies.

The ladies go a-frostbiting on his recommendation. But a time comes when Doctor Swift himself, taking his five thousand, seven hundred and forty-eight steps, comes into the cottage, starving with the cold. He goes into her room and turns Hetty out of her chair by the fire. Uth, uth, uth, uth, is his cry, as he holds out his hands to the fire. He rakes the ashes off; he holds his hands closer to the warmth. No one sees them there, and Hetty puts her arms around his neck, and the hair that is blacker than a raven's wing falls over him. And then they stand at the door of the cottage and see the snow coming on the hedges. All day he stays; he and Hetty play battledore and shuttlecock, and then for want of something better to do he makes verses on the little house that is beside the churchyard of Castlenock.

This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the churchyard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, Walls.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The vicar once a-week creeps in,
Sits with his knees up to his chin;
Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observed the roof behind the grass;
On tiptoe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out:
Was much surprised to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A schoolboy ran unto 't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forced for safety to alight,
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton took it in his noddle,
This building was designed a model;
Or of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf or keep one dove in.
Then Mistress Johnson gave her verdict
And every one was pleased that heard it;
All that you make this stir about
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. Raymond guess'd
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chariot stand,
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.
The clerk said to her in a heat,
What! sell my master's country seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.
Says Nancy, I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow sticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUART P. SHERMAN AND PAUL ELMER MORE

Correspondence, edited by Jacob Zeitlin

(The letters that follow throw light on the central experience of Stuart Sherman's career: his early adherence to the views of Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, and his gradual shift to a position nearer that of their "adversaries". It becomes clear that at the very beginning, when Sherman was fresh from Professor Babbitt's seminars and actively under the tutelage of Mr. More, the differences existed which were to cause the later divergence. This correspondence will appear in "The Life and Letters of Stuart P. Sherman", edited by Jacob Zeitlin and Homer Woodbridge.—The Editor.)

IN FOLLOWING the track of Stuart Sherman's writing one can never lose sight of the dominance in it of a note of faith in the energetic, life-giving powers, of a persistent sympathy with the creative forces which lead to joyous realization. This is the note of his early and enduring enthusiasm for Stevenson; it is the note on which he brings to a close an unpublished essay on Walter Pater, in whom he found a gospel "in accord with an harmonious relation of mind and body, and with a joyous sense of the fullness of life". In his first important piece of criticism he had stated the problems of contemporary literature in balanced terms which still gave to the active forces at least as much importance as to the restrictive. "How to give pleasure without corrupting the heart, and how to give wisdom without chilling it. How to bring into play the great passions of men without unchaining the beast. How to believe in Darwin and the dignity of man. How to believe in the nerves without paralyzing the nerve of action. How to recognize the weakness of man and not forget his heroism. How to see his acts and believe in his intentions. How to renounce his superstitions and retain his faith. How to rebuke without despising him. How to reform society without rebelling against it. How to laugh at its follies without contempt. How to believe that pain is invincible and joy is invincible, too. How to believe that evil is fleeing forever before good, but will never be overtaken and slain. How to look back upon a thousand defeats, and yet cling to the fighting hope." (*Nation,* June 3, 1909.)

The quality of this enthusiasm was bound to undergo some modification when it came in direct contact with the cool, chastening intellect of Paul Elmer More, who became the editor of the *Nation* in 1909 after serving for several years as its literary editor. Sherman admired in Mr. More a critic of wide learning, definite philosophical vision, secure judgment and imperturbable temper, and an editor who inspired his contributors to say the best that was in them. He expressed the feeling that in having him for an audience one had enough, and that if one had his approval one needed no other. The desire to please was all the greater because of the freedom from editorial pressure. Mr. More exacted no conformity of opinion from his writers. Once they had gained his confidence sufficiently to be enlisted among his regular contributors,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they were at liberty to utter their individual views. An editor of this type exerts his influence by virtue of his intellectual force alone, and there is no doubt that Sherman's thinking on literary and social questions was for a number of years deeply colored by his sincere respect for the character and point of view of Mr. More. But, since he could not deliberately accommodate his views and temperament to another's in all important respects, there appear in his utterances of these years a tendency to waver and an inconsistency for which his editor was quick to chide him.

Probably the only essay of Sherman's which Mr. More ever rejected was one on "Rousseau and the Return to Nature". This was by way of being a defense of Rousseau against those critics, American and French, who represent his teaching as an attack on civilization and organized society. Sherman argued that Rousseau's aim was a social system in conformity with nature as it was conceived by his individual reason, that his gospel of the state called for "rational legislation in levelling artificial and hereditary inequalities of rank and power . . . the reduction of anarchy and crime by the substitution in organized society of light and reason for routine force", and "the triumph in the individual of a spirit of obedience to self-imposed law over blind instinct". He further maintained that the reason for Rousseau's tremendous influence was that in advocating a "return to nature" he was in accord with the master spirit of his own time and of our time, and that the only effective way to criticize him was to show that he did not accomplish what he set out to perform—this being the line followed by Burke, Johnson and Reynolds.

Ostensibly this article was written in the interest of critical fairness to the ideas of Rousseau. Actually one cannot fail to observe in it a certain sympathy with these ideas, with the democratic aspirations and the passion of social reform. The coöperation of Rousseau with the temper of his age is also, in Sherman's view, evidence of some positive virtue. To Mr. More the ideas in the essay did not seem sufficiently clarified by reflection, and he courteously asked Sherman to reconsider the matter. Sherman replied as follows:

Urbana, Illinois,
Feb. 14, 1912

My dear More:

The truculent jest with which you preface your rejection of my article rests upon a common confusion of ideas. You suggest that my manuscript, on reaching Urbana, returned to nature. On the contrary, sir, it returned to reason!

Heine has a poem somewhere in which he says that a lady-love who bids him good-bye and farewell forever in a letter twelve pages long does not really mean what she is saying. It is not in twelve pages that a disillusioned lady gives the *coup de grâce*. You, who are accustomed, like Richard III, to dispose of heads in two lines before you dine, seem to acknowledge a certain toughness or knottiness in the object of your axe in hacking so long at my prostrate trunk.

I take that back. Two motives determined the length of your reply. One merely humanitarian —to let me down easily. The other—a feeling that I had wandered into a very deep labyrinth of error from which I ought even at considerable pains to be extricated.

As the mail-carrier brought your letter to the door I happened to be reading what that eminent illustration of temperamental "Rousseauism," G. Moore, says of Arthur Symons' attitude toward editors. Whenever a manuscript was returned to Symons, says mine author, he was firmly persuaded that the editor was an idiot. I mention the fact to mark my difference from the Rousseauists. I have no such feelings about editors. I believe them all to be inscrutably wise like Providence.

All this is by way of reply to your aspersion of Urbana.

I was not quite certain whether your letter was intended as a justification of Gummere's article or as a quite independent criticism of mine. If the latter, then I think there is very little fundamental disagreement between us—however poorly I set forth my own ideas on the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject in question, and even though at one point you seem to declare that I have abdicated common sense. But if your letter was intended to justify Gummere, I am bound to say that I do not think you have met my objections. I intentionally narrowed the discussion in the first half of the paper to controverting one specific proposition of Gummere's to the effect that Rousseauism means that "man will be good again if he be set free from communal bonds." I ask flatly where Rousseau teaches that, and I fail to see that you have answered the question. I show that he insists progressively upon the opposite of that theory in his important political treatises—in the *Arts and Sciences,* the *Inequality,* the *Social Contract,* the *Government of Poland,* and in the *Letter to M. Beaumont.* And I cannot see that you have invalidated that evidence. It seems to me that this is a perfectly definite question, not involved with any theories concerning the infra-and-supra-rational intuition, and capable of a perfectly definite answer. I regard Professor Gummere's utterance on this point as a "vulgar error." I hear it every day from people who have never read a page of Rousseau. And I should like to know whether it can be entertained by those who are really acquainted with his works. You are to understand that I ask this question because I cannot see that you have committed yourself on this particular point.

In the second part of my article, still intending to restrict myself to Rousseau's specific *political* doctrines, I argue that the return to nature which he advocates in political institutions is practically identical with a return to reason. I then contend that this "reason" was ably criticized by the Englishmen as inadequate to grasp the laws of nature. I further add that it is too little "instinctive," according to their view; and this statement could be justified by a dozen passages in Burke. And finally, I say that Burke believes there is a wisdom recognizable in the processes of nature which produces social and political institutions superior to anything that pure intellect can contrive. Rousseau, he maintains, and other rationalists, French and English, lack insight into this wisdom of nature which is above reason. Their projects are unsound because they are contrary to nature. They oppose the something not ourselves which makes for righteousness. How is this "something not ourselves" perceived? Burke says by "instinct". Intellect is there as a unifying center of his wisdom but it does not exclude the more or less unconscious "life" of which it is a part; which penetrates it; and which it is ever seeking to penetrate more deeply. Rousseau's reason in his political discourses, which alone Burke considers, *does* exclude the circumambient "life"; it is therefore abstract, unnatural. The opposition here, I maintain, is not between the instinct which is below the reason and the instinct (or if you please the "insight") that is above the reason. It is simply between abstract *reason* and the instinct which is above the reason.

It is precisely at that point, as it appears to my most careful consideration, that your letter confuses the issue by broadening the question. You drop the specific inquiry concerning the opposition between the political philosophy of Burke and that of Rousseau, and substitute a general comparison of the total significance of the two men. I cannot help feeling, in short, that you fall into the trap—part way into the trap, which I tried to uncover and keep clear of. I mean you have poured Rousseau's ideas and his emotions all into one melting pot. To my notion, the opposition between them is fundamental. The relation between them is somewhat analogous to that between the oyster and its shell. Inside all is pulpy, mobile, expansive. Outside, all is hard, fixed, and impenetrable. It is peculiar that a thing so hard should come out of a thing so soft—that, as I said before, a man should have projected a rigid political system that would have been intolerable to his own temperament.

The question is whether Rousseau does return to his own temperament (which we admit was unique) in his political theorizing. My position is that he does not; that he rather turns against it in behalf of that abstract type of reasoning in which he was not unique. In a criticism of this abstract reasoning, I am sure that Johnson's idea of "experience," Burke's idea of "instinct," and Reynolds' idea of "habitual reason" are all pertinent. Nor am I entirely persuaded that Bergson's figurative description of the place of pure intellect had not the slight illustrative value which I attached to it; but I don't stand upon this, and I doubtless made a mistake in including an author from whose writ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ings—legitimately or not—such inferences can be drawn as that of Sorel.

The point is that with my views of the purely rationalistic character of Rousseau's *political theory* I did not consider it in any way necessary to enter upon a discussion of the difference between the "infra-rational intuition" and the intuition that is above the reason. If I had been discussing Rousseau's total significance, if I had been discussing the *Reveries,* the *Nouvelle Héloïse,* the *Emile,* the *Confessions,* the case would have been very different. The emotional, the temperamental, the instinctive Rousseau cannot be avoided there. If they had been my theme, I should hasten to agree with you that "to imply that Burke and Reynolds stood for instinct and that Rousseau stood for reason is to abdicate common sense." There, we are in the presence of that emotional expansiveness, indefinite and dangerous, and essentially antagonistic to both law and reason. But this is the side of Rousseau that Gummere represented. This is the side from which, as I said myself, probably far the greatest number of "Rousseauists" have issued. But was not there another side?—Rousseau the abstract reasoner who said a multitude of semi-nefarious things about democracy and the liberty of the law? And did not Professor Gummere, and do not many others who ought to know better, absolutely misrepresent what he said?

I am not a "Rousseauist" of either side. I believe that his emotional and his rationalistic tendencies both need to be criticized and opposed constantly to-day. But it does seem to me in the interest of sound criticism that professors who write on these things should distinguish between what he *advocated* and what he *confessed.*

All this merely by way of appendix to my former article, which I really did not see how you could print, and which I should have directed as a personal letter to you if it had not been so long. I don't wish to engage you in a controversy so complex as this might easily become, but I should be glad to know whether I have in these four pages done anything to clear me of the terrible imputation laid upon my common sense.

Very truly yours,
STUART P. SHERMAN.

To this Mr. More reassuringly replied, "Really, you know, I regard you as a fairly sound member of society, only a bit young, and sometimes a trifle alarming to one of my bald habit of mind".

Alluding to the altercation again a few weeks later Sherman indulges in some banter in which one may excusably catch a faint suggestion of sober truth:

> In Paradise [he writes] I am sure that what seems to mortal eyes my heterodoxy is seen as orthodoxy on a more subtle ground. And yet at times I cannot help considering what a seductive, impressionistic, temperamental pen is lost to some non-existent "progressive" journal believing in Socialism, Anarchism, Egoism, Cosmopolitanism, and Neo-Romanticism—lost by my early conversion to Orthodoxy, by my membership in the academic order, and by my adherence to your Episcopalian journal!—not to speak of my hostages to fortune and landholding.

After almost a year's interruption, the flow of Sherman's reviews to the *Nation* had been resumed, not perhaps with the earlier rapidity but with all of the earlier force. He had set a sufficiently high standard with his essays on Meredith, Anatole France and Thomas Campion. To reappear with a long discussion of Alfred Austin was a little to endanger the seriousness of his critical position, even though he managed to elicit some amusement from the self-satisfied poet laureate. He fully atoned, however, in the following year, with the essays on George Moore and John Synge. Here he was pursuing his favorite foes—estheticism and exoticism exposing skilfully and brilliantly the unhealthy spots in contemporary literature, penetrating as it were to the diseased marrow of great reputations. Here he was on common ground with Mr. More and Professor Babbitt, both of whom applauded his well-directed shafts. From the latter the essay on Moore brought one of his infrequent bits of commendation: "The critical gift you are developing strikes me as just the kind that is needed in the country and at the present time. I am beginning however to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

look on you as a very dangerous man (*fœnum habet in cornu!*) and am going to do my best to keep on good terms with you". Some of the compliments that Sherman received on this occasion he swallowed with a rather wry mouth, particularly those that came from official Catholic sources. He was not at all comfortable with these allies. "I wish," he wrote ruefully to Mr. More, "that Babbitt could in some way learn of this last, for at our latest meeting he still insisted that I showed the unintelligent 'brooding eye' of the Romanticist. We are 'coming on!'" He was both amused and nettled at being dubbed an "Anglo-Saxon ethicist" by a professor of the University of Pennsylvania. The fact was that he felt keenly the artistry and the literary seductiveness of these writers and did not enjoy being charged with bigoted blindness. Replying to an admirer, he says: "The great danger of attacking the creature [esthetic naturalism] is that if you resist his infinite seductive graces and say a word for character, you soon get the name of a callous flamen bleeding art on the hoary altar of morals, and then you are unheeded by those whom you wish to reach".

It is clear that Sherman was not satisfied with the one-sided mode of presentation which writing for the *Nation* imposed upon him. What he would have liked to do may perhaps be fairly inferred from his approving description of the procedure of a certain French critic, M. Victor Giraud:

> M. Giraud represents that virile and wholehearted criticism which the stricter Hedonic sect assures us is not "literary". Primarily a critic of ideas, his judgment steadily cuts through the book into the life beneath the book. In his court, the æsthetic is only one of many vital questions. His procedure, which is sufficiently systematic, is somewhat as follows: he exposes, first, the origins of a talent in native temperament and external influences; he proceeds then, with careful attention to chronology and frequent recourse to fugitive and uncollected material, to follow the unfolding of that talent and to measure its power in the various *genres;* finally, he brings the results of his analysis together to form a fixed and distinct physiognomy, in which the religious, philosophical, political, moral, and æsthetic lineaments are strongly illuminated by the light of the critic's own convictions. From the individual authors he rises, in the last chapter of *Les Maîtres de l'heure* to a consideration of the total personality and character of the epoch; analyzes in similar fashion its origin and evolution; gives its sharp definition; compares it with other epochs, and judges it.

For this sort of discussion the *Nation* did not allow the needful elbow room. Even when he thought that he had practiced much self-denial, his articles on Moore and Synge were returned as being far beyond normal length. The editor requested that the latter be cut practically in half, admitting that the stuff was all interesting and that the article would suffer from such heroic condensation, but perhaps not so much as the author feared. The author perforce submitted, but not without a pained and rebellious protest at the violence done to his offspring, and he relieved himself at the same time of certain important reflections on the general plight of writers for the *Nation*.

Urbana, Illinois,
December 26, 1912

Dear Editor:

Reeking with the blood of my offspring, I mailed this morning what was once my essay on Synge—a bright happy creature with a high brow and arterial blood coursing through his connective tissues. It is now a mere puddle of gore and bones, head severed from trunk and cast into the sea, joints disarticulated, gobbets lopped off here and there—begob, a regular "suitcase mystery."

Say that I ought to hire a boy to count my words or a writing master to correct my hand. But don't charge me with wilfully and maliciously trying to "put one over" on my editor with this fatally fine script of mine. Would I be pegging away at it from midsummer to December just for the fun of cutting it through the middle in the end of all? I came down from Madison on Sunday noon, where I had been spending a week-end judging a debate, innocent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of all guile, expecting to cut out a paragraph or maybe two, but never dreaming of this horrid length more than you.

I don't feel that the piece has been improved by the pruning. For even the somewhat elaborate introduction with the presentation of the diverse views of the populace, journalists, and experts seemed essential to place the discussion. And in the body of the essay merely to indicate the point of view without developing and illustrating it was peculiarly unsafe. But I leave that now to you. I have never tackled a man so difficult to get at, or so complex to explain in spite of his essential simplicity; I mean complex in his literary relationships and simple in his emotional tendencies.

The general thesis is, as you say, the same as that in your essay on Fiona MacLeod and other Irish essays. And, if you will permit this additional contributorial insolence, I think it has the same fault. I have meditated very frequently upon the "*Nation*-essay"—from the point of view of an outsider. In the space at our disposal it is necessary to be very curt. And I think we contributors—and you as well—are paying a penalty for this curtness. We get the credit for having *no æsthetic appreciation*. It is an unfortunate fact that nearly all the best writers, French and English,—the living writers—have something fatally wrong in their moral and intellectual processes (Correct me, if I exaggerate). We break their necks in a *Nation*-essay and wash our hands of them. We ought to have space to show that we, too, understand all the seductions of their hyacinthine locks *before* we break their necks. I rode up to Chicago Friday with an artist who has sojourned in Paris. "Tolstoy's books," she said, "really haven't anything to do with ART." Well, that is about what they think of our works—pardon the insolence of the plural.

You will understand that I have no desire to *please* this lady or the artists. But it is very essential to our purpose that they should think these essays have something to do with art. As Babbitt so admirably said in his Bergson essay, we should oppose enthusiasm to enthusiasm. Just at this moment I cannot recall a really luminous opposition of enthusiasm to enthusiasm, in the works of I.B., though a long series of brilliant neck-breakings recur to memory. In your own essays as elaborated in book form there are admirable examples. But as they appear in the *Nation*, many of our works seem to such persons as my lady friend mentioned above to have a certain chilling negative force which deprives them of their due weight with the artists.

I submit this rather as a question than as a criticism, and it is a subject for an essay rather than a letter. I can only "indicate the point of view"—and that with inward hesitation. Sometime when your labors have lightened I should like to have your opinion on the subject. The question rose again in my mind when I had finished the Synge essay. I do not refer to the condensed version. Even in those fifteen original columns I had said hardly a single word to indicate that I had felt for a moment the powerful, and to a certain extent perfectly legitimate, seduction of the man's extraordinary literary talent. The question then in brief is, whether the *Nation*-essay is not as a rule defective for its own purposes on the side of æsthetic appreciation.—I warn you not to leap to the conclusion that this thing has suddenly occurred to the troubled mind of the "Middle-Western Ethicist." It has lain there smouldering for years—as a pure question of critical method. . . .

Very sincerely yours,
STUART P. SHERMAN.

Mr. More's reply was soothing and justificatory:

In the first place let me say that you have refuted yourself. An essay which brings so much commendation as your Synge certainly cannot be abnormal. Not only have all the men in the office here been delighted by it, but Bryce wrote me that he saw such work nowhere except in the *Nation*. I do not say that this essay and some others might not be better if they were longer, but the improvement in both cases would be less than you think. And the hard fact remains that the *Nation* is not a general magazine and only by some sacrifice can give a meagre nine columns to an essay. The side lights, the romantic appreciation, suffer no doubt; but most of the people who complain of the resulting "harshness" would be satisfied with nothing less than an overflowing measure of gush—and an overflowing measure of gush is not likely to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

found in any journal, or magazine, over which your humble servant presides. . . . After all, an excess of judgment over "appreciation" is no bad thing these days, and "enthusiasm" makes me afraid.

A week later the old wound is revived by a threatened mutilation of one of his industrious notes on the *New English Dictionary,* and Sherman gives his editor an account of the prodigious labor which had gone into the making of his modest-seeming contribution.

Urbana, Illinois,
January 24, 1913.

My dear More:

I am becoming a nuisance—I am already a blasted nuisance. This N.E.D. note is marked "Sherman One." Does that mean that the rest of my dissertation on "sentiment" was set up? Obviously the thing was far too long. If I do that again, you had better drop me from your contributorial staff. My only question is whether you have thrown away my better half—that in which I get ahead of the *Oxford Dictionary* on a half-dozen forms of the word *sentiment.*

Let me tell you that is no holiday job. You inquired when I saw you last where I got hold of these unrecorded words. I have a note on this latest exercise and can answer the question. In preparation for the discarded sheet I read hundreds of pages in nearly all the following authors and turned over a large number in all of them:

1. Locke; 2. Hobbes; 3. Cudworth; 4. Norris; 5. Shaftesbury; 6. Mandeville; 7. Shenstone's prose; 8. Gray's letters; 9. Young's prose; 10. Vol. of 17th century sermons; 11. Edwards' Works; 12. Wesley's sermons; 13. Society for Reformation of Manners 1698; 14. Gildon's *Post Bag Opened;* 15. Dugald Stewart; 16. Blair's *Rhetoric;* 17. Gisborne, *Female Sex;* 18. Burke, Reynolds, Chesterfield; 19. Beckford—*Elegant Enthusiast;* 20. Walker—*The Vagabond;* 21. Westbrook *Vale of Glendor;* 12 volumes of British Essayists.

Total: c. 40 vols.

When you are asked how the *Nation* preserves its high level, you can say "Oh, our contributors frequently read forty or fifty volumes in preparation for a single sheet of manuscript, which we frequently discard!"

Sherman's correspondence with Mr. More continued to be conducted in terms of mutual friendship and respect, even though the two men were aware of the divergence of their feeling about important matters. On more than one occasion Mr. More assumed the privilege of an older man to admonish Sherman of the perils in his intellectual make-up. When the latter mentioned a philosophical novel he was meditating, Mr. More remarked that he would take great delight in reviewing it and showing "how a certain hesitancy in fundamental principles made it piquant and *troublant* but not quite clear in the final impression conveyed". Mr. More received with surprise and incredulity Sherman's enthusiasm about state universities and his faith in the possibilities of popular institutions. That was the dangerous romantic streak which he sought to combat in him. When toward the end of that year Sherman submitted his essay on William Cobbett, the editor saw his opening and scored a palpable hit. In that essay Cobbett is treated as a portent of the new democracy—"a tremendously efficient, unscrupulous, materially-minded, half-educated egotist of talent . . . too serious for the pleasures of life, too over-bearing for society, too busy to eat his meals like a Christian. Risen from the masses, he understands them, and inwardly despises them as unintelligent rabble. Yet when he has promulgated a half-informed opinion, he is willing to appeal for support to the brute members of the totally uninformed. Secretly desirous to hold first place in the seats of the mighty, he despises those who are really his superiors in breeding and culture, and does not understand them. Missing the preëminence which he thinks is due him, and agreeing with Wesley that it is better to rule in hell than serve in heaven, he is ready to seize upon the proletariat as upon the jawbone of an ass, and make havoc of all that thwart him". "In his hands," the mournful essayist concludes, "is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our salvation, and in the day of his triumph Heaven pity those who are left in the minority."

The inconsistency in spirit between this and the earlier utterance was sufficiently striking, and the rebuke which Mr. More then administered was lacking neither in truth nor kindness:

. . . Your dislike of Cobbett as an "incarnation of [various epithets] democracy" bewilders me a bit. What else should he be, or anyone else be? Are you too developing a heinous love for the "patrician element" in intellect and character? Do you know that with all your genius (for you have a touch of that, my dear boy) you have not yet quite found yourself? There is a sort of intellectual Armageddon (the Professor's vocabulary is catching) fighting about us, though the fighters on one side are piteously few, and a staunch man is bound sooner or later to pronounce "under which king". We attack the enemy as Romanticism, and get abused for callousness to things of the imagination; we attack it as unrestrained democracy, and are called Snobs, or reactionaries or haters of the people; we attack it as pragmatism, and are simply not understood. Meanwhile, you, who could knock down five good men in buckram any day, are skirmishing gaily and shooting your bolts a little at random. When "the literary critic fifty years hence" comes to deal with S.P.S., what is he going to say? This may sound as if I were trying to make a poor joke out of your commendation of my paper on Norton; but I'm not; your praise in that particular gave me something more than pleasure. But I have been asking myself just why that essay should have appealed to you in so peculiar a way, and have been wondering whether it is not for the simple reason that I let myself go in it. Well, it is no doubt a good thing to let oneself go occasionally, but is it not true also that the special evil of our day is just the universal "letting go"? And is not the first office of the critic to stand against that intellectual ease? I do not mean to imply that your work shows any signs of letting go in its intellectual fibre; there is plenty of brain work in it always and sturdy discipline, but sometimes I ask myself whether you have not an inclination to avoid the central problem. (December 24, 1913.)

There was really no effective reply to this, and Sherman's answer is in the nature of a counter-attack upon the vulnerable points in his opponent's position. After allowance is made for his irrepressible urge toward irony (had not Mr. More himself spoken of him as "our finest ironic pen"?) his letter throws light upon his leaning toward the humanitarian attitude and upon his conviction of the importance of enthusiasm in the critic's equipment.

Urbana, Illinois,
January 6, 1914.

My Dear More:

Mr. Holt wrote me a note the other day saying that he was sending me a copy of the new *Review,* and asking me to write something for it. This alleviated a little my oppressive sense of sin after reading your Christmas-even sermon. One man, anyway, I said to myself, thinks me unpopular enough to be serviceable in the grand cause of "reaction." And I have written him a very graceless note, of which I hope he will have insight enough to perceive the gratitude. But to my surprise I find two cards thrust in, one bearing your compliments, the other the Editor's. What, then, are you? Is this to be the Abbotsford of your journalistic retirement?

You intimate that my young friend Nevins has a certain Scottish seriousness of temper. Now that is the very temper to make a good Tory writer. He is serious, reverent, aggressive, positive, potentially dogmatic. You can put a good cutting edge on a young man like that. I am essentially skeptical, indecisive, tolerant, irreverent, with an inarticulate sense of comedy. I get the point of the new *Review;* but I am not stout enough, bald enough, rich enough to forbear asking what is the use, with Armageddon howling around us, of *being unpopular only four times a year.* The *Nation* is a good fighting weapon; to what soft-hearted, sympathetic, unsifted, humanitarian Christian do you relinquish it?

I frankly admit that on some essential points I have not found myself. I can't entirely follow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you in your article on the New Morality. (By the way, Showerman, whom you have let in, is in my opinion also only an academic skeptic in wolf's clothing.) I can't follow you where you speak of sermons on the "obligation of the individual soul to its maker and judge." (We have an Episcopalian clergyman in town who preaches that: his vestments are washed by the ladies of his flock; he refuses to administer the sacraments in outlying districts which he cannot reach before seven in the morning; and I have a deep presentiment that Jane Addams will be a ministering angel when he is howling. By a singular coincidence he too thinks but meanly of the great Chicago settlement worker.)—But to return to your phrase. Is it a metaphor? Doubtless as you use it, it is not; but for me God is still a metaphor by which I objectify an inner sense more exacting than any external authority. And yet, as I see the matter, every "obligation of the individual soul to its maker" runs somewhere through the heart or liver of a fellowman. Isn't it possible to take up a position of friendliness to both the first and second commandments? You decide for the first; Jane for the second. You condemn her for neglecting the individual's obligation to his maker. She would condemn you for neglecting yours to your fellowmen. And the gulf widens between your followers and hers. Now, if it must come to a choice, I should prefer to be numbered with the seraphim. I have no natural spontaneous desire to embrace the rascal many. But I am not yet convinced that it is impossible in an even-tempered fashion to love, like Mr. Roosevelt, my God on the one hand and my people on the other. It is perfectly obvious, to be sure, that God is getting in these days far less attention than his people. It is *easier* to restore the balance by throwing one's whole weight upon the extreme end of the short beam. But isn't it more *critical* to get somewhere about the middle of the plank, and to try to heave the whole thing back upon a central pivot? Or is that just a metaphor too? I confess that I am pretty much at sea in the whole matter; and also that your article is a most impressive argument for the angels and a noble piece of English. I progress very slowly in this direction because my "religious experience" of late years has been very thin.

I suppose my last year's article on "Education by the People" is still rankling in your breast. In this field my experience has been tolerably thick. In the microcosm of the University and in our relations with the state I have almost daily had glimpses into the dark bosoms of "good government" on the one hand and "democracy" on the other. I believe that I have no illusions in these realms! In any given assemblage of a hundred men there are perhaps five dreamers with no experience who are, in the innocence of their hearts, really "democrats." The other ninety-five are an aggregation of individuals, each one of whom would like to run things himself. At the first taste of power, any one of them would knock the other ninety-nine on the head, and cease forever to babble of majority rule. In a certain sense, democracy is a grand theatrical spectacle; from another point of view it is a side-splitting farce. (I wish I had the indiscretion to tell you a little inside history of our educational democracy in Illinois. But I will save that for a private colloquy.) But if you happen to be living in a "democratic" government and wish to have your way in it, you must use upon the people either Gatling-guns or infinite patience and flattery. The latter method is more approved by experience. Furthermore, I sincerely believe that the use of flattery and patience will in the course of fifty thousand years have a more refining and uplifting influence upon the people than the more virile approach which I have suggested as the alternative. In other words, I consider myself here a pretty good Tory at heart. A Radical, building on the Unknown, is naturally and necessarily a doctrinaire, precise and emphatic in the enunciation of his views. Your Tory prospers by speaking a little loosely, indirectly and jovially from the easy chair of experience—when he is in a room-full of Radicals.

This horribly drawn out hodgepodge was intended only to lead up to the announcement that in literary criticism I am a mystic! You irritate me, sir, by failing to get my point about the Norton article. I shudder to think that, uncorrected, my previous letter may provoke you to further "reaction." Quite seriously speaking at last, I believe that the critic's power, like the poet's, is at its highest something that can-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not be defined or analyzed. It is the going forth of his hitherto closeted spirit after the thing that it loves. You say, "Is not 'letting go' the very vice which criticism needs to take its stand against?"—or words to that effect. To which I rhetorically reply, "Yes, so long as he is in the rings of Inferno, and all the way up the steeps of Purgatory till he knows himself *'puro e disposto a salire alle stelle';* but when he stands at last in the presence of the Celestial Rose, for God's sake let him show his soul of adoration, let him fluently and mellifluously admit that he likes it, and not hold himself frigidly in expectation of caterpillars." Even the critic, it seems to me, has no right to come into the world and condemn the world, unless from time to time he can flash a vision upon the damned. The uncritical may justly complain that this would be "very gross behavior and very weak dealing." If he is bent on staining the "childhood of their joy" he must really reward them when they are men. But I fall again into foolish metaphor, which is difficult to avoid in these high mysteries.

Very sincerely yours,
STUART P. SHERMAN.

On Mr. More's withdrawal from the editorship of the *Nation,* at the beginning of 1914, Sherman felt the relaxation of his powerful stimulus. Henry Holt was now launching the *Unpopular Review* and, thinking the opportunity good for enlisting Sherman in his forces, invited him to write something that would be congruous with the aims of the new journal. Sherman's refusal "to contribute to its unpopularity" is in reality another reply, moderately ironic, to the rankling accusation of Mr. More.

Urbana, Illinois
January 4, 1914.

My Dear Mr. Holt:

I have read with great interest about two-thirds of your new Tory quarterly, and have received with a keen sense of honor the invitation to contribute to its unpopularity. It has been a pleasure to detect in the anonymous harmony the unpopular notes of Messrs. More, Shorey (?), and Showerman. The authors of the leading articles could consistently be hanged together. But what in thunder can the enquiring reader make of the shameless bid for the suffrage of the great vulgar multitude in "En Casserole's" divagations on tobacco? Unless my divining rod dips falsely, there lie beneath that passage the deep waters of popular seduction gushing eternally from the heart of the publisher. Furthermore—ain't y'goin' t' have any literchoor? My own struggles for unpopularity have hitherto been directed mainly towards the destructive criticism of successful works of poetry and fiction. In the course of twenty years, if I lived, I had hoped to be recognized as the William Gifford of America. And yet a Christmas letter from More, who, as I take it, has a hand in the *Review,* gently intimates that my critical conscience still lacks the requisite hardness—is still vitiated by traces of popular viscosity and flabby good nature. Till I have reformed these faults, I fear that it is useless for me to offer any contribution. But I do not despair; I feel myself ossifying day by day; when these processes are complete, I shall send you something stiff, truculent, and devilishly distasteful to everyone with an income of less than 3000 dollars per annum.

With heartiest good wishes for the success of the enterprise, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
STUART P. SHERMAN.

It is possible that Holt did not catch the precise meaning of this letter. While it conveys clearly enough the writer's irritation, it will easily bear two interpretations as to his actual leanings. The publisher at any rate persisted for some time in efforts to draw Sherman out on such subjects as "Inspired Idiocy" (naming Plato, Ruskin, and Tolstoy for treatment under this heading) and "Demagogues, or the History of Popular Uprisings". Sherman repeated that he would have a try at the *Review* when his evolution into a thorough Conservative was complete, and that he was still evolving. In another letter, after replying to a suggestion that he settle down in New York in a manner to impress upon publishers the niggardliness with which they rewarded

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his kind of writing, he outlines an "ironical-satirical article" in which the arrows fly with a much directer aim.

Urbana, Illinois
March 16, 1914

Dear Mr. Holt:

You New York editors seem to have got the notion that the Middle-Western professor is salaried by the state to assist you in resisting the Eastern "uplift." Now I will admit that your temptations to write "rippling" articles are very seductive, and I will make you a proposition. If you for your part will guarantee me complete leisure for writing and a salary of 4500 dollars, I for my part will go to New York and undertake to furnish you annually by my unaided pen not less than 500 dollars' worth of copy! I name 500 dollars to be on the safe side: by working steadily for nine months, I believe that I could raise the sum earned by my kind of writing to 900 dollars.

Now with reference to More's certification of my ability to deal with demagogues, I think he must be growing irresponsible since he left the helm of the *Nation*. (And, by the way, do you mark how the *Nation* is promising to blow its lid off?) Demagogue *is* a jolly subject, but, as I wrote you before, I am under a vow to undertake nothing new at present. You ask whether I have anything else simmering. I regret to say that I have, and it looks to me rather like a horse of the same color.

I have been thinking of an ironical-satirical article called "The Decadence of the American People"—or some such matter—with the subtitle "A Chapter in History." The conceit is to write in the style of Macaulay or Gibbon—which of course I can assume at will—one of those "brilliant" chapters of generalizations on the condition of the country in 1914. It would contain such sections as:

I. *Universal corruption* in all branches of government: Call for a "saviour of the people"; failure of democratic régime.

II. *Condition of religion* in intellectual, middle and lower classes: "atheism"; social reform; Holy Jumpers, etc.

III. *Society:* Luxury, dissipation, extravagant and fantastic diversions, etc. Dress, dances, theatre.

IV. *Morals and Crime:* in city and country.

V. *Poverty and Wealth:* Horrid miseries of the lower class; obscene wealth of the "capitalists," etc.

Now all these terrible generalizations would be based directly upon the daily newspapers from the various parts of the country, and each lurid statement would be supported like a well-documented history with footnotes referring to the source of information.

Points of the satire:

1. Satire on the methods of classical historians.

2. Exposure of the value of newspapers as sources of historical information.

3. *Reductio ad absurdum* of calamity-howling.

All this could lead up, if desired, to the ironical conclusion that the dissolution of the existing society calls for the abandonment of the Constitution and a new deal—the cards to be re-shuffled, if you please, by one of the sanguine and popular demagogues of the day.

Is this, in another form, something like your own proposal?

Very sincerely yours,
STUART P. SHERMAN

If there is nothing here clearly intended for Mr. More, there are several stings for Mr. Babbitt. Curiously enough Mr. Holt still could not or would not see the point. "Your 'Decadence of the American People,'" he replied, "might turn out to be something extra bully. Of course the occasional fool would have to be told you are not entirely in earnest." When a year passed and the desired article was still unwritten the dark thought crossed Mr. Holt's mind that Sherman might be a Socialist. As to this he received a solemn assurance, but the gap between the position of the *Unpopular Review* and of Socialism left Sherman with ample space for the exercise of a free intellectual criticism. There is little doubt that he was in no mood to enter the camp of the conservatives and to accept their label.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOBNOBBING WITH EMINENT AUTHORS

by Douglas Bush

Since various raconteurs, with the elderly and worshipful geniality of Mr. William Lyon Phelps or the young and irreverent impertinence of Mr. Beverley Nichols, have enriched literary history with intimate accounts of great authors *en famille,* less fortunate and less enterprising persons, who have not made a tour of celebrities, may feel moved to unlock their little hoard of table-talk and anecdote. When we consider what three-hundred-year-old incidents mean to us, what patient service they perform in essay and thesis, classroom and club, it seems a duty to posterity to record our chance contacts with the great. But one may be dispirited at the outset because one's stock of reminiscences seems so poor and beggarly compared with the rich harvest gathered by Boswell of talent and determination. It all appears so delightfully easy, that mercurial interchange of wit and opinion. "Shaw said to me . . . and I said to Shaw . . . Barrie laughed when I told him . . . As Bennett observed, with his engaging stammer . . . Mr. Moore's pink face wrinkled with hospitality as he said to me, in words as fresh and yet as smooth and inevitable as his writing, 'Now that you've found the way to Ebury Street, do come again . . .'" And so on. But what if one is stricken with paralysis in the presence of genius, or can only bring forth some inanity about plums—or whatever they were—as Heine did on meeting Goethe?

I have long been gathering material for an essay like Hazlitt's on *My First Acquaintance with Poets,* and the random memories which follow are merely footnotes, prologues to the swelling act. The first great occasion came when I, an undergraduate, was invited by Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's host to take tea at his home. (I hasten to add that I was not an aspiring poet, but my literary tastes were sufficiently notable to have gained me the post of chief ticket-seller for Mr. Sassoon's lecture.) "How do you do?" said Mr. Sassoon, settling his long limbs in a chair. "How do you do?" said I, without hesitation, sinking upon the outer edge of mine. As Boswell so often admits in his later volumes, when attachment to Johnson was giving place to attachment to Bacchus, "I do not recollect what passed". I might say the same.

My next literary friend was Mr. de la Mare, whom I met in London. Greetings were exchanged between the poet and my friends, who were old friends of his and introduced me. I stood contemplating Mr. de la Mare's noble head and face, contrasting his sturdy figure with his ethereal verse, and I had almost finished framing a remark that would convey respectful admiration, when I found that the poet had departed and that we were proceeding homeward on a bus.

My next acquaintance, however, ripened quickly into intimacy. The same friends were entertaining Mr. Bliss Carman. Leaving St. Paul's after the Sunday service (where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I had seen the gloomy preacher lift his gaitered diaconal legs over a plush cord that hindered his exit), we wandered along Paternoster Row. Suddenly Mr. Carman stopped before a publisher's window, transfixed at the sight of a childhood friend—"*Chatterbox!* My God!" At dinner I was feeling enough at ease to recite B. L. T.'s moving lines, "Little Ford, who made thee, Dost thou know who made thee . . . ?", which were well received. The tranquillity of literary converse was a trifle marred later by my unfortunately upsetting a cup of coffee over host and guest.

I have heard Mr. Shaw lecture a couple of times—outside of the plays, I mean—and though I have never actually talked with him I came very near intimacy. One night after a performance of *St. Joan* I emerged from my accustomed seat behind the brass rail into a London drizzle, and, with collar up and head down, had just begun to advance in the manner known to subway habitués. All at once a premonition, a sense of an impending mass, caused me to look up. I drew back just in time to miss butting into the lean stomach of the chief living dramatist—and missed also my one chance of immortality, for it is not given to everyone to bowl over Mr. Shaw.

My friendship with Hardy never reached full fruition. I had been exploring Dorchester and yearned to call upon the austere inhabitant of Max Gate. But, not having courage enough to write for permission, I sauntered, on my last day, along the road to Hardy's home, half thinking that some miracle might cause him to start up from behind a hedge. I reached the gate, reached the front door, and rang. A chubby maid appeared. "Would there be any possibility of seeing Mr. Hardy for a few minutes, though I have not written to ask?" I said. But I said that to myself. To the maid I heard a faint voice faltering, "Would there be any objection to my taking a photograph of the house?" As I stood in a trance, with the sound of tumbling castles in my ear, the damsel returned. "Mrs. 'ardy says it's all right," she said, and the door closed. The supreme moment had gone, and so, a little later, had I, though I took the photograph. I slowly retreated to Dorchester, to commune with imaginary persons.

By this time I was beginning to wonder if my technique for meeting men of letters was perhaps inadequate, and it was with doubts that I accepted a friend's invitation to call upon Mr. David Garnett at the bookshop of Birrell & Garnett. On our way the question, "What *did* you mean by *Lady into Fox?*" suggested itself as a promising opening gambit. My friend introduced me to the tall, fair young man, who possessed that gift of easy, unresponsible silence which has made the English what they are. I also stood silent, with that peculiar silence which has made me what I am. The friend filled in with some sort of merry noise. My distress became unbearable—what the devil had the young man written? When memory came back Mr. Garnett had gone. I had some vague notion of making amends by buying a book, but my friend rather abruptly insisted on leading me away. He had not told the author that he was bringing a deaf-mute.

Since then I have become a confirmed literary shriner, and have followed the copyright laws to the point of visiting no authors who have been dead less than fifty-six years. I get on well with tombstones, and there are few in the British Isles with which I have not had affable converse. Mr. Beerbohm has given eternal life to that clergyman of Boswell's who so unexpectedly challenged the attention of Ursa Major with his suggestion about Dr. Dodd's sermons, and whose annihilation was so sudden and complete. I hope to find that blasted worshipper in heaven. In the bracing air of the New Jerusalem we shall have new vigor and, arm in arm, he with his shrill voice and I with a manner if not at first a voice, we will set out—the world will be all before us—to improve and widen the literary friendships we began on earth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE "OLD BOOKMAN DAYS"

by Arthur Bartlett Maurice

To recall old Bookman days is to recall not merely bygone figures and personalities, but also old literary fashions that now seem as strange as the crinoline, the bloomer, and the bustle. What a number of these fashions The Bookman has reflected in the course of its thirty-five years of life! They spring up; they rage furiously for a brief hour; then, almost imperceptibly, they slip into the past.

For example, just about twenty-five years ago every other conversation in the land between people who considered themselves well read was likely to be garnished by an airy allusion to "A Book of Verses underneath the Bough, a Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou". For Omar Khayyám was in the saddle and galloping. The market was filled with the various editions of the *Rubáiyát*. Popular illustrators found in it a new source of income. The parodists ran riot. In budding golf clubs from the Atlantic to the Pacific local bards satirized the sartorial eccentricities of fellow members in the familiar metre of Edward Fitzgerald. O. Henry took one quatrain and wrote a story about it. Who quotes Omar now? Where are the snows of yesteryear?

In discussing the old fashions I am venturing into what to me were pre-Bookman days, just as later I shall draw upon personal memories of post-Bookman days. American readers of the later "golden 'nineties" possessed linguistic attainments that have since been lost. When the first number of The Bookman appeared for February, 1895, Robert Louis Stevenson had just died at Vailima, and that issue, and the magazine's history, began with a poem by J. M. Barrie called "Scotland's Lament". The first quatrain was in English, or nearly so:

> Her hands about her brow are pressed,
> She goes upon her knees to pray,
> Her head is bowed upon her breast,
> And oh, she's sairly failed the day!

But after this opening concession to the Philistines Barrie went back to the thistle, the heather and the crags:

> "He egged me on wi' mirth and prank,
> We hangit gowans on a string,
> We made the doakens walk the plank,
> We mairit snails without the ring."

Slightly puzzling now, but in that accomplished generation there was an army of readers on this side the Atlantic who read the quatrain and a dozen more just like it at a glance. For every magazine was carrying its serial of the Kailyard School. The tremendous vogue of that school moved the satirical James L. Ford, in his picture of life at the McClure Village of Syndicate, on the banks of the Hackensack, to describe the herd of blooded Scotch authors imported by Mr. McClure for piece work on the serial, "Wee Jockie's Gang Awee". They were rather hard to manage, and would have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strayed on the daily march from their homes to the literary factory had they not been rounded up by a vigilant collie.

Those tales of the Kailyard represented a general fashion. When THE BOOKMAN came into existence, the craze for a particular novel was just dying out. That was George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. In an age of fewer diversions people took their favorite books very seriously. The present generation will never be able to understand the hold of Du Maurier's story of the Parisian *grisette* and the Three Musketeers of the Brush in the Latin Quarter. Any person of sinister aspect was dubbed a Svengali. Young eccentrics found diversion and attracted attention to themselves by parading Fifth Avenue or Broadway arm in arm attired to resemble "Taffy", the "Laird", and "Little Billee".

About the same time other general fashions were in the blooming. Stevenson had sown the seeds of a particular school with his *Prince Otto,* but it was Anthony Hope who in 1894 published his *The Prisoner of Zenda,* and paved the way for the invention of all the Ruritanias, Graustarks, Carnavias, Axphains, Corinthias, and Grünewalds; imaginary kingdoms or principalities somewhere in southeast Europe, where adventurous Englishmen and alert Americans indulged in sword play and made love to princesses. It was an enduring vogue, but it soon had to share popularity with the American historical novel, which was, in its way, a precursor of the pseudo-solid reading of the present time. The success of the various "Outlines" of today is based upon the same fundamental yearning for self-improvement that made the large sales of such novels as *Richard Carvel, Hugh Wynne,* and *Janice Meredith,* twenty-five or thirty years ago. Those, too, were the days of Indiana's proud literary supremacy, when according to popular belief every Hoosier went about with the manuscript of a "best-seller" concealed upon his person.

It was a little later that *The Man With the Hoe* raged like an epidemic, and on the strength of it Edwin Markham stormed the lecture platforms to show the Republic how a poet should look. He succeeded. *The Man With the Hoe* was a real poem, and Mr. Markham certainly made the most of it. While Mr. Markham was extolling the virtues of the farmer and picturing his deplorable condition, "the emptiness of ages in his face, and on his back the burden of the world", there were many prose scribes engaged in exposing the nation's political and financial iniquities. It was Theodore Roosevelt who remembered that John Bunyan had written a book called *Pilgrim's Progress,* in which appeared "The Man with the Muck-Rake". Supplied with a name, the "muck-raking" school thrived furiously, in its turn to die out and be forgotten overnight.

II

But to change the tone, and to recall the old fashions through personalities. It was somewhere along in 1904 or 1905 that, with my old friend, Edward H. Dodd, now President of Dodd, Mead and Company, I went to call on Archibald Clavering Gunter. As a small boy I had read and thrilled to the "big four" among Gunter's novels. I recall vividly a June evening in the North Sea when I stayed on deck till nearly midnight to finish *Miss Nobody of Nowhere.* There were other passengers on the ship similarly occupied, for transatlantic travel in those days meant one of the Gunter novels with the familiar yellow paper cover in every second deck chair.

To a generation to which the name of Archibald Clavering Gunter is probably entirely unknown, I shall introduce him vicariously. In the late autumn of 1915, when I was visiting Robert W. Chambers at Broadalbin, he told me the following story: in his younger writing days he had made a trip through the far western states. In a small city of Wyoming he had made the ac-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quaintance of a gentleman who with western breeziness had been introduced as "Mr. So-and-So, the foremost criminal lawyer of Wyoming". Mr. So-and-So had read and admired the early Chambers novels and was enthusiastic in his proffers of hospitality. "You are my guest," he said. "You must stay with me a week—a month—a—year. Your work? Do it here. I'll tell you plots that beat Dumas. I'll show you types of which Charles Dickens never dreamed. Why, man, I'll give you the material to write as great a novel as *Mr. Potter of Texas.*"

That was the way that some persons once thought of the now forgotten books of Archibald Clavering Gunter. Perhaps not entirely forgotten. Now and then people are met who remember that he wrote very badly. He did. Occasionally someone is found who remembers that the bad writing only partially obscured a remarkable gift for story telling, and a keen sense of the humorous. His *Mr. Barnes of New York* was more than the story of a year. As a manuscript it was rejected everywhere. Finally the author decided to bring it out at his own expense. The eventual sale amounted to two or three million copies. Mr. Barnes became a byword. Nightly audiences of the current Hoyt play applauded the famous "Razzle Dazzle" song, sung by characters made up as Mr. Barnes of New York and Mr. Potter of Texas. Incidentally Mr. Gunter was himself a playwright. He wrote *Prince Karl,* one of Richard Mansfield's greatest successes, and also the play presented as *Polly Middles,* and as *A Night in Rome.* It would be interesting to dig into the past to find out whether *Polly Middles* preceded or followed Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court.* Both have the same basic idea.

Mr. Dodd and I had planned, during our visit to Mr. Gunter, to discuss the possibility of bringing out new editions of the "big four", *Mr. Barnes of New York, Mr. Potter of Texas, Miss Nobody of Nowhere,* and *That Frenchman;* the last under the title it should have had from the beginning, "M. De Vernay of Paris". It was an unconsciously pathetic figure that we found in the house on the upper west side. Here was a lesson in the ephemerality of "literary" fame. The reader will please note the quotation marks. He seemed never to have recovered from the daze caused by the magnitude of his fall. One minute the most discussed popular author of a continent; the next, apparently forgotten. He could not understand it. The projected re-issue did not materialize. Instead Mr. Gunter wrote a sequel to *Mr. Barnes of New York.* It was poor and mechanical. The old sparkle had irrevocably gone. But I heard the story of the writing of the original *Mr. Barnes.*

About 1880, Gunter, who had been a mining and civil engineer in various parts of the west, and a stockbroker on the San Francisco Exchange, moved to New York with the idea of embarking upon a literary career. His first aim was the stage, and among the scenarios that he had jotted down was one of a drama about a Corsican vendetta. But among Mr. Gunter's acquaintances in New York was a certain Banks, who possessed an ample fortune and whose main occupation in life seemed to be killing time. Mr. Banks was a member of the New York Rifle Club, and on one occasion his marksmanship had won for America an international match. Chancing to fall into conversation with the playwright and the talk turning to books, Banks drawled: "I say, Gunter, I'll bet to save your life you couldn't put me in a book and make me interesting". The challenge was accepted, the play idea dropped, and Mr. Gunter began to plan the story that developed into *Mr. Barnes of New York.*

A far more conspicuous example of the ephemerality of literary fame is recalled in a story of the old days told me by a club friend, Guy Wetmore Carryl, author of *Zut and Other Parisians.* Guy Carryl died young. He might have gone far had he lived. In the late 'nineties he was one of a number of Ameri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can writers who made their homes in Paris. One day he moved to a new apartment. The concierge said to him: "Monsieur is a writer. Monsieur's name is Guy. We had another writer living here some years ago whose name was also Guy. I don't know what has become of him. Perhaps he is dead. Perhaps Monsieur has heard of him. His name was Guy de Maupassant".

III

Twenty-five years ago the newspaper columnist was not yet an established institution. Eugene Field was, of course, the conspicuous exception, and there were one or two others. But as a general rule the humorous text of a newspaper was more fragmentary, made up of contributions, usually in light verse, from men outside the regular staff. Two examples of the itinerant bard who come to mind as frequent visitors to the old BOOKMAN office were W. J. Lampton and R. K. Munkittrick. Lampton, a tall Kentuckian, was widely known as "the Yawp man".

To a generation that does not remember it, it would be impossible to describe the "yawp". In a strange, unrhythmic, yet effective metre it dealt with points in the current news. Most of Lampton's poetical effusions appeared in the editorial page of the New York *Sun,* whence they were widely copied. When he had an idea for something with literary allusion he usually brought it in to THE BOOKMAN. For example, James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law* appeared at a time when the state of Kentucky, with the Goebel assassination, was almost in the throes of a civil war, which moved Lampton to the quatrain:

> The Reign of Law,
> Well, Allen, you're lucky,
> It's the first time it ever,
> Rained law in Kentucky.

Lampton's great ambition was to write book reviews. He felt that it was the only way in which he could establish his position as a real literary man. He was obviously unfitted for the work, but he was persistent in begging for a chance to show what he could do. One day, yielding to his importunities, I turned over to him a novel by Mr. Howells that did not happen to be of too great importance. In high glee he carried the book away with him, promising a review that would prove astonishing. It did. His idea was that a review should begin like a "yawp". This one began: "Ah, there! Willie!"

R. K. Munkittrick, who possessed a genuine gift for verse, was a survival of the old New York *Ledger* days when Bonner directed the once famous weekly. It was "Munk" who first saw the folly of wasting a whole idea on a single poem. He thriftily divided the idea into eight parts and wrote a poem about each part. It was "Munk" who, finding a serious poem that he had written unavailable, added a comic twist at the end and found another market. When the *Ledger* days had gone Munkittrick was closely connected with the *Puck* circle under H. C. Bunner.

Besides his metrical gifts Munkittrick possessed in a high degree what may be called, for lack of a better term, the gift of unconscious hyperbole. He had a country home somewhere in New Jersey. He wanted to move to New York and buttonholed his friends and acquaintances asking if they knew of anyone who wanted to buy or rent a suburban residence. Some months later he was asked if he had succeeded in disposing of his property. No, said Munkittrick, he had found that impossible. It was not for lack of effort. He and his wife had stood out in the road, waylaying passers-by. Finally they had given up in despair and resigned themselves to continuing their country life. But, added "Munk", no sooner had they committed themselves irrevocably to suburban life, than through every leak in the roof there came a would-be tenant with a certified check in his hand.

Speaking of hyperbole, Richard Harding

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Davis also possessed that gift to a rare degree. Once he heard that I was planning a trip and wanted something very much out of the beaten path. With the kindly thoughtfulness that was so characteristic he mapped out such a trip in the northern part of South America. Then, with a flippancy designed to make light of the trouble he had taken he concluded his letter: "The Allies are at rest, but the Revolution still continues. I sent —— —— there on the twenty-third of November, and he returned last week. In six weeks he had seen some fighting, taken thirty-six photos of Castro, was decorated with the Order of Bolivár, and a gold medal for 'Literature', made a Colonel of Artillery, and caught the yellow fever, and escaped after paying for the services of four doctors and three nurses. So, you see, it's lively down there".

That letter with its exaggeration and the amiable thought that suggested it was Davis in epitome. He was always dramatizing either himself or the whimsical idea that happened to pop into his head. He had the true story-teller's gift of presenting the most fantastic dream in such a form that it seemed plausible in the reading. Take, for example, *The Mind Reader,* or *The Man Who Could Not Lose,* or *The Reporter Who Made Himself King.* At the time when his *Soldiers of Fortune* was at the height of its popularity, someone estimated that the shortest time in which the hero, Robert Clay, could have achieved the various feats of arms, diplomacy, and engineering ascribed to him would have been something in the neighborhood of one-hundred-and-fifty years.

But Davis himself lived as it is given to few men to live. A week or so after his death in April, 1916, I was with his brother, Charles Belmont Davis. "I have been going over Richard's letters," said C. B. "I don't think any other American of this generation, with the possible exception of Theodore Roosevelt, has had such an extraordinary life as he had." The precocity of *The Reporter Who Made Himself King* was no greater than R. H. D.'s own precocity. In his early twenties he was one of the most conspicuous writing figures in the land. Something of the man himself went to the making of every one of his heroes. He bared his heart pitilessly when he wrote *Captain Macklin,* and he winced when the portrait was misunderstood. From one of his letters now before me I quote, "Nothing ever hurt me so much as the line used by many reviewers of *Macklin* that 'Mr. Davis's hero is a cad and Mr. Davis cannot see it' ".

Strangely, the legend of Davis's "high-hattedness" and ineffable conceit persisted long after his death. The justification for that legend was of the slightest. Acutely sensitive and painfully shy, his own consciousness of his shyness at times threw him into a panic that he tried to cover by an assumption of bluster. All through life he talked like a big, overgrown boy. To illustrate by a personal experience the kind of injustice of which he was often the victim, he had written me two or three letters which I had meant to answer but had forgotten. Perhaps in gentle reproof he sent me a copy of *The Bar Sinister,* a story that he knew I particularly admired. Embellishing the copy was a picture of the dog that was the original of the "Wyndam Kid" of the tale, and beneath was written: "For Arthur Bartlett Maurice, a distinguished man of letters, who never answers any. His Sincerely. Richard Harding Davis".

Soon after I had occasion to have the page reproduced for use in connection with an article in THE BOOKMAN. For obvious reasons my own name was scratched out in the halftone plate. A child's mind should have grasped the true significance of the inscription. Yet the press clippings included dozens of items of savage abuse based upon the absurd interpretation that Mr. Davis was brazenly boasting that he was a distinguished man of letters and that he never bothered to answer any. Nothing could have been farther from the truth. He was always punctiliously

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

polite and appreciative; just as he was always going out of his way to do kindly acts. I recall Booth Tarkington on the first night of one of his earlier plays. Davis made a long journey to be present so that he could help the author through the inevitable hour of nervous misery. One minute he was behind the scenes, trying to keep Tarkington's mind diverted by amusing stories; the next he was helping along the play from the front.

Those who are acquainted merely with the somewhat austere Mr. Tarkington of today, "Nipskillion" and Squire of Kennebunkport, know little of the joyous "Tark" of the years when the world was young. It is now his delight to pretend to a venerable age, to smile whimsically at the cosmos with a "bless you, my children" air. Beneath he is the same old "Tark" of the old Princeton Club.

> The same old Tark—just watch him shy
> Like hunted thing, and hide, if let,
> Away behind his cigarette—
> When "Danny Deever" is the cry.
>
> Keep up the call and bye and bye
> We'll make him sing, and find he's yet
> The same old Tark.
>
> No "Author Leonid" we spy,
> In him, no cultured ladies' pet.
> He just drops in, and so we get
> The good old song, and gently guy
> The same old Tark—just watch him shy.

It was not merely that "Tark" was destined for conspicuous achievement. He was always something of a great man. He was a great man at Phillips-Exeter, again at Purdue, and again at Princeton. He was a great man even in the dark hour of his literary career, the seven years when he figuratively was "sitting on a rail fence in Indiana". Like Richard Harding Davis, he has the habit of frequently dramatizing himself in his characters. That was especially so with his earlier books. In one of his moods he was Joe Louden of *The Conquest of Canaan;* in another, one of *The Two Van Revels;* and of course he was John Harkless of *The Gentleman from Indiana.* When *The Turmoil* appeared, Jesse Lynch Williams said to me: "Bibbs [the hero of the story] is 'Tark' to the life as I first saw him, when he came to Princeton as a fresh junior, and dropped into my rooms with a letter of introduction from my brother".

There is no son of Princeton more generally welcome on the campus of "Gothic towers and stately elms" than "Tark". But formerly that statement did not apply to the occasion of an important football game. Until a few years ago he was considered a "Jinx". His appearance on the eve of a big game was greeted with groans, and defeat or tie was directly ascribed to his presence. Some years ago Princeton and Harvard played a 14-14 game at Cambridge, Harvard coming from behind to tie the score in the last few minutes of play. I suspected "Tark's" presence in the Harvard Stadium, and wrote him demanding an explanation. Meekly he gave it:

> The reason H-P played a tie was this: my wife bought me a chrysanthemum to wear, but "my" tailor in Boston delivered to me a new overcoat just before I started for the Stadium. I decided to wear this new coat, for it was fur lined and had quite a showy fur collar. (I now like to look like a rich old man: people do more for you—a rich old man gets almost as much from everybody as a pretty girl; and around hotels, theatres, R. R. stations, jails, and garages he gets more.) Well, I couldn't stick the chrysanthemum, or even a smaller color, on the fur collar; so as I watched the game, I was apparently a neutral. Jinx was a *little* suspicious, because of course the amount of arom. spts. ammonia I drank whenever the P. goal was endangered, offered at least a clue. My conduct was very nicely calculated, however, and Jinx was off his guard, until P. got it 14 to 7. Then I made my mistake: threw off all disguise and squawked, bellered, haw-hawed, baw-bawed, belched, boomed, larynxated, lungaboed; in brief, did all Panurge would have done—and got caught at it; Jinx immediately tied the score and would have done worse except for the time keeper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here is a characteristic bit from a letter, written, not to me, but to another old BOOKMAN editor, Robert Cortes Holliday, when Mr. Holliday became a member of a club with which "Tark" had long been associated:

I'm rather thinking you'll like that club. I do and could never get over it. It changes—though little in outwards—and is haunted (for me) by dead laughter; it's a place of many ghosts, my own youth among them. I have a feeling for it that is somewhat the species of feeling I have for my own elderly house here or for some of the old buildings at Princeton. Such houses get to be in your family. What an old uncle the house of the Players is! Incarnated, that house would wear a hat a bit like Henry James's hat—and spats—and hushed, old-fashioned clothes, with a corn-flower, a little rusty, in the button-hole, and smell faintly of ale.

Every Princetonian of the "golden 'nineties" has heard of "Tark's" famous letter to James Barnes, describing Switzerland. It began: "Switzerland is a boarding house, infested by mountains". In the serious vein of concerned sympathy is a letter sent when Owen Johnson was down with typhoid fever. "Tark" had had it. Not knowing Owen Johnson's address he wrote to me. "Do tell Owen to be careful. . . . But then the recovery. It is the most wonderful thing in the world. You are new, made all over again, with every simple joy in life restored."

That letter naturally leads to memories of Owen Johnson; to recollections of a close friendship of many years' standing, and days of companionship on both sides the Atlantic. Just as I see Richard Harding Davis in *Captain Macklin;* just as I see "Tark" in *The Gentleman from Indiana,* and *The Turmoil;* I see Owen Johnson in all the inventive, ingenious, diabolical boys of the Lawrenceville stories, *The Varmint, The Tennessee Shad, The Eternal Boy,* and *The Humming Bird.*

There were years when every other day brought him to the old BOOKMAN office in the hope of luring me away from legitimate work. When he did not call he telephoned, never giving his own name but announcing himself as "the sheriff of New Rochelle", who wanted me "on a speeding charge", or as I. M.'s "social secretary". If when calling, he chanced to find a new young woman in charge of the information desk, he invented on the spur of the moment the most preposterous stories. He was the laundry man; he was tired of calling to collect that bill; positively he would not go away until I had paid him. "I thought he looked swell for a laundry man," was one young woman's subsequent comment. Not satisfied with his own mischief, he persuaded other callers to adopt his tactics. On one occasion that led to an embarrassing situation.

One morning I was busy dictating when the desk telephone bell rang. "Colonel Theodore Roosevelt to see you." My natural reply was that Mr. Johnson was in Europe and that I was entirely too busy to see any of his imitators. I thought that would settle the matter. But again the bell. "Colonel Roosevelt, honest." I invited the Colonel, in quotation marks, to seek diversion elsewhere. A third ring. "Shall I send Colonel Roosevelt in, or shall I tell him to wait in the reception room?" "Tell him to wait and that he will need plenty of patience." It was half an hour later that I went out to deal with the intrusive joker. Of course, it was Colonel Roosevelt. Knowing Owen Johnson, he shook with laughter when I told him the story.

Just as "Tark" formerly had his "Jinx", Owen Johnson always has had what is known as the "Indian Sign" on me. I have never won a bet from him and never will; never had the better of him in any form of encounter save an occasional round of golf. Even then satisfaction has seldom been quite complete. When the occasional victory has seemed within grasp, he has suddenly been seized with the idea that some one may be calling him on the long distance telephone. After all golf is not to be permitted to interfere with the more vital obligations of life. Then suddenly I have found myself alone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His inventive mind has worked out grotesque wagers, akin to the "election bets" of the age of innocence. Once I was the usual victim. He wheedled, cajoled, or bullied me into making them. As a result I was obliged to wear for a long period a green Alpine hat of preposterous design, a hat that positively "yodelled"; for another long period a species of spat that shouted to high heaven. There was no compassion in his heart. Shylock-like, he came round every day to see that I was living up to the terms of sartorial ignominy. I was not the only victim of his curious sense of humor. It is for Charles Hanson Towne to tell of the poster that once decorated windows along the board-walk of Atlantic City.

IV

Probably every American who has lived for any length of time in England, who has come into intimate contact with real English people, and therefore derives impressions from sounder sources than casual acquaintance with hotel porters and waiters and railway guards, has been moved to write on the old topic of the differences between the two nations. He has arrived at a realization that the clash of amiable battle that has always been going on will continue to go on; that each country has its own mental attitude and its own language or, as Kipling has phrased it, that we are brothers "hedged with alien speech, and lacking all interpreter". Consider the strange havoc wrought when an English writer invades the realm of what he conceives to be American slang. P. G. Wodehouse is the only Englishman in history who has attempted that without coming an awful cropper.

A recall a dinner of the "Whitefriars", a literary club that meets from time to time at Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street. Everybody used to make a speech of some sort. When my turn came I told my favorite English story, the account of how I once tried to deceive a waiter in a rural inn as to my nationality, dropping my "h's", calling for "a plyte of grypes", asking for a copy of the "Dyley Myle", with the only result of having him acquiesce: "Yes, sir, certainly, sir. Beg pardon, sir, but we had another Hamerican gentleman stopping here yesterday, sir". That story seemed to go. I plumed myself that for once I had "put over" something that Englishmen understood. But I was disillusioned when, at the end of the evening Richard Whiteing, the author of *No. 5 John Street,* who was in the chair, came to me and said: "What you were trying to illustrate, was it not, was the very lowest form of Cockney dialect?"

My affection for the Savage Club of London, of which I have been a member for years, is akin to my affection for the Players and the Nassau of Princeton at home. There I have many close friendships. But even there the amicable international battle rages. I am one of those who believe that Theodore Roosevelt would turn in his grave if he knew to what base uses his phrase "one hundred percent American" had been put; of the boorishness, bad manners, crude selfishness, lack of consideration for the sensibilities of others that it has been made to cover. But an American in close association with English people has to fight, and usually he is quite ready to fight. At home, in the company of fellow Americans, I feel at liberty to abuse many American institutions; in England, I defend them all, save one, and that I do not consider an American institution. But through long experience I have learned that the weapon to use against Englishmen is not the bludgeon but the rapier.

Many of my English literary associations are of the Savage. It is there that I have seen Leonard Merrick most often, at once one of the shyest and most lovable of men, at last able to enjoy the prosperity to which he is entitled as one of England's most delightful story-tellers. In the Savage, Arthur Morrison has told me of the old London that he knew in his youth, but that is now irrevocably gone. At the Savage, a few years ago, St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Ervine was almost a daily visitor. There are other London literary memories. With Sir Arthur Conan Doyle I had breakfast many years ago at Morley's Hotel on Trafalgar Square, wanting to talk of Sherlock Holmes, and Sir Arthur being interested only in his *The Great Boer War*. Several times I was a guest at the hospitable table of the late Henry Arthur Jones in his home in the north of London.

A memorable day was one spent with Rudyard Kipling at Bateman's, Burwash. It was June 1, 1920. I was directed to take the morning train down from Charing Cross Station to Etchingham, where the Kipling motor car was to meet me. I remember that a few months before "Tark" and I had been speculating about the personal Kipling. We pictured a wizened, prematurely old man, burned out in the fire of early achievement. The Kipling I found looked almost boyish in his sport clothes, and there was the vigor of youth in his action. I did not go to interview him. I cannot conceive of anyone interviewing Kipling. Like Theodore Roosevelt, he did all the interviewing.

After the first formality had worn off Mr. Kipling asked that everything that he might say be held confidential. When I assured him that it would he talked fully and freely. The promise I made has been always kept and always will be. But there is one story that may be freely told. It concerns the writing of the poem "France", and Kipling's amazing gift of prophecy. "France", picturing the British lion and Gallic cock side by side holding the Western front contains such lines as

We were schooled for dear life's sake to know each other's blade.
What can Blood and Iron make more than we have made?
We have learned by keenest use to know each other's mind.
What shall Blood and Iron loose that we cannot bind?
We who swept each other's coast, sacked each other's home,
Since the sword of Brennus clashed on the scales at Rome
Listen, count and close again, wheeling girth to girth,
In the linked and steadfast guard set for peace on earth!

I told Mr. Kipling that I had had an argument and a bet as to the time that the poem had been written. I had claimed that it had appeared before the outbreak of war. "You win," he said and went on to tell me of the poem's origin. The President of the French Republic was to visit London and Mr. Kipling was invited to write a poem for the occasion. He recalled that a few months earlier he had been dining at a French officers' mess. Sitting next to him was a French colonel who insisted upon the imminence of war. "It is coming. It is certain to come and come soon. The question is, what will England do?" "Then," said Mr. Kipling, "I made the plunge. 'We are going to take over your left wing.'" With the memory of that talk with the French colonel, "France" was born.

A curious and almost uncanny recollection is of the meeting with Maurice Maeterlinck that never materialized. It was in the winter of 1912. I was in London with Edward H. Dodd, of the firm of Maeterlinck's American publishers. We decided to return to the United States by way of the Mediterranean and, in doing so, call upon Maeterlinck at his home in Nice. Maeterlinck, apprised of the projected visit, wrote warmly welcoming the idea. But Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, Maeterlinck's official English translator, shook his head. "Here is his latest letter. It is dated from his villa in the Quartier des Beaumettes, which is the rising ground to the west of the town. You will find him there; that is, if you find him at all. For he is a very difficult man to find. That is one of his peculiarities."

It was the night before the departure from Nice. Our time was limited. At its mole in the Marseilles harbor the old *Santa Anna* was preparing for its departure the next day. We started on the quest. At the hotel they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could tell us nothing. The driver of the *fiacre* was no better informed. Surprised but undaunted, we were soon winding our way slowly between high stone walls, up the beautiful Beaumettes slope. From villa to villa we travelled, to be met everywhere by puzzled, negative headshakes. "M. Maeterlinck? We do not know him. We have never heard of him. We do not think he is of the Quartier. Perhaps if you inquire at the villa beyond you will learn something."

For two hours in the darkness, sweet-scented by the breath of semi-tropical plants and flowers, we kept up the search, but without success. Here was a prophet indeed unknown in his own country. What was the reason for the mystery? Was there a vast conspiracy of silence and pretended ignorance on the part of his neighbors? Were solitude and freedom from interruption so necessary to his being that the great man had sworn them to secrecy? Under the conditions, I think not. Or had he draped himself in some mysterious veil, some figurative coat of invisible green through which the eyes of those who dwelt in the Quartier des Beaumettes had never been able to see? About the enigma there was something weird. We had been told to seek him in a mansion by the sea. We could hear the waves of the Mediterranean beating against the rocks below. But was it another ocean—an ocean of the Never-Never Land that had been meant? "Is there a real Maeterlinck house?" we asked ourselves. Or is his habitation of such dream stuff as the House of Usher?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHURCH FESTIVAL

by Mary Johnston

EACH spring the Presbyterian ladies had a festival, and likewise the Episcopal ladies and likewise the Baptist ladies. Greenway being only a village and the surrounding country no more populous than other surrounding countries, it meant a strain alike upon the preparatory and the purchasing powers, even though in this case these powers became religious and, therefore, should stand strain. Old Mr. Aldwick regularly suggested that the three churches pool their festivals and divide the profits. But who ever heard of such a thing? It is necessary in this life to stand out a little, it is necessary to have distinction! Immemorially so! And if there weren't something to work for and be interested in, and to sacrifice for over and above personal necessity — well, the world would be in a bad way!

Lydia and Fran and Norwood were awfully glad that the ladies didn't do any such foolish thing. Three festivals were *much* better than one festival. Three festivals were one festival just delightfully happening three times, with each time a different variety of wonderful experience in a pristine, marvellous world! For Lydia, the world was ten-and-a-half years old, for Fran nine, and for Norwood eleven. Worlds at these ages can stand three festivals all in the month of May. It had to be May because of the strawberries. Churches, too, the country over, seemed to have a predilection for May, or at least springtime, though naturally festivals were held in other seasons, money always being needed. The Presbyterian ladies, just now, wanted it for India.

> From Greenland's icy mountains,
> From India's coral strand . . .

Lydia said the words over and over in a kind of intoxication. Coral strand. Coral strand. "From India's coral strand" . . . The coral strings with gold clasps that Mrs. Duncan used for her baby's sleeves—dear, little short, puffy, nainsook sleeves fastened with coral strands. Little bits of rosy coral, three and four strings together.

> From Greenland's icy mountains,
> From India's coral strand . . .

Lydia knew the meaning of "strand" for Miss Sally had told her. Miss Sally taught her in Sunday School. Moreover, she had read a book about India. Elephants—terrible idols big as mountains—warm all the time—coral strands with waves of the sea chasing one another up them, waves like those that swallowed Pharaoh . . . when they weren't little, darling waves.—Idols and heathen, heathen and idols.—Palm trees. I wish I might see palm trees.—Spice . . . allspice, nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves.

The Presbyterian church stood on the Presbyterian Hill. Oaks grew about it, just now with the divinest, fresh, young leaves. The grass was blue grass and violets mixed themselves with it. There was room, being warm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

May, for tables under the trees. Likewise for them in the Sunday School room if it set in to rain. But it wasn't going to rain. No, not it! This spring the Presbyterian ladies found themselves especially ambitious, for India's needs were great. Moreover, there were strangers in town, important persons staying at the Harper House, big men come to look things over in the interest of a Railroad. Railroad—Railroad at last through this region! After years of agitation. Such agitation as Greenway and Walnut Hill and Stebbins could make. . . . The first train roars in, roars through! We might hang the locomotive with roses. Produce to market, cattle and horses to market. People getting off and strolling about Greenway and saying "We'll stay here". Silver dollars and a thin golden stream and greenbacks fluttering around. The capital only five hours away, the capital and its joys. The world and Greenway in touch. . . The guests at the Harper House—and they had their wives and they had their daughters —would certainly come. They had been invited and had accepted. But not in the afternoon—driving then to River Point. Both afternoon and evening then. Not that they had not done that, too, before, the Presbyterian ladies—India's needs running perpetual and great. Tables under the oaks with Japanese lanterns, and in the Sunday School room as well. If it rained, all in the Sunday School room. But surely it wasn't in God's interest to let it rain. Several pointed this out to Him. "O Lord, the heathen—. We need a good sum for the heathen."

Lydia and Fran were going to be flower sellers. They always were, or at least they had been as far back as they could remember, for three years anyhow! Lydia's dress was a smoky blue dimity with a small pink flower whose species she could never decide. Maybe it was a rosebud, but then certainly not! Maybe it was a clove pink, but no, there were reasons against that. Maybe it was larkspur—maybe it was wake-robin. All of them or none of them. "I believe," thought Lydia, "it is a fairy flower," and at once she was off with Thomas the Rhymer.

> "O no, O no, Thomas!" she said,
> "That name does not belang to me;
> I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
> That am hither come to visit thee."

Fran had a white dress with a million little ruffles and a blue sash. Mother had done the ruffles. Fran was mother's girl. "I don't really care," thought Lydia. "I can look at her being it. I can look at myself, too, in a blue dress with little pink flowers." But that detachment didn't always prevail. Sometimes she was green-eyed jealousy itself in regard to mother and Fran. " 'Mother's baby'! Well, I'm not a baby anyhow!"

When it came to selling flowers to Greenway in May truly "coals to Newcastle" was not in it! But the buying would be for Foreign Missions, not for any novelty in flowers. Small, bright bunches on a silver salver. "Will you buy flowers, Mr. Everard? Will you buy flowers, sir?" Japanese lanterns—Japanese lanterns like colored moons with mountains and reedy seas and flights of birds. Small, bright bunches of flowers on old, thin, silver salvers —Grandmother Curran's salver, Grandmother Bankhead's salver. Fran carried hers *so;* Lydia carried hers *so*. There were other little girls selling flowers, but they all had only lacquer trays. Indeed, Sarah Ann Berry had just a common tin waiter. It was pleasant, thought Lydia, to belong to the aristocracy.

The Episcopal and the Baptist ladies contributed to the list of the salables and the success of the occasion. When it came the turn of their festivals they would expect as much of the Presbyterian ladies. They couldn't imagine, any of them, how the others could think of religious things as they did. Each denomination pitied the other and on occasion shrugged. But they were all Christian, they all had salvation, they were inside! The heathen were outside. The heathen were for all —their problem and their opportunity. "Lord," prayed Peter Barclay, the Presbyte-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rian minister, on his knees in his study, or walking up and down underneath his old cedars. "Lord, let Thy kingdom come! Let Rama, let Buddha, let Mohammed know Thee for Who Thou art, and themselves the shadows! Let their images fall and their temples and mosques crumble! Let the gongs and the muezzin be silent and only Thy church bells ring forever more! And only the true metal, Lord, not the popish bells!"

Fran, before the pantry table with her hands behind her back, gloated upon the three cakes that mother was sending, that Betty was preparing to wrap in white cloths, that Big Sam stood waiting to take. A white fruit cake, a marble cake, a spice cake, and she had watched each one when it was mixed, and Betty had made her a little white fruit rake of her very own, and she had watched mother ice them, bunches of grapes and pretty leaves and stems all made of white icing, and the icing that dropped to the paper beneath mother let you scrape away with your little finger, so that it didn't touch the cake, and eat. There had been enough icing left in the bowl for her own little white fruit cake. . . . Dolls' tea-parties. On the Little Porch or under the syringa. Blue and white doll-dishes. Princess Alice and Rosabelle and Melinda. Rosabelle's pink tarlatan had a rent in it. Get a needle and thread.

Betty wrapped the cakes and Big Sam took them to the Festival in a basket. . . . Tables under the oaks and in the Sunday School room and twenty ladies, setting and decorating the tables and India in the background, dark and white-clad and benighted. Mother, too, was going now to the Festival to help, going early. Fran begged to go with her. Mother had a lavender dress and bonnet and a thin black shawl. Mother was so beautiful. Fran wanted to go with her always and everywhere.

Lavender dress and thin black shawl. "He gave me this shawl. James gave it to me. James, where are you? James, do you see me? James, I love you, love you always! . . . It is going to be a pretty day after all.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining; . . .
Into each life some rain must fall . . .

Ivy and box. Look, Fran, at the little, fresh ivy sprays!"

The festival would begin at three though no crowd might be looked for before four. The white-covered tables, artistically placed, each under its oak tree, had their table-cloths looped with garlands, and on the white plains what Greenway could do when it came to festivals and the salvation of the world. Strawberries in rosy mountains, and strawberry ice cream, in so many freezers behind the tables, packed in ice, awaiting invasion. And jelly in moulds of melon and pineapple, calves'-foot jelly, wine jelly, amber and red. And cakes galore, Greenway ladies being famous for their cakes. Fruit cake, pound cake, jelly cake, cocoanut cake, angel cake, snowballs, citron cake, marble cake, spice cake, sponge cake, lady fingers, Great-Aunt's cake, Adam and Eve cake. And naturally there were other things beside all these. . . . And the Japanese lanterns were being hung. Mr. Campbell, the Sunday School Superintendent, was seeing to this, directing Joe the sexton, and Abraham, the son of Joe. Hang the big one there, Joe, from that bough. . . *A man dangling from an oak bough—among higher mountains and narrow, rapid streams, long ago, long ago, and the pipes skirling, skirling, skirling, and the pipes skirling. . . .*

Norwood put his tousled red head around a thorn bush. "Hi, Abraham!"

"I sees you but I's occupied."

Norwood deposited with Aunt Viola the angel cake he was bringing from home. She took it and gave him a snowball—two, a big one and a little one—for she was extremely fond of Norwood and indeed the whole connection expected him to grow up and go to the Seminary and become a minister. There had always been one, father to son, in his branch of the family. Norwood took the cakes with a wide-mouthed smile and sea-blue eyes drawn almost shut. Fran, importantly pinning ivy leaves upon the white table-cloth,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paused in her labors to regard him. "You working for the heathen?" demanded Norwood. "Yes. Don't you want to? They want some more ivy."—"Where do you get it?"—"Off the back of the church."

At the back of the church the sole chatter came from the birds. Norwood sat on the grass and ate his cake, then lay on the grass, upon his back, with his knees up and his rather grimy hands behind his head. "There's a ship—a ship up in the sky. She's a five-master—every bit of sail is out—she's going round the Horn."

Greenway town clock had a musical voice, deep and musical. *One . . . One, Two . . . One, Two, Three.* "Clocks now—how wonderful are clocks!" thought Miss Dorinda Clarke. "The one at Strasbourg with all the Apostles coming out and the cock crowing. I should so like to travel!"

Miss Dorinda, with several other ladies, had the fancy-work table under the big oak with a string of Japanese lanterns. Fran, having given up the ivy, wandered over here and stood in ecstasy. What of all things she coveted for mother was Miss Jane Fortescue's wax flowers under glass—or the old, tall, candle shade with little *décalcomanie* pictures—or the ivory fan that someone had given. *One, Two, Three,* said afar, like a musical giant, the town clock. The festival began. Naturally there were few in the first hour; 'twas always so; but then they began to stream. When the sun was in the top oak branches and thereafter.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains . . .

The Baptist ladies over a wide region had a missionary in the Congo. Mumbo-Jumbo, cannibals, witch-doctors, hippopotami. . . . The Baptist minister, Hugh Price, and the Presbyterian minister, Peter Barclay, ate strawberry ice cream and white fruit cake in company. There followed always the same drama. The ministers wished to pay for their refreshments; the serving ladies would not hear to it. They insisted among lyric refusals. At last Peter Barclay paid for Hugh Price and Hugh Price paid for Peter Barclay. The idols of India were a dollar the nearer destruction.

Roll down their golden sand!

Hugh Price sat on the church steps and looked things over. "It isn't intellect—it's the heart. In June the Baptist festival. . . . That's a pretty girl yonder, but not so pretty as Catherine Derry. . . . Thank God, I am what I am. I couldn't be a Presbyterian, I could sooner become a Roman Catholic. If I weren't a Baptist, I think I would be a Roman Catholic. . . . Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus of Nazareth, increase my love of my neighbor! . . . In Africa today, in Africa today. Heat and a great yellow river, moving like a serpent, moving like a cat. The huts of that village under palm trees and breadfruit, and the little mission church with palm thatch and a bell, the bell they brought up the river. . . . And my brother, my brother John, giving his life there, giving his health, giving his youth, giving his life. . . . John, can't you hear me, can't you sit here beside me, out of that torrid hell? . . . 'Greater love hath no man. . . .'"

Joe the sexton and his son Abraham and Big Sam foregathered in the clump of ailanthus, thorn and pawpaw where stood in row the ice cream freezers. Joe was highly venerable, with gray hair, a straight spine and a powerful frame. Joe Harris. . . . Joe Harris who had belonged to the old General. . . . Joe who had dug so many graves in the neighboring graveyard. "They going have a good day, iss, they is! Folk at the Harper House going buy out all that's left when the lanterns is lit."—"What you gwine do when the Railroad comes? Gwine ride on it, Mr. Harris?"—"Iss, I is. I ride on a train twicet. I ride on a ship and on a canal boat and on a street car and on a stage coach and on a train, and sometime I gwine ride in the air."—"When the Lawd come, you mean, Mr. Harris?"—"The Lawd comes all the time. I asks you, ain't life

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and ain't death coming all the time? The Lawd stands between. He lift he right hand and it's life. He drap he left hand and it's death. But I meant a train or a ship or a stage coach that goes in the air. I dreamed it oncet—and I was on it—and I know it's coming. Jest like dishyer Railroad that we thought never was coming by Greenway." Abraham his son was thinking—moonlight on the gum tree, and that still excrescence upon the limb is an opossum. Three hounds, and they talk to him, and they'll bring him down by and by.

One, Two, Three, Four, Five!!! cried the town clock and the festival spread its skirts and wore its crown. "Won't you have a bouquet, sir?—Won't you have a bouquet, ma'am?" The bouquets were small, they must be small or they wouldn't be bought, and each had a rose geranium leaf or a sprig of lemon verbena. Silver dimes tinkling on a silver salver. In India pigeon-blood rubies and great, deep emeralds. In India great gongs beating, and burning-ghats, and many-armed idols.

All Greenway was coming to the festival, now and later; most of Walnut Hill, most of Stebbins. All of the pleasant country houses round about were coming. The aristocracy were coming, and the commonalty down to a certain point. They were here—all the hill was buzzing—a wonderful hive making wonderful honey for a wonderful Queen named Foreign Missions. The flower sellers reaped dimes, for people were in a buying mood. (The Railroad was certainly coming.) The big men at the Harper House were coming (in the evening) to the festival and their women-folk with them. They had money, a million apiece no doubt. A sense of money was gathering and spreading—a subtle aroma—not geranium nor citronella but powerful.

The ice cream was holding out, the cakes were holding out, some wonderful prevision having told the Presbyterian ladies that this was the day of a neap-tide. . . . Norwood now had a clean shirt and his Sunday jacket, but his red hair couldn't get combed. He went and talked to Miss Dorinda Clarke. "I've got a dollar. I want to buy two presents. What would you say I ought to get?"—"For whom are they, Norwood?"—"For Grandmother and for Lydia. Have you got a book?"—"No, I haven't, Norwood, but here are some lovely book-marks."—"That shell. Where'd you get it?"—"It was old Miss Hull's. Haven't you seen it on her parlor mantelpiece? She said she didn't have anything else, so she'd give that."—"It's beautiful, I think. I'd like it for Lydia."

Lydia and Fran and other flower sellers, including Sarah Ann Berry, reaped dimes. A tremendous exhilarating extravagance wrapped Presbyterian Hill. Likewise it was the period of buttonhole bouquets and of clusters of flowers below the throat, between the breasts of women. Pansies, the early yellow rose, lilies of the valley, veronica.

Mr. Campbell bought pansies. Pansies, that's for thoughts. *Heather and the wild rose.* Yes, indeed, Mrs. Nicholson, I'll lift it for you. A very successful occasion! But you ladies always make it so. . . . We are doing very well, Mr. Barclay! Yes, yes, we are doing our best. No, of course, that is so. None but God does his best. I thought if you'd make a little talk to the Sunday School about the Mission? . . . *The pipes, the pipes skirling. The tree and the crag.* Ha, Mr. Price, if I can help you next month with Africa, call on me! Have you heard from your brother lately? A great work he is doing—a great work. . . . I'll make the round of the tables. . . . *Hanging and swinging, hanging and swinging. But I've had his blood. I've burned his house. My knife's in her heart whether she lives or dies.* From where does that come, O Lord, from where does that come? Miss Dorinda, are you selling your stores? Bead work and shell work and wax work and crocheting—

"I've set aside," said Miss Dorinda, "a stamp box for you. This one with the painted scene. I said, 'There! That's for Mr. Campbell. The Highlands of Scotland. Ben Crua-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chan and a hunted stag swimming the loch.' I knew you'd like it. You know, I'm mad for things that bring up other things. I suppose they all do, if we'd pay attention!"

"I was never in Scotland. I've never seen a loch, nor yet the ocean."

"How absurd!" said Miss Dorinda and took his money for the box. The festival shimmered at its height, or almost at its height; evening with the Japanese lanterns and music from the Greenway String Band would be the pinnacle . . . and all the tables rearranged and additional cakes set out and new freezers of cream, and all the fancy work left from the afternoon . . . table mats and lamp mats and baby sacques and afghans, macramé lambrequins and baskets, spatter work and pin cushions and painted plaques, tidies and emery bags and starch bags and cat-tails gilded in strangely painted jars, texts worked in colored silks upon perforated cardboard, sachet bags and turkey-feather fans, hemstitching, tatting and embroidery, and on and on and on. . . . Fresh small bouquets on silver salvers. . . . And the hands of the clock were drawing toward six, and at six would occur interregnum. *One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six.* Interregnum.

Seven to ten. What do figures mean anyhow? thought Lydia.

> One, two,
> Buckle my shoe;
> Three, four,
> Open the door;
> Five, six,
> Pick up sticks;
> Seven, eight,
> Lay them straight.

Seven in May equalled a soft rose dusk, and the frogs down by Greenway Creek creaking and croaking. Presbyterian churchyard hadn't many people in it now, and the tables were tired. That would all change when the lanterns were lighted and the moon came up. The moon was a lantern; each lantern was a moon. "Why don't ghosts carry lanterns? They never do. If I saw a ghost I'd die. Sarah Ann Berry, I'd die! . . . I'm tired of the smell of these flowers and of taking in dimes. I'm going away by myself and sit under that tree."

Joe and Abraham and Big Sam lighted the lanterns, Mr. Campbell directing. . . *Dangling and dangling from that oak, and a wind comes up from the sea.*

The Baptist minister, walking about by himself, his hands behind his back, met Mr. Carmichael, the rector of Saint Anne's, coming in at the gate. They greeted. "I couldn't get here earlier. Old Mr. Aldwick died."

"Greenway will find it strange to be without him."

"Yes. . . Death. . . I hear it's a highly successful festival, and India will profit. You and Africa next month, and then we and China take the road."

The lanterns were lighted now, in wreaths, in single moons. Greenway's string band, under the tulip tree, began to tune its fiddles. Through the arched gateway returned, or appeared, who had not appeared before, the attenders of festivals, predestinate helpers of strayed continents. Death, thought Mr. Carmichael. Greenway will find it strange to be without him. I wonder now if it is without him, now, this minute. I wonder. . . . O God, I wonder and I wonder.

Fran had a saucer of ice cream, and Mother bought one also for Sarah Ann Berry. They ate them together, under the Rose of Sharon bush by the church steps. About the churchyard were scattered benches, and ladies in soft full skirts, flounced and billowing, sat upon these, and gentlemen brought them refreshments, or stood and talked to them, bent from the waist, gallantly conversing. And now the moon was up, round and neither silver nor golden but between, and she and the Japanese lanterns and a manner of light that yet shone from the west gave the whole an appropriate illumination. The string band played "Know'st thou the land?"

Fran said, "I think I'll have a tea-party tomorrow. Princess Alice and Rosabelle and Melinda will want to talk it all over".

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm going to tell Evangeline all about it before I go to bed," said Sarah Ann Berry.

Fran thought, "She hasn't got but that old Evangeline with a mended arm . . ." and as if she answered that, Sarah Ann Berry thought, "I'd as soon have one as many! Anyhow my Evangeline's got sense, which is more than her three have!" Fran thought, "And she hasn't got a mother like mine, no she hasn't!" Her heart softened. She looked at Sarah Ann's tin waiter beside her silver salver. "S'pose you come to the tea-party, Sarah Ann, and bring Evangeline. Mother will let me ask you, I know. It'll be at ten o'clock, under the syringa."

Mother came by in her soft, flowing lavender dress with her black lace shawl, like a Rose of Sharon. "Are you girls having a good time? Fran, darling, tell Sarah Ann to come to see you." She went on by. ". . . . for charity —for the greatest of these is charity. . . . It's coming night and isn't it beautiful with the moon and the stars and the lanterns? I remember . . . I was eighteen and James was twenty-four." Here was Miss Dorinda's table and she thought she would buy an embroidered handkerchief. Mr. Campbell came up to her. "Oh, Mr. Campbell, how do you do? Don't you think we're doing well by India?" —"Mrs. Curran, mayn't I buy you a bouquet? Pansies and veronica". . . *Violets and a fern leaf and the pipers piping around a house, piping in the moonlight.*

Norwood bore about with him the mother-of-pearl shell for Lydia. He didn't intend to give it to her until the festival was over and they were all going home together. He had found a piece of tissue paper to wrap it in. It had three moon-like spirals and when you held it to your ear there sounded the sea. It enraptured him. He went behind the cedar tree on the north side of the church and finding no one there sat down upon the grass and taking out the shell listened to those waves, wave upon wave from the other side of the world, from around the earth. He put it down. There rose the moon at his right and he swung himself to face her. A shell, a round shell, and what was her species?—though Norwood, at eleven, can hardly have thought that consciously. But he stared at her, and questions and answers and answers and questions floated far away in his mind.

The string band played "Old Folks at Home", and then it played "Maxwelton braes are bonny", and then it played "Nita—Juanita! Ask thy soul if we must part". The churchyard grew thronged. Everything was being sold. The colored lanterns glowed so beautifully among the trees and the moon shone in the higher branches, and the perfume of May powdered the world, and the voices of men and women, words and laughter, sounded as though they would sound forever. . . .

A stir, a piece of information running excitedly around, a thrill and access of power. Was that a locomotive—was that a train of cars thundering up? The Harper House folk —the Harper House folk were at hand! They were coming through the arched gateway, and the string band played "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms"—and now certainly Foreign Missions would greatly profit! In India, at the antipodes, Shiva the Destroyer saw his own Destruction. . . . Lydia, under the big tree, scrambled to her feet with her silver salver. Geranium leaf and citronella, tulips and scented flags and yellow roses. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENGLISH AND LOGIC

by Janet Rankin Aiken

OUR LANGUAGE is the most human of our institutions. Its spirit will elude alike those who see in it a well of purity undefiled, and those who denounce some of its manifestations as corrupt and foul. Like mortal men and women themselves, it is neither very good nor very bad; it can be all things to all men; but first and last, in nearly every detail of its progress, it is illogical. In this lies a charm. We, too, are not always addicted to logic.

First, take the question of "no" and "yes". One might suppose that a consistent individual's "no" would mean "no" and his "yes", "yes". But frequently the English language's no and yes come to the same thing. Imagine two human beings in the extremity of despair. One says, "I cannot but die". The other says, "I can but die". If words mean anything, one should die and the other live. But both die.

What difference can you discern between *ravel* and *unravel*? Or between "I wonder if she's there" and "I wonder if she's not there"? Or between "a matter of the first importance" and "a matter of the last importance"? Logically, by all rules of speech, these pairs should be contraries; in fact, they come to the same thing.

While we are on the subject of "yes" and "no," let us consider the nice question of the double (or multiple) negative. Anglo-Saxon, Classic Greek, Modern Danish, all regard the negative as being strengthened by repetition. To put it mathematically, —1 plus —2 plus —3 plus —4 equals —10. And in this the languages are logically paralleling our rules for the affirmative, since two affirmatives always have made an affirmative. *Duplication* and *reduplication,* for example, mean the same thing. If we say "Actually, six cows and ten horses were in that little barn!" we have at least four affirmative words, *actually, six, ten,* and *were;* and this does not affect the affirmation.

In the same way, Anglo-Saxon could have said "no hart nor none hound nor none deer didn't come". So could Homer. They would have meant that those animals really didn't come, and don't you forget it!

But as the primitive innocence began to die from English, and men got more restrained in their speech, the shades of the prison-house began to fall upon these exuberant negatives. Where Chaucer indulged freely, Shakespeare used them but sparingly, and Milton scarcely at all. It was not considered good literary manners to hammer the negative home by so many repetitions; the Romans did not do it, and sophisticated Latin, rather than ecstatic Greek, was the model for English of the early modern period.

And then the logicians came along, to administer a *coup de grâce* to the expiring negatives. They said that two negatives were illogical, because two negatives cancel each other and make an affirmative. They too could state it mathematically, thus: —1 times

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—1 equals +1. *I haven't got none,* said they, really and logically means *I have some.* And so they proceeded to speed the eradication of the double negative from their logical language.

But they forgot that, on this basis, no logician could object to "None of us never went nowhere". —1 times —1 times —1 equals —1, not +1. An opposition to a double negative on logical grounds really implies a sanctioning of a triple negative on equally logical grounds. Are the logicians ready to admit "None of us never went nowhere" to the best linguistic society? If not, it seems evident that there is a slip in logic somewhere.

Enough of "yes" and "no". Let us consider other departments where illogic reigns supreme. There are the so-called reflexive pronouns. Do we have, as consistency would dictate, *myself, herself, ourselves, hisself, theirselves?* Or, what would be equally logical, *himself, themselves, yourself, meself* and *usselves?* No, we must needs employ now a possessive, now an objective, pronoun. Consistency is nowhere.

English has *may* and *might, shall* and *should.* To be consistent it should also have *mote* and *must, owe* and *ought,* since these would be the present and past tenses of these verbs according to their forms in Anglo-Saxon. But English has eliminated *mote* entirely, has shifted *owe* to a different and sadder meaning and function, and now uses *must* and *ought* as both past and present.

When it comes to singular and plural, our language's notion of logic is hazy indeed. *Many a man* is undoubtedly as plural in intent as *many men.* Yet the former takes the singular *lives,* the second the plural *live.* We may try to logicalize our usage by saying that *many a man* takes *many men* one by one; but this seems rather an excuse after the fact than a real reason. Languages which use the plural verb in both constructions, and there are several such, have a better claim to logic.

Is *nothing* singular or plural? The answer seems to be that *nothing* is singular, but that *no one,* in its contracted form *none,* is plural! *Nothing was there* is accepted as good English, while *none of them were there* has the sanction of usage by all or most of the standard writers of English literature. In today's newspaper I saw "None of the . . . leaders was present". To me the sentence sounded stilted and unnatural, un-English in its regard for formal logic.

In this field of one and many we find more illogicalities; a *domino* is a mask, but *dominoes* is (are?) a game. *Vapor* is steam but the *vapors* was (were?) a fashionable malady of the Eighteenth Century. *Vesper* is evening but *vespers* is (are?) evening service. What can one do with a language like that? Do you use *this* or *these* with the singular words *odds, politics, news, pains* (*i.e.,* taking pains), *wages, means, tidings?* Don't ask me to decide; you will have sanction of one sort or another whichever you do.

Gender in English has its illogicalities. A songster, like a gamester or a spinster, is properly feminine. Historically the termination *ster* is distinctly feminine. Yet the vagaries of our tongue have made this word *songster* so much a masculine that a new word, songstress, has been formed with a doubly feminine ending, because *songster* had shifted its gender to the masculine. And on the other hand, many words have been attracted to represent the dominant female, which formerly might be used of males. Thus *girl, maid, hag, hoyden, witch* were all used of boys or men by writers of Elizabethan or earlier times.

So much for illogic in words and word-relations. As you perhaps surmise, the big story has been reserved to the end. There is one field wherein English beats the world, past and present, near and far, in this matter of illogic. That is spelling.

Did you know that there are over twenty ways to spell a sound which has no alphabetic symbol of its own in English, but which we call the *sh*-sound? Then let me marshal for your inspection the words *she* (sh), *su-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gar (s), *chandelier* (ch), *nation* (ti), *schist* (sch), *barouche* (che), *tension* (si), *fuchsia* (chs), *session* (ssi), *fashion* (shi), *ocean* (ce), *omniscience* (sci), *vitiate* (t), *officiate* (c), *social* (ci), and *nausea* (se). Now add to these *righteous* (teo), *latch* (tch), *anxious* (xio), *inflexion* (xi), and *nature* (tu), where the sounds in parentheses each represent two sounds, one of which is *sh,* and we have a total of twenty-one orthographic representations for this single sound. Could inconsistency farther go?

The answer is yes. For one vowel, the medial sound in *cake,* is found spelled in over twenty-five different ways. With little study I have found twenty-six, and a thorough research would probably add to the list. Would you care to hear it? Then consider *pale* (a-e), *paler* (a), *pail* (ai), *play* (ay), *gauge* (au-e), *campaign* (aig), *champagne* (ag-e), *straight* (aigh), *freight* (eigh), *vein* (ei), *they* (ey), *reign* (eig), *steak* (ea), *fête* (ê), *coupé* (é), *ballet* (et), *demesne* (es-e), *prayer* (aye), *praise* (ai-e), *parfait* (ait), *mêlée* (ée), *métier* (er), and add to the list the British pronunciations of *gaol* (ao), *eh* (eh), *dahlia* (ah), and *half-penny* (alf).

The consonant *sh* and the vowel *a* are the twin Sandows of linguistic illogic, its world champions. But perhaps a summary of English spelling methods may not be out of place, to show that these two are by no means alone in their glory.

English has 26 alphabet letters, 21 for consonants and 5 for vowels. English has some 44 sounds, 24 consonantal and 20 vocalic. To represent these 44 sounds in spelling, English has well over 400 separate orthographic combinations, making an average of 10 possible spellings per sound!

What can you do with a language like that?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MACAULAY: HISTORIAN TO THE PEOPLE

by John Macy

"To be a really great historian is perhaps the rarest of intellectual distinctions. . . . History, it has been said, is philosophy teaching by examples. Unhappily, what the philosophy gains in soundness and depth the examples generally lose in vividness. A perfect historian must possess an imagination sufficiently powerful to make his narrative affecting and picturesque. . . . The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of the age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction."

These sentences are from Macaulay's *Essay on History,* written when he was twenty-eight. They are important as his first expression of a theory or point of view which he maintained to the end of his life. The essay was only the fourteenth piece which he had published. Yet the precocious young man already had an assured place in the world of letters on the strength of what seems now a very slight accomplishment. Two years later his attacks on James Mill's utilitarianism attracted the attention of Lord Lansdowne, who was looking for bright young men to bring new blood into the Whig or Liberal Party, and gave the brilliant Macaulay a seat in Parliament. Macaulay immediately distinguished himself by his speeches on the Reform Bill and, barely turned thirty, was an established, even a salient figure in literature and politics.

It is possible to dislike, to despise, Macaulay's writings. It is almost impossible not to admire and like the man; unless, indeed, his impeccable rectitude provoke in us a perverse exasperation and we come to hate him for his very virtues. He was too masculine, too strong in common sense and robust good humor to be a goody-goody. But in all his life, in spite of many intellectual defects and errors and limitations of judgment, he never did anything wrong, anything mean, ungenerous, anything with the faintest streak of dishonesty. He was incorruptible, magnanimous, modest, unrevengeful, prodigiously industrious in public and private work, unselfish, loyal to persons and to principles. If Diogenes had met him the philosopher would have put out his lantern—and Macaulay would have lectured him on the fatuity of speculative philosophy. There is abundant and substantial evidence that everybody, even his political and critical adversaries, respected him, that his friends loved him, that his family, especially his sister's children, with whom he was a delightful big-boy playfellow, adored him. There is no evidence that he was ever in love, that he had any great passions, except the purely intellectual passions of controversy, which rose no higher than moral indignation and left not a scar on his amiable soul.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is almost impossible not to like him; it is equally impossible for us who know him only in printed pages to feel any great affection for him or any violent animosity. He is too serene, complacent and self-secure to excite hot emotions. We love torn and broken spirits, wounded by the world, degraded by evil passions and ennobled by lofty passions, the stuff of which great characters, great artists, are made. Macaulay never had troubles enough to bring out the full force of his virile and courageous nature, to hammer into a white heat the imagination which he undoubtedly had, but which seems never to have lighted up to full incandescence. He prospered from the beginning. At fifty he remarks with a kind of well-fed contentment on the happiness of his life. For him Kipling's line may be turned about to read: "God help him, for he knew the best too young!" He was so much the child of fortune that one feels something like regret that his generous heart failed him, that he died at fifty-nine and did not live another twenty years to enjoy his well-merited prosperity. Only that might have meant more volumes of the *History* than even his vast admiring public of seventy years ago would have cared to read. When life did hurt him he showed reserves of fortitude, a virile and practically philosophic equanimity, enough to bear ten times the burden that was ever put upon him; he had an immense strength of character that was simply never used. While he was at Cambridge his father lost his considerable fortune. The young man was outwardly not in the least disturbed, but devoted his high spirits to bracing up his family with good cheer, merriment, gaiety, endlessly vivacious talk. He faced the problem of supporting them, and, of course, after a brief period of poverty fortune smiled on his brave efforts and brought him immediate success in literature and politics. We may be sure that if he had failed he would have been just as brave, indeed more evidently brave and patient. In India, where his reform measures encroached upon the privileges of the old Anglo-Indian society and the newspapers attacked him with unspeakable indecency, he quietly removed the papers from his sister's drawing-room and went his way unruffled, unresentful, supported, it must be confessed, by his unfailing sense of self-righteousness. He was never more noble than in the last years when he knew that he was soon to die and approached the end with stoical calm, regretting only that his work must cease.

Macaulay's simple, plain but high standards of honesty, his disinterested devotion to what he thought was right are exemplified in two acts early in his public life. One was his stand on the proposed extension of copyright to an indefinite number of years far beyond an author's death, to his heirs and assigns forever, like a piece of real property. Macaulay, who had at least in prospect as valuable copyright interests as any other English author, opposed this measure as contrary to public welfare; he pointed out most neatly that if such a law had been in force books that belong to mankind, like Johnson's *Dictionary,* would be paying revenue to the descendants of some bookseller who had nothing remotely to do with the creation of the work. Less far-sighted authors than Macaulay thought that the brilliant young son of Literature had turned against his mother. But of course Macaulay was right, and the present copyright laws in England and the United States are about what he advised, providing amply for the protection of authors and the encouragement of literature, but not taxing the public *in perpetuum* on valuable books which have outlived their authors.

The other case is still more striking. Macaulay was Commissioner of Bankruptcy, a sinecure which brought him four hundred pounds a year and was his principal source of income. The Government in a fit of economy brought in a bill to reform the entire bankruptcy system in such a way as to wipe

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Macaulay's office out of existence. He voted for the bill. To point a moral, quite in Macaulay's manner, how many of our public men would vote themselves out of a job, especially if the job was all they had to depend on? It happened that Macaulay's fellowship at Trinity expired at about this time, and we find him selling the gold medals he had won at Cambridge for excellence in English verse. But trouble and Macaulay did not live long in the same room. He was soon appointed to the Board of Control, a comfortable berth. Yet he soon let his rigid conscience jeopardize that position. The Slavery Bill introduced by the Government was fairly liberal, but it was not satisfactory to extreme abolitionists. Macaulay's father had devoted his life to the cause of anti-slavery, and it was that devotion and the neglect of his business which resulted in his financial ruin. Macaulay was loyal to his father. He refused to support the measure, resigned his office, and attacked his own Government. But with Macaulay virtue always had its reward as persistently as in an Horatio Alger story. His resignation was refused. This noble attitude on the part of the Ministry is not quite so splendid as it seems at first glance. Macaulay was a brilliant and valuable man, and the Whig party needed every stick of good timber that was available. The tribute implied in the refusal of Macaulay's resignation was not to his honesty but to his ability.

From that time on his life is an uninterrupted succession of triumphs in literature and politics. And yet it may be questioned whether, with all his vigor and versatility, he was capable of following two careers at once and carrying each through to his full capacity. The call of his library made him only half the statesman he might have been. Public affairs, at which he labored most faithfully, left him only a few spare hours for his writing, and that explains why some of his essays are hasty and superficial, not meditated, not carefully thought out in reflective leisure. In the two manifestations of his power he only half-developed either, and not until at forty he retired from public life (though never wholly) and threw all his energy into his *History* did he realize for himself and his readers what he could do with his entire energy directed to one object. Macaulay is no solitary example of the man of letters entering political life or the politician with an interest in letters. It is one of the glories of the history of English thought that so many public men have spent their leisure, not, as a jealous democracy so easily alleges, in drinking port and chasing foxes, but in the laboratory and the library. Only, in most cases, the emphasis, the greater expenditure of energy, is solidly on one thing or the other, and the secondary interest is a subordinate avocation which does not seriously interfere with the major pursuit.

Macaulay seems to have wavered, though to be sure he never fell, between two stools. We would not willingly give up the *Essays* and the *History* for the greatest statesman that ever lived. Neither would we give up the great speeches for the Reform Bill and other crucial measures for even better essays and history. The only really serious contradiction in Macaulay's singularly consistent and successful life is this between the two sides of his genius. He was the stuff of which prime ministers are made; his bookishness hampered the statesman. And another contradiction inherent in his temperament is the contradiction between his downright, dogmatic confidence in his own opinions and his bland, amiable, clement tolerance. He knocks Mill flat and crashes through the gentle Southey's poetic dreams of a better state. But he will allow no nonsense about the civil disabilities of the Jews and is far above the intolerance of his day toward Roman Catholics, at the same time in his *History* making strangely unsound statements about Christianity and especially about the Church of England. He is a superb specimen of the bigoted liberal, of the not always reasonable rationalist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Macaulay's career is so easy-running, so open and above-board, and his character is so apparently simple and transparent that he has been explained by his admirers and his detractors with a too facile finality. There are, I believe, in that pleasant character some knots that have not been quite unloosed, or as it is now fashionable to call them, complexes. With an ignorance, perhaps quite worthy of Macaulay's impatience with all questions philosophic and psychological, I have some doubts about the modern method of reading character, especially in terms of psycho-analysis. But hesitantly I will make some suggestions about Macaulay in the light of the new knowledge so far as I understand it. He was a man of suppressed feelings and thwarted ambition.

How does it happen that this stalwart broad-chested man, who until his final illness was a tireless worker and found time to shine in society and be lionized by it, never fell in love, so far as we know, certainly never married, and most certainly, with his austere morality, never had irregular relations with women? The answer, of course, goes back to his childhood, to his home. His father was a dour Puritan, with whom Macaulay was never in sympathy, and from whose teachings he revolted to the anti-Puritan, anti-religious attitude which is expressed again and again in his writings. His childish love centered in his mother. His biographer unwittingly reveals the story. (And by the way, *The Life and Letters* by Macaulay's nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, is one of the supreme biographies in English literature.) The boy, a good student, fond of his books, wanted to stay home with his mother, and she had to drive him to school. Once when he was at boarding-school he fell ill and she went to nurse him. Years afterward he wrote:

> There is nothing I remember with so much pleasure as the time when you nursed me at Aspenden. How sick and sleepless and weak I was, lying in bed, when I was told that you were come. How well I remember with what an ecstasy of joy I saw that face approaching me. The sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, are present to me now, and will be, I trust in God, to my last hour.

Macaulay never wrote to or about any other living person in such fervent words. We are sure that he did not; his notes on the deaths of friends for whom we know he cared are quite cold. Either he did not feel deeply or, more likely, he kept his feelings under. He is so homesick that Trevelyan does not print the first letter he wrote on his return to school after the holidays, because it would be too cruel. The second letter to his mother, though dignified and proper, is pitiful enough. He is homesick, certainly not for his father nor for the home as a place, but for his mother. The necessity of supporting her and his sisters no doubt confirmed his attachment to them and kept his thoughts from other women. After his mother died, when he was thirty-one and had made his splendid speech for the Reform Bill, he transferred his affection to his sister's children.

We can now understand why he worked himself into fine frenzies of indignation and hostility to historical characters, pummelled men long dead, why this gentle good-natured man—a "lump of good-nature", he was called—allowed invective and impassioned argument to upset his historical balance. It was the release, the outlet for his emotions. How was this eminently successful man, this blazing child of fortune, thwarted? I believe that he wanted to be a poet and early discovered that he had not the gifts. His first efforts were in verse, and he won two prizes at the University for English poems. His natural bent, his instincts, were for poetry, drama and fiction. He was sanely self-critical and when at the age of forty-two he published the *Lays of Ancient Rome* it was with deep misgivings which he expressed with modest candor to Napier the editor. There was another consideration: in spite of Disraeli, it was a little beneath the dignity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a member of Parliament to be dabbling in polite letters, except learned translations from the classics. History and biography were another matter; the prime minister himself could be known as the author of a solemn three-decker. Macaulay was deterred by the limitations of his talent and by circumstances from being the poet and romancer that he wished to be. He found very early that he could write history and historical essays. And that explains the first sentence I have quoted: "To be a really great historian is perhaps the rarest of intellectual distinctions". We shall see how the romancer in him appears in his youth and then is suppressed as such but reappears in the *Essays* and the *History*.

II

Macaulay burst into literary fame with the celebrated *Essay on Milton* in 1825, the first of his many contributions to the *Edinburgh Review* and only the eleventh piece which he had printed. It is a remarkable essay for a young man of twenty-five, but judged on its merits it is deplorably bad. One reason for its success was lack of competition. The finer criticism of Lamb, Hazlitt and Coleridge had made little impression except on the intelligent minority of the reading public. The older men of the vigorous slashing reviews, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, John Wilson, were past their best days, though the *Edinburgh Review* was at the height of its power in politics and literary criticism. The field was open and clear for a young colt, and Macaulay was the colt. His few contributions to *Knight's Quarterly* had recommended him to those who kept their eyes on current literature; and Jeffrey, looking for new blood, invited the young man to write for the *Edinburgh*. It is no easy thing to write in response to an order like that, and it is surprising not that the essay is not first-rate but that it has any merit at all. In later years Macaulay repudiated it in toto. It is immensely important in the history of its author but it could be destroyed with no loss to literature. I do not know how it is now, but there was a time when the awful thing was inflicted on young people preparing for college by the foolish doctors whose business it is to prescribe tortures for the adolescent. The success of the essay was immediate and amazing. Macaulay, like Byron, awoke to find himself famous. And that association is warranted by good authority, for Murray, the publisher, said it would be worth the copyright of *Childe Harold* to have Macaulay on the staff of the *Quarterly Review*. In every house in Great Britain where books and reviews were read people began to read Macaulay and they continued to read him during his lifetime and for many years after his death. The story is told of Robert Hall, the orator, ill and in great pain, lying on the floor digging out of a dictionary and grammar enough Italian for him to verify the famous parallel between Milton and Dante. The poor gentleman might have spared himself the trouble, for the parallel does not exist. Macaulay knew Milton, but at that time he certainly did not know Dante, though he had published an essay on Dante in *Knight's Quarterly*.

Macaulay followed up this success with other essays. But first turn back to some earlier pieces in *Knight's Quarterly* which justify the belief that Macaulay was by instinct dramatist and novelist with a touch of the poet. Under other circumstances he might have become a writer of historical romances second only to Scott. Poetry and fiction were his delight and recreation. He read thousands of novels and once takes himself severely to task for reading so much trash. Note his first published prose piece, *Fragments of a Roman Tale*, written when he was twenty-three; then the dramatic bit, *Scenes from the Athenian Revels*. But most of all consider a beautiful piece, too easily overlooked, *A Conversation between Mr.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton Touching the Great Civil War. The piece is excellently dramatized; Macaulay provides each speaker with the best ideas on his side, makes the conversation sound like Seventeenth Century talk appropriate to the period and to the individual character. Most striking of all is the setting. Cowley and the recording gentlemen lead Milton down the Temple Stairs to a boat and they are rowed up the river for an hour, during which the conversation takes place.

> The wind was pleasant; the evening fine; the sky, the earth and the waters beautiful to look upon. But Mr. Cowley and I held our peace, and said nothing of the gay sights around us, lest we should too feelingly remind Mr. Milton of his calamity; whereof, however, he needed no monitor; for soon he said sadly, "Ah, Mr. Cowley, you are a happy man. What would I now give but for one more look at the sun, and the waters, and the gardens of this fair city!"
>
> "I know not," said Mr. Cowley, "whether we ought not rather to envy you for that which makes you to envy others: and that specially in this place, where all eyes which are not closed in blindness ought to become fountains of tears. What can we look upon which is not a memorial of change and sorrow, of fair things vanished, and evil things done?"

That is tender and human and lovely. There is nothing in Macaulay's later more important work which gives me such respect for his imagination and something like regret that its potentialities were never fully realized in the right direction.

Macaulay's work divides easily into verse, essays and history. The verse may be quickly disposed of. It is almost a dead failure from any but the most uncritical point of view, the point of view that approves "Home, Sweet Home" and similar atrocities. A thousand minor poets in the anthologies have a bit of the divine spark, a touch of the we-know-not-what of magic, necromancy, melody, which the otherwise lavishly generous fairy godmothers failed to leave in Macaulay's cradle. The best thing, selected by the unerring Quiller-Couch for *The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* is "A Jacobite's Epitaph". The rest evokes from most of us who have sensitive ears, as Arnold said, a cry of pain. The generous Saintsbury admonishes us that "there are few wiser proverbs than that which cautions us against demanding 'better bread than is made of wheat', and the poetical bread of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* is an honest household loaf that no healthy palate will reject". I protest that I do reject it and that my palate is healthy!

Macaulay found himself in the essays, especially those which deal with historical subjects or treat literature from the historical and biographical point of view. Macaulay was not primarily a literary critic and he knew it. He read endlessly and enjoyed books as much as any man that ever lived. His reading amounted to gluttony, a disease, a defect rather than a merit. His omnivorous taste and indiscriminate enjoyment account for his lack of critical tact or are positive expressions of that lack. He knew his shortcoming, for no man was ever more honest with himself, more free from pride of authorship, from pretense to merits which he did not possess. When Macvey Napier asked him for an essay on Scott, he replied: "I am not successful in analysing the works of genius. I have written several things on historical, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I am willing to be estimated: but I never have written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts which I would not burn if I had the power". Self-critical and just. I recall not even a single sentence of literary criticism in Macaulay which has the slightest value, but many which are banal. Compared with Macaulay's essay on Addison, that of Johnson—stodgy, dictatorial, thick of tongue though he be—is a paragon of suggestive appreciation. Macaulay gives an excellent account of Addison's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political background, for in that sort of thing Macaulay is at home; but he simply does not *get* Addison the literary artist. Johnson in his way does; the last paragraph of his essay is perfect and makes you want to dive into *The Spectator*. Likewise, Macaulay's essay on Dryden is, considered as literary criticism, quite dead, whereas Johnson's is curiously alive and leaps over Macaulay from the century before him.

Closely identified with Macaulay's failure to strike to the pith of artistic genius—really one and the same failing—is his inability to search the heart of man. He can dramatize vividly in action, gesture, outward appearance, any character that he meets in history, but he does not understand the inmost soul, the motives that are hidden under the surface and constitute the essential person. In this one respect he is like that same Francis Bacon whom he hales up and down the court of his prejudices. For Bacon knew everything under the sun, and much beyond it, except human nature, which he missed philosophically and, to his great loss, practically. There the resemblance between the two men stops. Bacon's mind was speculative and inquisitive; it revelled in problems and intellectual adventure. Macaulay had no use for a pure idea, for a sequence of thought pursued for its own sake. He was the last man in the world to write about Bacon, and his failure was complete and calamitous. Not only was his kind of mind wholly out of tune with Bacon but he made so many inaccurate statements that the great authority on Bacon, Spedding, took two volumes to correct and annihilate him. Macaulay prided himself on his fidelity to fact, and his intellectual honesty is usually beyond question, but in this essay he slipped badly, even to the point of falsification. Over Bacon's shoulder Macaulay takes a general scatter-shot at all speculative philosophy and he misses utterly the subtle and intricate character that lay beside and under that shoulder.

It was Macaulay's ineptitude as literary critic and his obtuseness to pure thought that caused the swift reaction against him among the literary men of the next generation who were concerned with critical, literary and philosophic ideas and cared little for his politics and public services. And among students of history and politics there was also a revolt against his method and against the patent superficiality of his generalizations. In his deliberate challenge to the old dull style of chronicle Macaulay had unwittingly fallen foul of a new school of history, the "scientific", the documentary. The new generation of historians, only a quarter of a century younger than Macaulay, included such exact and profound scholars as Stubbs, Gardiner, Acton. For these men and their disciples Macaulay and Carlyle simply would not do. And even J. R. Green, almost as popular and picturesque as Macaulay, had a closer regard for fact and a broader synthetic sense of the movements of people and social developments.

But no criticism, literary or historical, had any effect on Macaulay's fame with the general reader. The *Essays* and the *History* went triumphantly on and the *Lays of Ancient Rome* sold by the tens of thousands. No other essays in our language of such seriousness found so many readers. We shall see why when we come to the question of style. Many of the essays by virtue of form and substance deserved the admiration which persistently followed them as they came out in the *Edinburgh Review* and after they were collected in 1843. Macaulay's contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* became institutions in themselves, an important part of that vast national institution. We expect to find them in later editions of the *Britannica*, revised and supplemented by modern editors, and we should miss them greatly if they were not there. In their peculiar excellent qualities they have not been superseded.

The earliest essay which exhibits Macau-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lay's genius as an historical essayist at his best is the piece on the *Memorials of John Hampden,* published when he was thirty-one. He had already shown his skill in argument, his vigorous, even violent, partisan polemics, in his review of Hallam's *Constitutional History,* a Whig attack on a Tory history. But Macaulay as partisan, as political debater in print, is little better than a competent editorial writer and hardly less ephemeral in interest and value. In straight historical expository narrative like the essay on Hampden he is unrivalled. Here is a man after his own heart, a hero to be worshipped with the fervor of Carlyle, a simple character whom Macaulay can understand or at least warmly admire. There are none of Macaulay's favorite jibes at people and parties he did not like. The article is written with excellent dignity and genuine eloquence. The last paragraph is splendid.

Macaulay found another subject near to his heart and perfectly suited to his intellectual capacity in the elder Pitt, on whom he wrote his first essay at the age of thirty-four. It is a proof of Macaulay's sanity and good judgment, when he is in the right temper and in complete command of his subject, that he will have none of the indiscriminate hero-worship of Pitt's pious editor. The essay is moderate in tone; it is vivid and more than graphic, having that three-dimensional effect of which Macaulay is master. He is in full swing, at the height of his spirited prime, with all the dash, verve and vivacity which irritate the sober and delight the ordinary reader. When Macaulay is enthusiastic about a great man and the events that whirl round him, it is impossible to resist his rushing vigor. It is interesting to compare this essay with the second article on Chatham, written ten years later. There is no abatement of vigor but a great gain in sobriety and reflectiveness; for now Macaulay, though hard at work on his *History,* had leisure to meditate, to think *into* his subject. There is no doubt that Macaulay was growing intellectually stronger and wiser with the years. His article in the *Britannica* on the younger Pitt, written shortly before he died, is a perfect thing, solid, clear, undecorated, but with all the fascination and magnetism which is Macaulay's born gift and secret, and which no admirer can imitate and no adverse critic gainsay.

When at the age of thirty-eight Macaulay returned from India, where he had rendered inestimable services as legal adviser to the Supreme Council, his mind was at its finest, matured by years and also by a broader experience away from England. In the next three years he wrote three of his greatest essays, those on Sir William Temple, on Clive, on Warren Hastings, the first a masterpiece which never enjoyed the popularity which it merits, the other two the best liked and most widely read of his essays. The reason for the comparative neglect of the excellent article on Temple is that the casual reader knows and cares little about that distinguished gentleman except as the patron of the proud and dissatisfied Swift. Temple, indeed, is not one of Macaulay's heroes; he is "not a man to our taste". But Macaulay makes him a sort of keystone in a marvellously well proportioned arch, or, by another metaphor, he makes an unattractive character a kind of pivot about which the events and persons of the time rotate in a rhythmic whirl. There are just the right touches of color, just enough of that sense of excitement and movement in which Macaulay seldom fails, and which he sustains here with absolute control and unity of tone. There is also one of his finest passages on history, a perfect exposition of how he thinks the past should be treated and what is really significant in the annals of mankind.

If Temple is not an attractive subject, no subjects can be more alluring than the stories of Clive and Hastings. Macaulay's first-hand familiarity with India especially qualified him to write of these brilliant adventurers and intensified his feeling for the scene,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is one of his great and dramatic gifts. The story of Clive and the British conquest of India is an epic, and Macaulay tells it with his best narrative skill at sufficient length to give an impression of its magnitude but without prolixity and without a moment of the tedium which makes some great epics slow-footed in places. The oriental opulence and splendor of the style befit the subject and are managed with sure, if obvious, artistry. For the purposes of this paragraph I glanced at the beginning of it and woke with a start to find that I had read it through. I submit that that is an ordinary reader's test which is worth pages of analytical criticism. Indeed, Macaulay does not call for subtle criticism but rather for an intimate innocent exposure to him; then if you are not too wary and intellectually on your guard he captures you. Consciousness that you have been captured may irritate your critical self-esteem, but it is best to yield cheerfully, naïvely, to enjoy him and confess his power without more ado.

The India on which the epic of Clive is enacted is laid out before us like a panorama, and its history is told in clear sweeping summaries. The colorful passages of Macaulay's narratives have been called "purple patches". The expression is not quite happy. Macaulay's descriptions are not applied decorations which can be peeled off; they are woven into the texture of his substance and style, are inseparable from his narrative, and are essential to his natural idiom. Macaulay's artistry is sometimes cunning, as when he adroitly stimulates interest in the story of the subjugation of India by alleging at the outset that the English people are indifferent to it. Sometimes his method is glaringly obvious. But it is not artificial, not mere trickery. That is the way he honestly instinctively thought. If his imagination is not great it is perpetually alive and strengthened throughout by intellectual sincerity. The trial of Warren Hastings excites him even more than the exploits of Clive, because it is a tremendous debate, a contest of argument such as he loved. If he had been a contemporary of Burke he would have been in the thick of that fight, which was much more dramatic, picturesque and thrilling than debates about the Reform Bill. The events leading up to the impeachment are set forth with amazing lucidity and speed which swing the reader along to the conclusion as if history had contrived to arrange itself in a well-devised plot. And so it did in Macaulay's hands. The interest never lapses for a second, and the literary value of the performance is only slightly damaged by the charge, undoubtedly supported by the evidence, that Macaulay had made some reckless statements, had allowed his eloquence to carry him far from the strict truth.

Macaulay did not plan his life with conspicuous intelligence and foresight; he yielded too docilely to the slavery of politics and followed in a rather casual way wherever fortune led him. But such was the kindness of fortune that he seems to have calculated his career. Except for the late articles in the *Britannica* he stopped writing essays when he was at his very best in that form, leaving his readers with an appetite for more, an appetite which he was presently to satisfy in a new way with his *History*.

III

To the sentences at the head of this article add these, the first three from the essay on Hallam, the others from the essay on Temple:

> History, at least in its state of ideal perfection, is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents. But, in fact, the two hostile elements of which it consists have never been known to form a perfect amalgamation.
>
> There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are exceedingly fond, "the dignity of history." One writer is in possession of some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

anecdotes which would illustrate most strikingly the operation of the Mississippi scheme on the manners and morals of the Parisians. But he suppresses those anecdotes, because they are too low for the dignity of history. Another is strongly tempted to mention some facts indicating the horrible state of the prisons of England two hundred years ago. But he hardly thinks that the sufferings of a dozen felons, pigging together on bare bricks in a hole fifteen feet square, would form a subject suited to the dignity of history. Another, from respect for the dignity of history, publishes an account of the reign of George the Second, without ever mentioning Whitefield's preaching in Moorfield. How should a writer, who can talk about senates, and congresses of sovereigns, and pragmatic sanctions, and ravelins, and counterscarps, and battles where ten thousand men are killed, and six thousand men with fifty stands of colors and eighty guns taken, stoop to the Stock-Exchange, to Newgate, to the theatre, to the tabernacle?

Macaulay early conceived an ideal of history, which he realized in his own work so far as the limitations of his genius and the difficulties inherent in the subject would permit. In his history there is poetry of a pictorial and dramatic kind. There is no philosophy in any real meaning of the word, except that his positive hostility to philosophic speculation constitutes in itself a sort of negative philosophy. The dignity of history, as he contemptuously defines it, he threw to the four winds, though he maintained his personal dignity as an historian and often writes on an elevated moral plane. He wanted his history to be understood, to be enjoyed by young ladies, as they enjoy the latest novel. This was not a cheap condescension to the multitude and was very far from a debasement of his talents, prostitution to commercial ends. He was by nature and by circumstance indifferent to success measured in pounds sterling, though he was a practical man and loved heartily the good things of life. But he wished to be read, to reach a wide audience, to make his writing so clear and animated that no reader should be puzzled or bored. To him (and to many of us) the supreme literary crime is dulness. Whatever is not interestingly written is badly written, and the standard of interest is not that of the specially gifted and instructed but that of the ordinary literate man. He did not deliberately force and shape substance or style to his avowed purpose. His announced objective, his theory and ideal, did not create his manner and method. They are the result, rather, of his nature, character and born talent. He hit the center of the target with unerring aim. His success, granted his purpose and limitations, is absolute, perfect. And his reward was instantaneous, beyond his own expectations and the dreams of his publishers. The first two volumes of the *History of England,* published in 1848, took England by storm and found a large audience in the United States. No work, except some novels and books on religion, had such wide appeal. The public devoured the first two volumes and waited eagerly for more.

The *History* has all the charm of fiction, and to that is added the merit, flattering to the reader's intellectual pride, that it does contain serious and important information. Macaulay not only charms and excites the reader but compels him, domineers over him with self-confident vigor. He runs over you like a steam-roller and there is no escaping him. Or, if that image is too heavy, he lifts you into a swift-moving vehicle running on rubber tires over a tarvia road. You long for some Carlylean bump and shaking-up, even for a swerve into some morass of intellectual difficulty. It is all so continuously, monotonously plausible, and that is the only kind of monotony, the only tedium of which Macaulay is guilty. To people of real or pretended superiority of mind Macaulay's almost bullying assurance is offensive, especially if they can catch him—as they can—putting his powerful driving assertiveness behind some dubious or even untrue statement. But many readers like to have all their think-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing done for them, and everything in Macaulay is carefully predigested. He is undoubtedly nutritious, but he does not give the mental alimentary system enough to work on.

In his high spirits, vivacity, superficiality, lucidity, forthright masculinity, freedom from philosophic perplexities, immediate appeal to the senses of common people, Macaulay resembles his great contemporary, Dickens; and like Dickens he has heroes and villains, white whites and black blacks. So many valid objections can be advanced against Macaulay's *History* that there is no occasion for unfair and exaggerated censure. When Carlyle recommended that an invalid might be regaled by the last volume of Macaulay or "any other new novel", he was uttering a half-truth and a half that would have pleased Macaulay, for he avowedly wished and tried to give his work the interest of fiction. But Carlyle was living in a greenhouse when he accused another historian of making a romance of history! After all the substance of the *History* is in the main fact and much more rich and thrilling than anything that most novelists are able to invent. Another foolish criticism is that the *History* is a Whig tract or pamphlet. When Macaulay came to the *History* his interest in contemporary politics had waned and he had got over most of his partisan Whiggery; he frequently applauds upright Tories and abuses unworthy Whigs.

His chief failing is his inability to think deeply, to search character and motive through and through, to make really profound generalizations. He has no shadows, no depths, no doubts, no speculative reservations, no philosophic hesitations. In him there is no night, not even twilight; it is all broad noon in a blazing sun. It is a pleasant sun to bask in, but one must seek other writers with whom to brood and meditate and wonder. Can we always see clearly in such an incandescent light? In the second paragraph of the *History* four successive sentences begin: "It will be seen", and a perverse reader may retort: "Will it?" Yet if we go on, it will be found that it will be seen. Macaulay's most active senses are physical vision and movement. He has a talent for *mise-en-scène* worthy a great novelist or dramatist. And his portraits of persons in their exterior aspects leap out of the page as if you were looking not at words but at pigments. He portrays "with some minuteness the strong lineaments of his character" (William of Orange). It is doubtful if he probes to the bottom of William's character or that of any other man. But those two pages might be framed and hung on the wall. And there are a score of portraits equally vivid with a strong top-light above them, like the portraits in the show-window of a commercial gallery.

Macaulay is a born narrator and he has two manifestations of the art of narrative, apparently contradictory, really complementary. He can condense an immense amount into a compact summary without jamming the substance into shapeless obscurity. The first three chapters covering the history of England up to the time of the announced beginning of the *History,* the accession of James the Second, are remarkable pieces of compression and rapid narrative; if a reader had only that much for a handbook of several centuries of English annals he would know a good deal about them. On the other hand, Macaulay is master of a minute profusion of detail in which thousands of lines result in a sort of solid block effect and the reader is not conscious of the multitude of strokes of pencil or brush. Scenes, portraits, summaries, events succeed each other in perfect order, not as a series of detached and episodic fragments but all run together in an extraordinary unity and continuity; the reader is hardly aware of passing from one subject to the next, so skilfully are the transitions managed and so neatly, appropriately and noiselessly are details slipped into their places. What holds this all together is the truly large commanding mind behind it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And the man has his style, as Lowell calls it, "fame's great anti-septic Style". The obvious tricks and mannerisms of Macaulay's style have been many times noted and over-emphasized with a tedium and insistence of which he was never in his worst moments guilty. His antitheses, his recurrent emphases, his rhetorical periods somewhat inflated, his habit of cracking a very small nut with a sledge-hammer, the forward-rushing disregard of modifications and nuances—all these qualities are but the mechanics, the physics, of his technique. The real qualities, subjectively inseparable from the sound of his voice and objectively inseparable from the stuff he is handling, are a natural oral colloquial eloquence, which suggests the orator and lecturer, a large and precise vocabulary (you will not catch Macaulay misusing a word, as Thackeray does, like "demean" for "debase"), resonant and sonorous rhythms when the elevation of the thought warrants a mounting of the tone, infallible clarity, metaphors and analogies which strike the imagination and elucidate the meaning, ease and freedom of movement sometimes approaching diffuseness but with no actual waste of words, a curious combination, quite his own, of leisureliness and speed, and another curious combination, peculiar to him, of straightaway writing, thought for thought, and adroit suspense. A brilliant, virile prose. As his loyal magazine, the *Edinburgh Review* said, "a singular felicity of style". It always stirs my American breast—I do not know how it affects Englishmen—to conclude: He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poets' Corner, near the statue of Addison.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LETTER FROM ABROAD

by Rebecca West

On leaving London—The effect of oranges on English morals—The Beltrán-Masses exhibit—D. H. Lawrence as painter—A pupil of Pavlov outwits the guillotine—Six policemen among D. H. Lawrence's pink pictures—John Galsworthy receives the Order of Merit—Why it should have gone to Shaw or Wells—Galsworthy's latest play—The beauty of Provence—A crossing of paths—Did Helen of Troy die a leper?

Provence, France, July.

Not since I discovered in the works of Mr. George Jean Nathan a declaration that he would never be able to love any woman called Rebecca have I felt such a passion of relief as I did when I left London. There is too much going on, and there is not enough ice. Yet there were some amusing things happening. There were, to begin with, some art exhibitions that were exciting the town. The first exposed the paintings of a Spaniard called Señor Beltrán-Masses to the gaze of a metropolis that might have remained stonily indifferent had not our p[illegible]s been shocked by those which [illegible] female form. I must explain [illegible]f England has been immense[illegible]e orange. The tone of the [illegible] the *Sunday Express* is set [illegible]uglas, who used to be a [illegible]until he was over[illegible]which he was [illegible]tarium, at [illegible]e fast[illegible]

popular press represent the that the purity ly affected by th *Daily Express* an by one Mr. James D cheerful newspaper come by a serious illn cured by going to a which he was forced to u ing cure, and allowed n meant save orange juice for weeks. He returned in perfe a state of extreme moral delig this works out to the detrime ing stimulus; since Miss Radcl

88

cere and well-bred no financial gain could make the prosecution of *The Well of Loneliness* anything but a veritable martyrdom to her. But at other times it works out very well indeed.

I myself sought admission to the said exhibition of Señor Beltrán-Masses's paintings, but lost sight of a queue that stretched from the door of the gallery round a couple of blocks. I remained for some time fascinated by the spectacle. It was not only that I had had no idea that the female form was still worth that much in our city. It was also that I was receiving food for my passion for the interplay of forces between nation and nation, from sea to sea. It is surely very beautiful that Señor Beltrán-Masses, child of the land of the orange, should profit from a reaction that was set up in Mr. James Douglas by the use of the orange.

* * *

Señor Beltrán-Masses's pictures, I gather from such as did see them and from reproductions, were guileless enough representation [illegible]-shadows and long green-[illegible] under midnight skies [illegible]ttered with stars than is [illegible]able, after having been [illegible] through some hedge of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passion: the kind of painting one is more accustomed to eat under to music than to go and look at cold in a picture gallery. But Señor Beltrán-Masses is a pleasing phenomenon. When he was presiding over the first day of his show, shorn as carefully as a poodle (though not of course in the same way) and tailored so gorgeously that the morning stars clapped their hands together, one of the most intelligent journalists in London eyed him and decided that this was a personality worth watching, particularly in view of certain events connected with the opening ceremony. For Mr. James Douglas's papers might perhaps not so readily have directed their inflamed susceptibilities towards these pictures had not Señor Beltrán-Masses ingenuously announced that one of his canvases, which represented Salome (a young woman who has received more attention from second-rate artists than anyone save perhaps the embittered females who sit about the Café du Dôme) would be removed from the exhibition on the private view, to save the Spanish Ambassador (who was opening it) any embarrassment. "This," said the journalist to himself, "is a card, if I mistake not." He approached the painter and said, "I would like to have a word with you, Señor Beltrán-Masses, if you can give me five minutes when the show is over". The painter smiled, gave a charming bow, and said "Oh yes, I like your England very much; it is so beautiful a country". "I would like," repeated the journalist, "to have five minutes alone with you, when you leave the show." "Ah, yes," said the painter, bowing and smiling again, "and I admire so much your beautiful, long, slim Englishwomen."

Observe the initial misapprehension which led him to suppose that English people would ask him how he liked England. (No Englishman ever asks a foreigner that question. We are an arrogant and a stoical nation. We think that a stranger is bound to like England if he has any sense, and if he hasn't it's no use having his opinion; also if he has found out anything wrong with the place presumably it can't be altered, or it would have been long ago, so there's no use talking about it. Moreover, the Englishman is pretty critical of England himself, as men are of women they know themselves bound to by an unbreakable bond of passion.) In this misapprehension one perceives a failure to grasp reality which not only makes him paint his pictures with the bravura that attracts public attention to them, but will keep him forever ignorant that they ought to be far other than they are. And for the rest, what willingness to please, what pleasure in pleasing, what an abundance of the qualities that lead straight to beautiful studios with lots of tiger-skins and Persian rugs and antiques and a musicians' gallery and duchesses on tap! There, I feel sure, goes a really happy man! I don't know what the moral of this is.

* * *

The journalist told me that story when we stood together in another picture-show that has caused a stir in London and excited the sad imbiber of acids—Mr. D. H. Lawrence's exhibition of pictures at Dorothy Warren's gallery in Maddox Street, at the corner of George Street, Hanover Square. (Americans coming to Europe should note that address, for there is nearly always something interesting being shown there.) And the picture we stood in front of reminded him of another story, which reminded me that the universe is really a strange place, that Señor Beltrán-Masses and his works are but froth on a dark stream. It was called "Fight with an Amazon" and it represented one of Mr. Lawrence's earth-mother women binding up the wrist of one of his fire-virile men while a lot of wolves looked up at them. "That reminds me," said the journalist; and he told me that he had been over to the Institute of Science in Paris to see the demonstration of an experiment by one of Pavlov's pupils. A wolf-hound had been brought in and chloroformed. Its head was cut off, and put on a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plate, where it remained for half an hour. Then the large veins of the head were joined by tubing to an artificial heart in a tank. And lo! the head, that had been dead, lived again. Offered food, it accepted it. Offered an acid, it rejected it. Its eyes, its jaws, its tongue, its ears, made just such patterns of communication as they had done all its life. "It looked up," said the journalist, "like one of those wolves." And, when the tubes were cut, it died a second time.

"How interesting," said I, "but of course of no real psychological interest till it is done on a human subject, who can speak." "You can be sure," said the journalist, "that those Russians have thought of that. There will be one at least of those men making up his mind to offer himself for the experiment." Yes, of course, there would. We both were silent as we meditated on the strange and terrible situation in which, without doubt, one of our fellow creatures found himself at the moment. If one felt it one's job in the world to serve the working out of the physiology of the brain, then one would feel it one's duty to dive down into death, come up again for just that hopeless minute and no longer, and then go back. Completely novel dilemma with which man has vexed himself! And consider, too, that since most of the people likely to make this experiment would be enthusiastic believers in a mechanistic philosophy, one might witness the sight of a Lazarus raised from the dead to announce with shining face the mortality of the soul.

* * *

Very appropriate it was to contemplate the strangeness of a universe where we cut off the heads of dogs and men and will do anything in the wide world, even to going down to death, rather than live peacefully among ourselves, in a gallery hung with the productions of Mr. Lawrence's genius. The exhibition was both intensely interesting and disappointing. The pictures were all of nudes, and though they were all far less eccentrically conceived and more dexterously executed than one would have anticipated they were also much less pleasing. Mr. Lawrence seems to have very pink friends. It is true that there is one quite lovely "Leda", and that in the background of a picture illustrating the Boccaccio story of the sleeping gardener in the convent there is a bit of composition involving fruit trees in blossom and the nuns' broad straw hats which recalls the finest descriptive passages in his novels and his poems. But on the whole the exhibition presented that mixture of forcefulness and a monotony one had thought characteristic of weakness, that combined vehemence and poverty of imagination which one has noticed a thousand times in his writings. It is as if he were tethered to a few images by the umbilical cord of some infantile interest which will not let him range the wide domain that ought to be the subject matter of such genius. The trouble is, too, that these images are not straightforward representations of the subjects that really concern him, but disguises his mind puts up because it cannot bear to contemplate the cause of its distress.

The ostensible subjects of his pictures are always these virile men, these maternal women, engaged in these semi-murderous assertions of vitality among themselves with which his books have made us familiar. In his preface to the book which has been made out of reproductions of these pictures he declares he painted them to represent the human body in the splendor which the modern spirit of shame has taken from it; and alleges that this shame is a consequence of the introduction of syphilis into Europe at the close of the Middle Ages. Man, according to his theory, looked down on his rotting body and felt spleen and hatred against the cause of his corruption. This is, of course, partly true; but one wonders at its being put forward as of such importance, when the ritual fussiness about sex (such as the ceremonies for purification after childbirth) in Leviticus and Deuteronomy, to take but one example of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

behavior of a perfectly healthy tribe, proves that shame is a more primitive and less reasonable emotion than that. Mr. Lawrence's eagerness to make an external episode account for what is evidently an event in the interior life of man makes one suspicious of his attitude. One becomes more so when one finds that the net impression of this exhibition, ostensibly designed to uphold the pride of the body and kill shame, is one of the collapsing pinknesses, of the flesh at its most hopeless and helpless and abased—in fact, at its most shameful. There is plainly some terrific distortion going on in Mr. Lawrence's mind. He will not name the real subject of his conflicts; and looking at these canvases, one feels that he spends himself on these monotonous and harsh celebrations of vitality to distract himself from a constant preoccupation with physical failure and death.

Yet what a man! Till this show I had not known he was one of these geniuses like Goethe, who can turn their hands to anything. For, mind you, these pictures are real paintings. The most recent of them, the study of an Italian peasant stripped to the waist, is technically brilliant. I think England has a right to be proud of him.

* * *

No fooling, it was at this precise moment that my sleek-haired new *femme de chambre* came into my room in the Mediterranean villa where I now happen to be, and informed me, having cast down her eyes and assumed her enchanting air of being about to recite a poem in rhymed couplets, that lunch was served. By my plate was the *Continental Daily Mail,* in which I read that six plain-clothes policemen had entered the exhibition of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's pictures and removed thirteen of them from the hooks and had taken them away. Loathsome incident! To begin with there is an infuriating lack of symmetry about it. Six shocked policemen ought to take twelve pictures; that odd one is an offense. But the stupidity of it! The pointlessness of it! Was it the "Leda" that provoked them? Surely the authorities grasp that it is no use trying to keep dark Leda's peculiar ornithological interests. That secret got out years ago, centuries ago. You can no more suppress it now than you can get a gas escape back into the tap. For the rest, the prosecution of the pictures is a grave injustice to men, for the most they did was to depict the male form with some of the particularity which is taken for granted in reproductions of the female form, in, for example, Señor Beltrán-Masses's diversions of the restaurant. None of these pictures could have put a morally improper idea into the head of man or woman. The only harm they could possibly do is to cause embarrassment to children at the sensitive ages when they avert their attentions from the physical signs of sex; but nothing is more unlikely than that anybody should attend a picture show, given during term time within school hours, who was not fully adult. The thing is an appalling indiscretion, considering that Mr. D. H. Lawrence is perhaps the greatest genius of his times, and is so ridiculously sensitive that this is as likely as not to cause a temporary paralysis of his work. It is part of the idiocy of the permanent officialdom of England, which, alas, is not likely to be affected by the Labour Government!

* * *

It was the permanent officialdom of England which was responsible for another recent affront to persons of culture: namely, the award of the Order of Merit to Mr. John Galsworthy. It should by right have gone to either George Bernard Shaw or H. G. Wells. These are writers of artistic power greatly superior to Mr. Galsworthy, and of infinitely greater importance to their times. The award to George Bernard Shaw would have been enormously popular. I have recently had an insight into the place he holds in the affections of the English public through an unimportant part I play in the directorship of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weekly journal called *Time and Tide*. We have only to publish an article by Mr. Shaw, no matter on what subject, for our circulation, already healthy, to be immediately doubled. There is no other writer who can do this. In fact, he has performed exactly the achievement of which the Order of Merit is supposed to be the recognition. He has put forward certain ideas and certain modes of thought, and has proved their validity to the satisfaction of the people, who now employ them with the gratitude of those who find themselves presented with new and useful tools. To him rightfully belongs the honor; and had he refused the honor it should have gone to Mr. Wells. He too has performed that achievement. If one took a census among young and middle-aged men who have reached positions of eminence in any department of life, and asked them what author had had the largest part in inspiring their minds to their exceptional courses, an overwhelming majority would give the name of H. G. Wells.

It may be thought that to be agitated because neither of these writers received this honor is to fuss about nothing, is to worry because the Duchess doesn't call. But in a country like England, which is largely governed by a hierarchy based on the idea of social service, it is very necessary that now and then a flat assertion should be made to the soldiers and sailors and administrators that literature also has the supreme claim of upholding civilization and saving man from extinction. Hence it is infuriating when the Order of Merit is withheld from both the persons who deserved it, obviously for no other reason than that they were closely identified with radical movements displeasing to the permanent officials in whose hands, at the last resort, is the bestowal of such honors; and when it is given to a writer of such infinitely inferior attainments as Mr. Galsworthy.

There is no homage too extravagant to be paid to Mr. Galsworthy as a man. His integrity is so flawless that it seems as absurd to mention it as it would be to say that, so far as has been observed, there are no cracks in the sky. He is a spring of kindness that never runs dry. If one were to write a list of his beneficences in the way of service on committees, and anxious consideration of unfortunate individuals with reference to what can be done to make them happy, it would hardly be believed. Truly, the man is an angel. But his work is minor. It is not profound, it copies the world rather than gives an interpretative vision of it. The precise function of *The Forsyte Saga* was historical: it recorded the moment when the middle classes of England, although their wealth and power were founded on capitalism, found themselves forced by their sternly cultivated honesty to admit that there was a great deal of justice in the criticisms made by the intellectuals on the effects of that system upon human happiness. It has many counterparts in the innumerable novels which were written in France during the latter part of the Eighteenth Century by members of the *ancien régime* who had to admit that Rousseau and the Encyclopédistes had convinced their fine taste against their own interests. But once he had finished that particular job (which, one hastens to acknowledge, was a burdensome one exquisitely performed) his intellect was not sufficiently powerful nor his insight into the souls of men profound enough for him to find another subject. The latter portions of *The Forsyte Saga,* where he has attempted to depict the younger generation, have already been hopelessly outclassed by Miss F. Mayor, whose admirable *The Rector's Daughter* and *The Squire's Daughter* I again beg all American readers to obtain. For the rest . . .

* * *

But for the rest it occurs to me that it is not really permanent officialdom which is to blame for giving Mr. Galsworthy an Order of Merit which it is not fitting that he should have. It is the perfectly appalling state of English criticism, which permits the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

older generation to lay a dead hand on the literature of today. The work of anybody who had acquired prestige before the war (and of anybody who from timidity expresses himself in terms of the last generation) is sacrosanct. The other day Mr. Galsworthy produced an extremely poor play called *Exiled*. The London theatre-going public knew that it was terrible. It is no fool. For proof of that, see how it packs the doors of His Majesty's Theatre to see the Guitrys, and how it streams out of St. James's Theatre laughing and chattering as only very pleased audiences do, after it has seen the dazzling performances of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in the Theatre Guild's production of *Caprice*. The ill-mannered portions of the first night audience of *Exiled* expressed their opinion frankly, and I have met nobody who saw it and did not deplore it. But the soft-pedalling of the press on the subject went far beyond the natural impulse of decent people to show generosity towards a man who has done better work in his time. It amounted to a declaration that such an author is entitled to have his productions indiscriminately praised forever and ever so long as he lives. This is a beautiful act of loyalty, but what is to happen to the public taste if it is perpetually invited to like and admire bad work? Such perverse loyalties as this mean that literature is refusing food in order to lie down and die on its master's grave. It might be recognized that the younger writers who are doing good work in England just now are working under a handicap such as would appal the Americans of their generation.

* * *

But why worry about what is happening in London when one is in the South? I should have lost all sense of temporal irritations during that day I spent in the country round Paris, watching the soft warm rain of June fall on the gray-blue poplar leaves or in the long waters of turreted chateaux. (How naturally French falls into phrases that have the charm of nursery rhymes, that give comfort simply by their sound! In the *place* of Rambouillet there is a notice *"Lait de la ferme de la folie"*. That would be a good thing to say over and over again when one cannot sleep.) I should have lost it when I motored from Marseilles over mountains from which rose, stronger and infinitely more beautiful than any scent the perfumers can make, the incense of pines nearly as hot as if they were burning on a hearth, of sunburned rosemary, of a thousand herbs macerated by the hammer-thud of day after day of intense heat; and where there glowed, along the rocky beds of dry torrents, the superb rosy flowers of the oleanders, which seem to gesticulate at the heavens as if to say they have their own secret for sustaining their full-fleshed magnificence, no matter what the sun may do. And if I want to worry, had I not better worry about what has happened to my beloved South! For, indeed, terrible things have happened here. When I passed by the villa I had two years ago I nearly wept. . . . The palm avenue, under which one could stand at noon and know a cool night of shadow, is an assemblage of clothes-props with a few young leaves fluttering gawkily at the top. Gray ghosts stood horrid in the sunlight, and they were all that is left of the mimosas that tapped cool leaves against my windows, that pressed against my balcony dancing golden blossoms so prolific that though they were feathery-fine they gave as great an impression of compact opulence as the largest trumpets a florist can produce. There were yet taller and more terrible ghosts, and these were the eucalyptus that had then seemed to give a far greater promise of longevity than other trees, since in the South they had attained the solidity that most trees cannot achieve save in the North. Gone is the undergrowth in which my three ginger cats were able to live with the secrecy of tigers in the jungle, a state very gratifying to the feline soul, so that they eyed me in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

solently when they came to feed and would permit no liberties. The villa stands there naked as modern provincial French architecture should hardly ever dare to be, with a few haggard pines about it, as if it had lost its clothes and had only been able to save a few of the family canes and umbrellas. It is last winter's frost that has done it! What a time Provence has had of late! Two years ago there was the unprecedented season of forest fires that brought ruin and infinite terror. In a village not far from here the people were roused from their beds one night and went quietly, with that civil discipline which is one of the most extraordinary (and most hidden from the casual view) qualities of the French, to take the last sacrament in case the wind did not drop in time and the circle of fire that enclosed them contracted to its center. Then last summer there was a burning African drought; and later the frost came to show that cold can be crueller than heat. It is no wonder that when one is driving along the road and meets an old peasant driving his cart the face one sees under his wide-brimmed hat is usually frenetic, the mouth under the white moustache gaping open as if under perpetual strain, the eyes, pale against the burnt skin, bulging like a frightened animal's.

* * *

The villa I have taken belongs to an opera singer, who sang much in the works of Massenet, and Puccini, and André Messager, and Victor Massé; and I begin to see that this has formed an influence which operates in the house, causing the life that takes place inside it to shape itself into touching and sentimental patterns. Here is what happened yesterday evening. The house is full of bound volumes of *Le Théâtre,* going back for the last thirty years or so. When my cook Jasmine came in for one of those matey talks one has with one's servants in this country, I showed her the photograph of a famous French vaudeville star of the beginning of this century, a creature of dark and efficacious magic, and told her that I had had a childish passion for this woman, that I had slept with her photograph under my pillow, and that I had very seriously begged in my prayers that I might grow up to look like her. "Oh," said Jasmine, "how was it that you didn't know she had the villa opposite you when you were here two years ago? She's old now, and in a terrible state. She's lost nearly all her money gambling, and the rest of it goes to a young lover she has that gives it all to another woman he's got, who's young and pretty. Why, she owes such a lot of money to the tradesmen in the village that they won't send her any more goods. Her cook often used to come round and rap on my kitchen door and beg for a bit of bread, because the baker wouldn't trust them for another crumb, and I used to let her have it. But then, she came wanting some butter, and that I couldn't give her. Oh, no, madame, I would never be so careless of your interests as to give her your butter! Bread, now, no one minded giving away a little bread, but butter, you can rest assured I would never give away any of your butter!"

* * *

So I suppose it is true that Helen of Troy was a leper in her old age and begged from door to door, and that this is a harsh universe in which what there is of kindness is frustrated. For indeed I would never have refused butter to the incarnation of her who had given me such pleasure. But I cannot believe it. All is reduced to operetta scale in this villa with its sham Louis Quinze furniture and its marble balconies and stairways that have plainly been borrowed from a stage setting; and there is that about this place which makes all seem well. When I come in from swimming in the blue waters that lap against the red rocks at the bottom of my garden, and go into my room which is now a cube of tepid air, and lie down on my bed under the white mosquito net, it is not so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much that I rest as that I seem to sink into a state of repose which seems to be there independent of myself, which is a deposit on the face of the earth. It has been worn away in all other places (if indeed it ever existed elsewhere) by a restless and nervous property of the climate, which is not present in this hot and dry sedateness. Here one can rest, even though all round the house the cigales play their *crik-crik-crik* orchestra without cease. Through the din one hears faintly the sound of the rocking sea. That is perhaps why one turns over soon, half awakens, remembers that one was thinking of something pleasant, something to do with the sea. Of course, it was that statue of Venus rising from the foam that was shown in young Maurice Lambert's exhibition: with Brancusi-like courage he has taken away from her not only the head and arms but also the shoulders, so that there is nothing but a gleaming and rounded slimness, slithery as things are that come out of the waves. It was at the other end of this very sea that she rose . . . they say that all civilization comes from the Mediterranean basin and that when coal and oil are exhausted it will have to go back there. . . . Well, I shouldn't wonder.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

THE PATHWAY *by Henry Williamson* (DUTTON. $2.50)

FOR its four hundred pages *The Pathway* gives one sensation: that of hands groping against walls, of the actual slow flow of a current towards its cataract; of the malady of isolation; of old hunger for something beyond the "known". In the progress of Maddison, there is presented the composite of youth, aware of its heritage of both old and new and afraid of neither, filled with controlled scorn for easy despair and easier resignation. Maddison is himself in the presence of the new psychology as well as in that of tradition. He moves through the months of the book's progress without a line of timidity lest his honest reaction may not square with the new, may not plunge far enough away from the old. To have created a character young and alive and of today, who misses nothing and yet who has not an instant of such faint-heartedness, is to have triumphed in the doing of a rare job. But that is not all. Here is a man modern to his finger tips, whose great passion is quite simply and openly to find in himself the secret, the clue, the *Khristos*. Not to know what that means is to call Maddison a sentimentalist. The character-drawing of Maddison is not more sentimental than the performance of biology when it evolved a wing.

Who should write of men and women? Only those who understand that they are utterly unknown to one another. No bull-in-the-china-shop characterization is anywhere in *The Pathway*. Mr. Williamson moves among his people, not tolerantly, not compassionately—God forbid!—and not reverently; no, but he moves as if he himself *were* every one of them in turn. Where in fiction is there a more delicious portrait than that of Garside? Garside, the vicar, whom another would huff and puff at, till he blew the house in. Not so Mr. Williamson, who merely quotes him, lets you listen, and moves on, without another word. At the last Maddison invites him to hear his reading of "The Star Born"—the book which is to be his great work, the book which one is left to imagine, since the whole of the manuscript is used as a flare, on the night of the tragedy, when Maddison is caught on the bar. And Garside's reply is: "I should be delighted, really I should". And after an evening in the cabin—a scene which should be a permanent gift to literature—with the inimitable, gross, exquisite, drunken Warbeck, and after Maddison's reading of "The Star Born", Garside's comment is: "Well, I must thank you with all my heart for doing me the honor of inviting me to hear your wonderful work. How you thought of it all, I can't imagine".

Mr. Williamson's strokes are always impersonal. No comment, no author in the room, nothing but record—but yet all somehow interpreted, transformed, realized, quite as in plastic art: Mary, who knows life; Jean, who gnaws at life; Diana, who treats events like traps; Uncle Suff, Aunt Edith, and all the complacent, the oppressed, the flaming, the sheep-like, resting or moving about on life; and the horror and the power and the charm of that kind of home. One sees, hears and tastes the life of the cultured and the penniless in England today. The inconvenience and the frosty cold of those English rural houses! These people enter freezing rooms, lean from windows into dampness and cold, break ice on jugs for bathing, go down draughty pas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sages, and into frosty larders and sculleries; they flap their arms for warmth, they use metal hot water bottles, and find the drawing-room too cold for playing the piano. These are thoughtful and charming people, still maintaining stately terms: the rhododendron drive leads to the coach house, but it passes the chicken and duck and turkey coops; the tennis courts are now rectangles of plantain, dandelion and daisy. The harness room is now a room of bins of bran and corn. There are pumps in the kitchen, mice in the wainscot, candlesticks in bottles in the passage, cats and kittens in coat closets, and dogs are received, British-wise, everywhere in the house and have lives closely connected with those of their masters. This sort of English living today Mr. Williamson has drawn pitilessly.

The book is one long walk, a cosmic walk. All day they go a walk, for the post, to the sea wall, to the estuary, where all that they see is vividly important. They return, have tea, dine, wash dishes to delightful talk, give the scraps to the prevailing dogs, and, in the starlight, go a walk. Yet these walks are but the framework for the most vivid and the most delicate happenings. All the great emotions outside those of savagery are strung on these walks, and the small homely ways of living, of English country living, set them off —from Maddison, the eternal Shelley, to the perfect gravedigger, Mules.

Unquestionably *The Pathway* might be condensed, edited, telescoped. But no one would have this done who can live a book, live any creative work that transcends the rules and makes its own delight.

"What *is* beauty?" one hears. *The Pathway* is beauty. To anyone who still admires flames, the sun, stars, the patterns inside carrots and cucumbers, the thought of a clipper under full sail at noon, and such things, the story of Maddison will belong.

I shall remember the fiction of this year, so far, by remembering *The Pathway*.

ZONA GALE

THE LADY OF LAWS *by Susanne Trautwein* (ELLIOT HOLT. $2.50)

GERMANY continues to send us historical novelists who have had the imagination and intelligence to strip the past of its glamorous trappings and reveal the human beings who peopled it. While Susanne Trautwein cannot very fairly be compared to Alfred Neumann and Lion Feuchtwanger, who in energy and passion leave her far behind, she is worthy nevertheless of being named along with them. It is true that she lacks a certain modern ruthlessness which is to be found in both Feuchtwanger and Neumann; and, in this respect, reminds one more forcibly of Ricarda Huch, who is of the past generation of German historical novelists.

The Lady of Laws is really little more than a character study of a remarkable Renaissance woman "who was said to be neither virgin, woman, nor man, neither chaste, nor lascivious, *sed omnia*". Olimpia di Porta Ravegnana was an anomaly in Fourteenth Century Bologna: a woman grave, beautiful and learned, a member of the teaching staff of the famous University. Upon the rather pedantic serenity of her life suddenly descends a shower of dramatic events. She is violated by an unknown, and shortly thereafter is forced by circumstance to take a leading and heart-breaking rôle in the political struggles of the Bologna commune. Her fatherless child is born; and from this time forward Ravegnana's seemingly ruined life is bound up in her son. The tragic deepening of her career comes to its inevitable climax when Lambertazzi, the Machiavellian strong man, reveals himself as the father of Mario; and a final struggle ensues between him and the Lady of Laws.

The story is simple and unaffected and does not rely too much on the merely picturesque juxtaposition of a Fourteenth Century woman and the Bologna University. It could so easily have become a subtle tract in defense of the freedom of women; and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yet it is so humanly conceived that it avoids even the suggestion of propaganda. The problem of the woman strong enough to penetrate successfully into the world of violence and political intrigue is subordinated at all times to Ravegnana's personal tragedy. Unquestionably there will be some readers whose enjoyment of the tale will be marred, though not spoiled, by their inability to sympathize as strongly with her heroine as the author does. To them, the Lady of Laws, despite the nobility and strength of her character, will appear a little pedantic and humorless and too much given to Teutonic philosophizing. If the author had introduced these foibles consciously in order to offset the charge of idealization, no fault could be found; but one inclines to think that they are intended to be admired as virtues.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

THE SEVEN VICES *by Guglielmo Ferrero* (HARCOURT, BRACE. TWO VOLS. $5.00)

ROME in the 1890's is the setting for Mr. Ferrero's novel; a worldly, plutocratic Rome, its aristocracy decadent, its *nouveaux riches* still struggling to establish themselves: "a city magnificent and dirty, silken and in rags, sumptuous and uncomfortable, old and new, beautiful and deformed, sacred and profane, irregular, sluggish, apathetic". The author depicts a society in which all the human virtues are sacrificed; to pride on the part of the old families; to ambition, on the part of the Nineteenth Century millionaires. This latter class is represented by Senator (later Marquis) Alamanni, director of innumerable companies, bank president, owner of factories, land tracts, palaces. His wife is a member of a historic, although impoverished, family, and he centers his hope in his son Oliviero, looking upon himself as the founder of a modern dynasty.

But Oliviero, who is the book's hero, does not conform to his father's pattern. He prefers the army to business, likes his independence, squanders huge sums on his mistress, a Venetian countess, and becomes involved in the defense of a woman unjustly accused of having poisoned her husband. It is this accusation of murder—which excites all Rome, since the husband's family is prominent—that motivates most of the action in Mr. Ferrero's work. The characters of the various people in the book are shown by their reactions to this case. Oliviero, in spite of his vices an idealist, risks ostracism by defending the woman; his father, who always has a weather eye out for a title, wants to have nothing to do with the affair other than to agree with whatever the courts say; Senator Guicciarelli, the foremost toxicologist in Europe, says the husband was poisoned, and later when he suspects he was mistaken refuses to admit it, preferring to have an innocent woman die rather than jeopardize his reputation. *The Seven Vices* is an immense canvas on which selfishness, greed, dishonesty and jealousy are painted; the church, the aristocracy, the press, the world of science, law and finance are all out for themselves and combine only when it is to their advantage. When Senator Alamanni finally gets his title he is asked to give a million *lire* to build an orphan asylum, so that the architect nephew of the man who engineered his ennoblement can have the job of putting up the building (which will never cost a million *lire*.)

Oliviero is shown as rebelling against this environment; his weaknesses are those of a boy spoiled by unlimited wealth; he is extravagant, dissipated, violent; but there is nothing mean about him. He is continually on the point of leaving for America, Africa, a trip around the world—anything to escape from the intrigue, the suffocating artificiality of his home. He is, in a way, the author's mouthpiece; but Mr. Ferrero does not confine himself to vicarious comments; there are pages in which he discusses his characters in the first person, explaining their motives with vigor and penetration. In many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writers this would become tedious; here, thanks to a distinctive literary style and clarity (if not brevity), it is the opposite. None the less, the characters of the book tend to become subordinate in the long run; the emphasis is less on individuals than on the *fin de siècle* society they typify. Mr. Ferrero piles on counts, dukes, senators, cardinals, scientists, editors, lawyers, prostitutes, ministers, servant girls, cooks, policemen and philosophers in the same way that he piles on his nouns and verbs in describing them. He has the true epic touch, rich but not verbose, inclusive but not heavy. *The Seven Vices* would be better reading if some of its detail were omitted, but as interesting and convincing portrayal of a confused, colorful period it achieves its purpose.

SLEEVELESS ERRAND *by Norah C. James* (MORROW. $2.50)

THIS book is a small ripple emanating from the splash of *Point Counter Point*. The scene is sophisticated London; the characters, post-war neurotics. The plot is curiously amateurish: a man and a girl, both suffering from an intense emotional shock due to a setback in love, both having decided to commit suicide, sit down opposite each other at a table in a restaurant. The man notices the girl is crying, and follows her out of the restaurant; they spend the night together, although in an astonishingly high-minded way. The girl carries out her plan and commits suicide the next day by driving her car over a cliff and, but for the fact that the man changes his mind and decides to live after all, you could draw two identical graphs showing the emotional reactions of the two main characters.

The book is not as foolish as this résumé of its plot would indicate. It shows a certain milieu, less talented than Huxley's, less gay than Arlen's, more consciously hopeless than Hemingway's, deliberately dissipating because there seems to be nothing worth doing. The characters in the book form an entity in themselves; they move in a crowd; dance and drink in the same places; use the same slang; have the same fatalistic outlook. You cannot imagine them ever being with other people, having relatives, doing any work—although the men all work. (The book shows them only in moments of leisure.) They are by no means full-bodied or wholly convincing; individuals do not stand out; but there is an intensity of feeling to the writing that makes the general atmosphere memorable. *Sleeveless Errand* is anything but a finished work, but it has a sustained vitality that would seem to guarantee a certain amount of truth behind the depressing picture it presents.

DARK STAR *by Lorna Moon* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $2.50)

IN THE story of Nancy Pringle, who does not know whether her father was Willie Weams, the groom, or Ramsey Gordon, one of the mad Fasseferns, Miss Moon draws the portrait of a romantic young girl whose efforts to obtain happiness under adverse conditions are met with failure. After the death of her grandmother, Nancy is brought up in the minister's household. The minister is weak, dominated by his sallow, self-pitying, hypocritical wife. His old mother, between whom and his wife there is a cordial hatred, all the more bitter for being masked, is a finely-developed character. The author is particularly skilful in showing the relation between the four members of the household; but later on, when Nancy falls in love, she is less convincing. The musician with whom she falls in love lacks personality; he is a negative character in comparison with the girl, and one cannot understand why she should commit suicide when he leaves her.

Dark Star is more than romantic; it is often sentimental. This is especially evident in the characterization of Divot Meg, the town's bad woman. In a healthy effort to show that a hearty and unabashed promiscuity is better than nasty-minded hypocrisy, the author

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

makes of Meg not merely a wholesome pagan but a veritable Sunday School teacher. Explaining the facts of life to Nancy she says: "I'd sooner see you grow up to be a clean-minded strumpet like me than a dirty-minded holy bitch like the minister's wife. . . . Don't set yourself against love, and get a sour face thinking it is beneath you and too vulgar for you. Because the Lord created it for a beautiful thing many a million years before you were ever thought about. And it will be one of the best things in nature many a million of years after you are gone". This passage, which I have quoted only in part, is typical of the book: there is often a forced attempt to create a sort of Elizabethan atmosphere by the use of strong words that seem out of place in the context. The first part of *Dark Star* is excellent: the various character studies are unaffectedly and sometimes humorously vigorous; but as the book draws to its conclusion the author loses control and mixes up brothels and sermons, passion and sentimentality, love, murder, cruelty, compassion and suicide in a way that may be very Celtic but is not quite convincing.

GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

THE NEW AMERICAN CARAVAN. *Edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfeld* (MACAULAY. $3.50)

It is probable that all reviewers of the previous volumes of the *American Caravan* have been obliged to be unfair to the contributors taken as a body. For due to space limitations the reviewer either had to single out for discussion a few of the writers represented and ignore the rest or he had to consider the drift of the volume as a whole, the ideas and judgment of the editors, the things of which the collection was symptomatic—in which case also many contributors were never reported upon. It was as though the editors had received only a score of writers instead of three or four score in their pages; and in fact it was an editorial error to stuff so much material between two covers. This year the editors have been less hospitable (read: lax) in receiving authors and, ergo, *The New American Caravan* is much less bulky and much more continuously enjoyable. Let the last phrase be repeated: the new *Caravan* hardly ever lets us down by crude or dull gray writing (as it has in the past) but keeps us almost continuously delighted (even if most of the time we are not seriously impressed). In return for the pleasure conferred during a week with the new *Caravan,* I shall try to bow around the ring. It won't be criticism: my remarks will rather be acknowledgments, recommendations, impressions, personal asides, and mere mentions—but I shall try to include everybody.

Phelps Putnam leads off brilliantly in a longish poem in which Bill Williams, the hobo esthete of his book, *Trinc,* is reborn from his wandering life in hell, loves the sun's daughters and begs to move on to another phase of experience. There is something Baudelairean about this poet—which is to say at least that his lines are firm and elegant and that he gets effects of horror and strangeness. "York Beach," a fragment of a novel by Jean Toomer, is the most serious piece in the book: it is a study of the individual and the mass, both conceived in unconventional terms, and it contains a number of excellent psychological observations. But the style sags and the author does not seem to have mastered his narrative. This is followed by S. Guy Endore's "Cataract", a wild, dream-like tale of a white man living in an African village, his culture weakening but again reviving in him as his savage impulses come to life in a tom-tom environment. May one think, briefly and not meaning much of anything by it, of Rimbaud as one reads Mr. Endore's impetuous, colorful and fantastic prose?

Erskine Caldwell has a short episode and a swift biography. They are vigorous, but too slight to give a good view of the author. "The Wedding" I judge to be the best story

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joseph Vogel has done. He has dropped most of his trifling tricks and in a very spirited fashion has turned inside out a Jewish wedding in a hotel ballroom. He permits us to see the whole show as no one present could have done, and the life of the occasion comes zooming out at us.

The next story, "Intact", by Pearl Andelson Sherry, appears to me to suffer from an instability in tone. It is followed by Joseph Mitchell's "Cool Swamp and Field Woman" —Sherwood Anderson with more energy and firmness. And then "Geld Your Enemy!" by Gerald Sykes, an amusing tale of suggestibility told in a prose with an interesting quality. I could spare Robert McAlmon's story. Fortunately, his inept writing is quickly effaced by the verbal surprises and acrobatic sensations of E. E. Cummings's mad tale. Robert Cantwell, like Gerald Sykes strikes, if not a new tone, at least a fresh tone in our current letters. He writes with verve about a series of love affairs and the heartless woman at the bottom of them. "The Obelisk", a short novel, by William Rollins, Jr., is the longest prose piece in the book. The writing is up and down, but manages to hold one, which is saying a good deal, since the chief character is a morbidly self-absorbed romantic. Then come the poets.

I find I have no inclination to say anything about some of them: Marjorie Allen Seiffert, Evelyn Scott, James Henry Sullivan, Kathleen Tankersly Young, Matthew Josephson, Helen Pearce, Leon Srabian Harald, John Gould Fletcher and David Carter. The most interesting to me was Stanley J. Kunitz, and I liked mildly Wallace Gould's "To Emily", Isidor Schneider's pieces and Clarence E. Cason's "Home Talent". This mere statement of like and indifference is pretty crude, I know: poets are too often treated in droves, but in the *Caravan* under review they don't measure up to the prosemen, and I have to be summary, particularly as I want to give a paragraph to Yvor Winters's long essay on modern poetry. This essay and Mr. Toomer's fragment and Mr. Putnam's poem are the things I should hate to have missed reading.

Last year Mr. Seldes suggested that the *Caravan* include some criticism setting forth the basis and aims and methods of its writers. Mr. Winters does just that for the advanced poets of our day, and he does it about as clearly as it can be done, with explicit references to Rimbaud, Laforgue, Mallarmé, T. S. Eliot, W. C. Williams, Allen Tate and Hart Crane. The technical analysis is good: the talk about the "souls" of poets which he has added to it is imprecise and amounts to no more than the customary sentimental adulation of poets.

Lastly, there is a folk fantasy by Paul Green which arouses the hope that Mr. Green may some day really revive the masque.

GORHAM B. MUNSON

AWAKE AND REHEARSE *by Louis Bromfield* (STOKES. $2.50)

PROCESSION OF LOVERS *by Lloyd Morris* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.50)

THESE short stories by Louis Bromfield are as extraordinary in matter as in form. They are calculated to surprise the reader, both by a startling diversity which is at once apparent, and by a reticent and underlying similarity. They are a confusing mixture of the real and the supernatural, the sublime and the ridiculous, the conventional and the outrageous. The literary task which Mr. Bromfield undertook in these stories was a very difficult one indeed. Where he succeeds he deserves a great deal of credit; where he fails, the result is, if anything, more than usually flat.

Two continents are rifled to provide a setting for these fantastic tales. One story takes place at a health resort in the Black Forest, the next outside a Paris café; one in a bedroom at the Ritz, the next in a theatrical boarding house. In spite of the diversity of scene, they have a kind of identity. Each

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story is a condensed novel; each miniature novel is the history of a life—a life formed and motivated or crushed and distorted by love. The total effect is that of a sort of *Spoon River Anthology* with the world as its scene. Mr. Bromfield is at his best in such an openly ironic story as that of *Nigel,* who returns to England after having been reported as lost in the war, to find himself famous for the heroism of his death, and as the subject of his father's psychic researches. Where the stories shade definitely into the realm of the supernatural, or into the darker regions of human vice which have an almost supernatural air, they are not convincing. Mr. Bromfield has a clear and cheerfully materialistic manner which, for lack of a better adjective, one is tempted to call American. At any rate, it consorts ill with the vampires and incubi of the Black Forest.

Procession of Lovers, another group of love stories, set in a framework something after the manner of the *Decameron,* is in striking contrast to Mr. Bromfield's book. These are highly romantic tales, compounded of the incredible moonlight and roses, and the equally incredible blood and tears, of passion. In a beautiful and musical, if somewhat over-mannered, prose Mr. Morris re-tells the world's most famous love stories—those of Sappho, the Empress Theodora, Mary Magdalene, the Borgias, Héloïse and Abélard, "La Grande Mademoiselle", and Christopher Marlowe. They are good stories, and perhaps it is a tribute to Mr. Morris's art that the less familiar tales, those like the story of Sappho and Kit Marlowe, for which legend provides the least substantial background, are the most successful here.

MARGARET WALLACE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIOGRAPHY

BALZAC IN SLIPPERS *by Léon Gozlan* (MCBRIDE. $3.50)

LÉON GOZLAN was a Parisian journalist, feuilletonist and playwright in the days of Louis Philippe when Hugo and Balzac were bestriding French literature like two colossi. His book of Balzacian reminiscence was written many decades ago but is almost as fresh today as when it was first published.

The title in English is not the only thing that recalls Jean-Jacques Brousson; for Gozlan bore somewhat the same relation to Balzac that Brousson did to Anatole France; and, furthermore, the temperaments of the two men are not dissimilar. Both are witty and irreverent; both take a malicious and yet charming enjoyment in their indiscretions; both have the true journalist's flair for playing up the farcical in the lives of their masters and for transforming what was probably a trivial word or gesture into a complex and apparently revelatory anecdote. As a biographer neither is to be trusted; but as anecdotal writers they are gay, audacious and momentarily convincing.

It is true enough, as Gozlan himself remarks, that "from the standpoint of his private life, Balzac is not understood", a circumstance which Gozlan believes is ascribable to Balzac's lack of desire "to groom his shadow". But the deficiency is not supplied by the author of *Balzac in Slippers*. Gozlan was too irrepressible, too mercurial—in a good sense—too humorous to essay the task of comprehension. His journalistic fancy was caught by Balzac's extravagances, eccentricities and petty lunacies. These he notes with unflagging gaiety and impertinence but, taken altogether, they do not give us a convincing and solid portrait of Balzac in his more informal moods. The reader, I think, will not worry about this for, whether or not *Balzac in Slippers* is true or just, it is unquestionably entertaining. If it is not a good portrait, it is at least a hilarious cartoon.

Balzac's crazy villa of *Les Jardies,* on which he lavished so much money and which was always being swept away by rain, his mad fits of interest in the drama for which his genius was so ludicrously unsuited, his money-making schemes, his battles with publishers and journalists, his extravagant collections of *objets d'art,* his complicated schemes for preserving the secret of his Paris residence—all the exterior fantasy of his amazing personality is preserved in these frolicsome pages. In so far as Honoré de Balzac was a farce character, Gozlan has noted and understood him.

In certain moods, Balzac was a child with a child's inability to realize the limits of his power. The immense arrogance of his imagination, his feverish financial projects, his mania for building and for collecting, his gorgeous garrulity are all indicative of a sort of innocence rather than of megalomania. Had he really had delusions of grandeur, his novels would have been much more subjective and apologetic than they are. What Gozlan does make clear is that the egotistic eccentricities of Balzac are due to a curiously naïve rather than to a perverted temperament. He reserved for his books, not for his life, that wonderful sense of reality, of the limitations society puts upon human beings, of the rôles of money and politics and deception. No doubt, during his life, he had his moments of tragically sensible awareness also; but it is not these that Gozlan dwells upon in his amusing book.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE *by Gerald W. Johnson* (MINTON, BALCH. $3.50)

SINCE in American history there are few figures more fascinating than John Randolph of Roanoke, and since he has never had a good popular biography, Gerald W. Johnson's able little volume meets a decided need. It is hardly more than a sketch, but for many readers who have not the time for the 1600 pages which William Cabell Bruce devotes to the man, and who are repelled by the icy unfriendliness of Henry Adams's Life, it will serve admirably. Moreover, the long sketch is a form particularly adapted to treatment of Randolph. He was the ablest Congressional debater of his time and, in some ways a really great man; there has probably never been in England or America a stronger master of the vituperative style. But he had no career as a constructive statesman. From beginning to end he was simply a highly individual and picturesque personality, freakish in the extreme, true to no party but himself, and often in a minority of one. His constructive achievements require little chronicling for there were almost none. What we need is an analysis of his personality, a study of his strange vagaries and whims, an impression of his odd figure as he rose in debate or on the hustings—beardless, tawny-skinned, with piercing black eyes and piping voice, a boyish face and torso on stilt-like legs that made him six feet tall, his bony finger stabbing at the object of his wrath—all well salted with quotations showing his power of invective and his occasional wild strains of eloquence; and this is what Mr. Johnson gives us.

The sympathy of the book is its most attractive element. Mr. Johnson divines that beneath Randolph's harsh exterior and the saucy, devil-may-care, imperious front he presented to the world, there lay some profound tragedy. The man had a marred soul and knew it. Probably no analysis of the reasons for Randolph's impish eccentricity can ever satisfy us. His physical disability, which condemned him to celibacy, doubtless had something to do with it. Doubtless the strange family tragedy, centering around Nancy Randolph, accused of murdering her illegitimate child, played its part. The circumstances of his upbringing, orphaned, without domestic ties, rich enough to play the aristocrat from youth, had their share. Something may even be traced to his Indian blood. But certainly the impression we carry away from this account is of an overpoweringly pathetic life. He felt its pathos himself. "Again all is chaos and misery," he said when the last of the Randolph clan died; "my faculties are benumbed; I feel suffocated."

Mr. Johnson, of course, adds no new facts to those already known. His interpretation of some of the familiar facts is not always happy. He treats the Chase impeachment as if it were justified, which it certainly was not, and glosses over Randolph's total failure in the prosecution of that case. When Randolph as a young Congressman impudently called the army officers of the nation "a handful of ragamuffins", and several officers later jostled and insulted him, he appealed to President John Adams against this interference with Congress. Mr. Johnson thinks that Adams was foolish to refer the appeal to the House; but it was surely rather shrewd of Adams to let the House judge of its own breach of privilege. The author's defense of Randolph's famous ministry to Russia, when he drew more than $21,000 from the treasury for a service of twenty-odd days on Russian soil, is not very convincing; defense is hardly necessary, for by that time Randolph was distinctly crazed. But the book as a whole is well conceived and executed.

ALLAN NEVINS

SAINT PAUL *by Emile Baumann* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.50)

THIS is an extremely difficult book to approach. It is a "life" of Saint Paul that meets

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him on his own terms; it is based on faith that the record of Saul's conversion on the road to Damascus is true, that he really saw Jesus, heard him speak, and was transfigured thenceforth. M. Baumann considers the more or less modern sceptics, including Renan, and rules them out of court on the ground that not one of them has "proved" a thing. And of course he is right; none of us was there on the road to Damascus, so where are we? But the sword cuts both ways; and M. Baumann must fall back on a faith very like that of Renan's faith in the law of causation.

The book is written from a point of view that a master of exegesis would, no doubt, call biased. But what book about Paul could be undertaken from an unbiased angle? Who could approach him without passion and yet muster sufficient energy to go through the records, to travel to Palestine, the Levant, Rome? Was not Renan moved to his work because he was actively in revolt against a system which he had come to doubt; and does not a rebound entail a shift in bias, so that the negative side of the shield comes to the front? How can a person who is an unbeliever regarding the specific instances of the Resurrection and the conversion on the road to Damascus undertake a fair discussion of *Saint Paul*?

These are questions that are insoluble, so far as we have been able to discover. But we can rule them out, and consider M. Baumann's book as a work of art. Let us begin by praising Kenneth Burke for putting the French into firm, grave, often eloquent English. Granted the dignity of Paul, the prose at once fits the subject. And we can proceed to commend M. Baumann's method, which is to put the accounts in the Acts to the test of his own visiting of the regions that felt the sway of Paul during the apostle's lifetime. M. Baumann wants to know the climate, the physical characteristics of the region of Tarsus, of Jerusalem, of Hellas, so that the feel of his book shall be right. Then, too, he is always willing to meet the exegesists. He disagrees with them firmly and, from the point of view of a sceptic, illogically; but his manners are not hysterical and, from his own point of view, the exegesists are just as illogical as they might consider him.

There is the very prevalent modern view that Christianity went wrong with Paul, a point of view whose most recent spokesman is Ludwig Lewisohn. But the whole quarrel is over a difference in interpretation. It might be well for those interested to cease quarrelling over Paul and to define their attitudes toward life in terms of the present.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ANARCHISM IS NOT ENOUGH *by Laura Riding* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

IN THIS series of tantrums Miss Riding lays about her with an almost universally destructive hand, and knocks right and left people, conventions and ideas. The people are the only ones I could be sure of recognizing, because their names are given.

Miss Riding's fundamental position is stated with severity and plainness. "In the art of not living one is not ephemerally permanent but permanently ephemeral." There you have her in a nut-shell. But she won't stay there, I warn you. To do her justice (no, I shall not say that) to give her her due, she does sound a kind of warning, in the opening fragments of the book, that we may expect squalls ahead. "Poetry is an attempt to make language do more than express; to make it work; to redistribute intelligence by means of the word. . . . Poetry always faces, and generally meets with, failure. But even if it fails, it is at least at the heart of the difficulty, which it treats not as a difficulty of minds but of mind." Our only recourse, then, after reading her book, is to accuse it of having been written in her kind of poetry.

It is not altogether a satisfying retort, for occasionally Miss Riding drops into plain, understandable prose. In the course of a long drawn-out blast against the English critics (absolutely indistinguishable in kind and general effect from the most wearisome preciosities of an orthodox scholiast) she finds this to say apropos of T. S. Eliot's becoming an Anglo-Catholic:

> . . . I had nearly forgotten that Mr. Eliot began his Progress as a Poet. But Mr. Eliot, finding himself higher than the mob and lower than the man of inspiration, is modest; he does not ask to be considered, or consider himself, as a poet. Unless we are deceived by his modesty, he would be content to be Bishop or to be Professor Saintsbury.

And she cuts through a great deal of polite nonsense when she announces that "every psychologist of sex is a psychologist of sex because he suffers from a sex-fixation. He is the principal case of his work".

There is a great deal of wading to be done, however, before you stub your toe against something recognizably there. Miss Riding talks at length, with what may be wisdom (for it is certainly incomprehensible) about a great many subjects which all of us, and not merely artists, are vitally interested in. To read her book is like listening to a man who is passionately anxious to be heard, but who has such an impediment in his speech that he cannot be understood.

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TASTE *by E. E. Kellett* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $1.25)

IN HIS introductory note to this extremely sensible little book, Mr. Kellett states his intention of showing that the world has seen many and startling changes in literary taste. He adds, with an irony that I cannot believe is unconscious, that "only thus, in my opinion, is there any likelihood of finding something like a solid foundation amid the shifting sands of criticism".

With disarming simplicity, many apt examples by the way, and a very insinuating kind of sweet reasonableness, Mr. Kellett then proceeds to trot us through the history of literary taste, from prehistoric times to the end of the Nineteenth Century. And his conclusion, his "solid foundation amid the shift-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing sands of criticism", is enough to strike dismay into the hearts of critics.

> That there are no permanent or established principles in criticism is the one thing that emerges from such a survey: the one thing certain is that there is no certainty. We might venture, in a bold moment, to assert that clearness and simplicity are the essentials of a good style: but we remember that no writer is more obscure than Shakespeare, and none less simple than Burke or Sir Thomas Browne. If we ask for grammatical accuracy, we rule out Froude, Thackeray, and practically all the Elizabethans.

Mr. Kellett is cautiously skeptical about making judgments; very occasionally he allows his own opinion on some troubled literary question to shine obliquely through his calm, expository manner; this veiled opinion usually appears to be mildly conservative—with qualifications. But his fundamental position is the opposite of conservative. "Macaulay said of Burke that he adopted his opinions like a partisan, and defended them like a philosopher. This is true of us all, except that the philosophy is usually less visible than in Burke." His doctrine, or rather heresy, will be frowned on by all critics and hailed with delight by all reviewers.

Apparently the only way to dispose of Mr. Kellett is to hoist him with his own petard: to say that, since he believes with Taine that a writer is the product of his time and place, his own critical fatalism is an example of his theory. But this would be to admit that Mr. Kellett is right. Well, I think he is right.

T. S. MATTHEWS

AMERICAN ESTIMATES *by Henry Seidel Canby* (HARCOURT, BRACE. $3.00)

THIS volume offers a collection of highly personal and rather vivid opinions upon life and literature by Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature.* In it there is something of almost every type of writing to which the critical pen can adapt itself. There are book reviews in the purely journalistic sense; there are personal judgments upon literary figures—a notable example is the appreciation of Christopher Morley; there are analyses of national and international moods and tendencies in literature; there are familiar essays upon such frothy themes as *Skunk Cabbage;* there are semi-scholarly essays upon the past greatness of American letters and such of its exponents as Emerson and Thoreau.

The meat of the volume, and its controversial material as well, is to be found in the contemporary dicta. If Mr. Canby quite bogs down in his estimate of James Joyce and that "lesser mistress of the prophetic", Gertrude Stein, surely it is to be forgiven him, particularly in view of the cogency of his epigram on Wells: "Wells thinks that by applying measurement we may be saved. He is plucky, and relatively far-sighted, but a little naïve". An essay which contains a judgment least often stated and best worth stating is that upon the art of Cabell occasioned by the publication of *Something About Eve.* Mr. Canby's conclusion is terse and pertinent:

> Cabell in his ivory tower has been trifled with, has been misunderstood. . . . Striking back he has wasted on ingenious obscenity energies which might have gone into invention and the pruning of a luxuriant style. . . . Once off his course, the stylist has betrayed the man, and he has exhausted in polish of phrase and skill of circumlocution an originality capable of another *Jurgen,* which would not be *Jurgen* over again, nor yet a clever tweaking of decency's nose by a talented gentleman who has lost his temper.

A judgment like this one, wherever one finds it, is sure to be worth the rest of the book. But this is not an isolated instance. These essays sparkle with small and accurate, carefully distilled conclusions.

Since the opinions set forth here are eminently personal, one's reactions must be equally so. There are statements here which will outrage the private judgment of every

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reader, although it will by no means always be the same statements. And there are others which will delight because they echo one's deepest and most unexpressed thought. Some of these *American Estimates* are accurate and convincing; some are convincing without any special appearance of accuracy; and some—by all odds the best of them—are merely entertaining.

MARGARET WALLACE

THE ENGLISH NOVEL *by Ford Madox Ford* (LIPPINCOTT. $1.00)

THE CHIEF virtue of this book lies in the number of sharply provocative critical statements. An isolated remark to the effect that Stevenson played the sedulous ape to Sir Thomas Browne prompts the reader to test out the comparison—which is just what Mr. Ford wants. His appreciation of Trollope is particularly sympathetic, but he is too much of a realist to see any good in Walter Scott. Richardson he exalts at the expense of Fielding, while Marryat is his particular hobby. The process of revaluation of standard masterpieces has gone on rapidly of late and it is perhaps well that it should. In this, academic critics are too much the slaves of tradition to be of much help. The judgments of a capable novelist in connection with his own art are interesting in that they show us what, to a modern, is still fresh and readable.

One should not expect to find well documented facts or a popularized history of the novel in Mr. Ford's treatise. It is, rather, a chatty, digressive record of a cultivated modern's excursions in English literature. One learns more of Mr. Ford's reactions to English gentility and literary theory than of the actual development of the novel form. The treatment of origins is cloudy and the lack of continuity of organization in the monograph would make it confused reading for anyone unfamiliar with the field. Few will disagree with Mr. Ford's theory of the novel, which is that " . . . the story is the thing, and the story and then the story, and . . . there is nothing else that matters in the world".

H. R. HAYS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG-
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VARIED SHELF

THAT CAPRI AIR *by Edwin Cerio* (HARPERS. $3.50)

COLONEL FITZHUGH MINNIGERODE is the authority for the statement: "Capri is half nature at her loveliest—grottoes, cliffs, and towering rock—and half Cerio. He is known as The Tutelary Genius of Capri and Capri, in turn, is known as *Proprieta Cerio,* or Cerio's Property". That gives us a hint of Edwin Cerio whose *That Capri Air* is a series of sketches from his *Aria di Capri,* the translations being done by no less famous a group than Norman Douglas, R. W. Reynolds, Louis Golding, and Francis Brett Young. To describe *That Capri Air* in a paragraph or two is a formidable and practically impossible undertaking. To say that the sketches are history would be wrong, for they are too fantastic. To say that they are fiction would be a misstatement, for there is too much fact in them. It appears, however, to be fact of the spirit. Mr. Brett Young helps out with the information that "every word of this remarkable book is true. Each one of the fantastic figures that makes his gesture on Cerio's canvas has existed in the flesh, or, if not in the flesh, at least in the spirit. Some of them, without doubt, exist (or existed) in the same relation to historical fact as that which Timberio bears to Tiberius. Yet a living myth (as the author has wisely suggested) is more vital than a dead Emperor". That, too, would seem to give us a hint of Edwin Cerio's method but the difficulty of explaining his book (without growing slightly fantastic and light-headed oneself) still remains. One might turn statistical and say that *That Capri Air* contains fifteen sketches, based, for the most part, on various fantastic and practically unbelievable characters who are purported to have lived or who still live on Capri, that siren land that Norman Douglas and Compton Mackenzie have celebrated. Or, again, one might grow a trifle profound and discourse on the spirit of places and how certain individuals become the inception-points for legends and myths and that Edwin Cerio has caught this half-mad, half-fantastic spirit of Capri and put it down on paper. What the author really appears to have done (and this is no explanation at all) is to focus a fine sense of humor and a rare and ridiculous wit on Capri and certain of its typical characters and produce a synthesis that is, in effect, a myth. For instance (and this is pure assumption), he will take the legend of the oldest fisherman of Capri and embroider into it all the circulating myths, his own fantastic sense of humor, and produce Old Spadaro. But this, as I say, is pure assumption. Perhaps Old Spadaro actually exists in the flesh in Capri and calling him a myth might not please him any too much. If the strange and slightly-mad people who inhabit Edwin Cerio's book actually inhabit Capri there is no more to be said. One cannot do better than board the first steamer for Naples. And if one cannot board the first steamer one can lay hold of *That Capri Air.* It is mad, fantastic, provocative of constant chuckles and suggestive of that strange land that Alice found when she went down the rabbit-hole.

HERBERT GORMAN

THE ORDEAL OF THIS GENERATION *by Gilbert Murray* (HARPERS. $3.00)

THERE have been many books written about peace and the world's incessant struggle to rid itself of the spectre of war. Probably far

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too many. But if the age-old problem were always approached in the philosophic, reasoned, dispassionate spirit in which it is examined by Professor Murray, we could have no complaint about this deluge of pacifistic literature. Nor does it detract from the cogency of arguments in favor of peace to have them so well written.

The most persuasive reason for the inevitability of another war is that the peace established as a result of the last war cannot endure. It bears too heavily upon the defeated nations. They can neither be expected to accept the present *status quo* permanently nor on the other hand can we expect that unanimity of world opinion which might possibly prevent war should it be provoked by some nation endeavoring to change the treaties. It is easy to imagine a world so divided as to the issues involved in a clash between Hungary and Roumania that it would stand by helplessly while the two nations went to arms.

To Professor Murray such an objection to the possibility of enforcing peace is perfectly valid, but he meets it with the clear reasoning which is typical of his entire book. Important as it may be to rectify treaties, it is more important to get rid of war. That is his central thesis. But he also points out that no settlement born of war can ever be entirely just and that a truly satisfactory solution of territorial problems can be achieved only through diplomatic action—statements which, we should say, cannot be disputed. Once the danger of war were removed, it might be possible to persuade certain nations to give up some of their alien territories and unwilling subjects, but the impossibility of doing so now is devastating proof of how war affects this problem.

In so far as America and its attitude toward peace are concerned, Professor Murray makes some very telling remarks. Admitting that the most uncompromising expressions of the peace spirit have come from this country, he declares that it nevertheless sometimes seems "as if the mass of the American public had been less sobered and educated by the late war, had remained more violent in imagination and action, and more self-satisfied in their nationalism than the nations of Western Europe. . . . America is the one nation in the world which does not realize what war is and which could afford the luxury of another". This is worth pondering. It is undoubtedly true that we have suffered so little from war that it still seems less of an evil than many things for which no European nation would dare run even the risk of hostilities.

It is impossible, however, to comment adequately on *The Ordeal of This Generation*. It is certainly one of the best books on the issue of war or peace which have yet appeared either in England or America. It would be tragic if it were to be read only by those already committed to every pacifistic reform. Its appeal is essentially to every thoughtful person awake to the significance of what Professor Murray would call the world's progress from Chaos to Cosmos in international relations.

FOSTER RHEA DULLES

SKYLARKING: THE ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF FLYING *by Bruce Gould* (LIVERIGHT. $2.50)

AN EXCITING book by a man who is excited about flying is *Skylarking* by Bruce Gould, the first writer to extol the joys of flying as others before him have waved their pens for walking, riding, sailing and motoring. *Skylarking* begins as a rhapsody of the air miles up in clouds of sentiment, and spirals gradually down to sound experience and a splendidly realistic view of flying. In fact, for all the purple verbiage in which he first approaches the subject, this flying journalist has a sound view of man's place in the air as it is now, and as it probably will be.

When Bruce Gould writes about flying it is not as a technician or even as an aviator,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but as a man who has flown so much that he steps into a plane with less hesitation than most of us do into a taxi, and with a great deal more enjoyment. If you have not already flown you will probably grow restless to be off to the nearest flying field before you have reached the last pages of *Skylarking*. Certainly no one writing of aviation has made flying seem such a natural, reasonable and delightful means of getting about.

In addition Bruce Gould answers in a thoroughly interesting manner nearly every question that the average person could think of to ask about flying: history, records, heroes, how planes fly, present safety and future possibilities; what aviators are like, how it feels to crash, what commercial aviation is doing in America—and dozens of facts one has wondered about.

In a breath-taking chapter of but thirty-one pages Bruce Gould recounts the incredible history of flying from the first tiny flight of the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, N. C., less than twenty-six years ago, to the recent flights of Lindbergh, Byrd and the rest. The very briefness of the chapter intensifies the thrilling quality of the story it tells—the swift, adventurous story of man's most amazing conquest.

WILLIAM HOWELL WELLS

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE *by E. de Gramont, ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre* (CAPE & SMITH. $3.00)

"IN THOSE days," writes the ex-Duchesse-authoress, meaning the days of her distant youth, "the cultivation of the affections occupied the leisure now devoted to speed".

In those days Anatole France was holding court under the eye of Madame Caillavet, and Cannes had not yet been discovered by moneyed hoi polloi. In those days, too, the word "affection" had a meaning obsolete today. In the memoirs of this sprightly lady, it is by no means synonymous with kindly feeling which, considering the ramifications of her relations, their relations and their inherited friends, would be against reason, nature and, in this case, art. The Duchesse's family seems to have been distressingly prolific, and even when the name was lacking as a means of identifying a branch with the main trunk, there always remained a recognizable feature. "God pardons, the world forgets, but the nose remains" was the dictum of the peasantry on the results of the Beauvau "affections".

These subtly indiscreet memoirs reveal much of the manners, customs and modes of thought in the France of the Duchesse's heyday. Then young ladies danced with the physically undeveloped and financially ineligible, and, while their toes were being crushed, were scrutinized by the possible husbands who after an "eyeful" departed to the joys of Maxim's. When the eligible finally condescended, in return for a dowry, to wed the innocent, they took a less ingenuous lady along—to celebrate, no doubt, the joys of a good bargain.

Louis Bromfield assures us in the preface that this book is what memoirs should be—a "footnote to history". The Duchesse's relations played, indeed, a prominent and not undistinguished part in the great events of their time, and among them she numbers the Rothschilds, for whose story alone the book is worth reading. The title, to say the least, is misleading in translation, for it conveys none of the malicious charm of the narrative.

NORAH MEADE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE, LIFE MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF AMERICA

Taking, as a cautious reporter should, the middle of the road, the compiler of the Monthly Score this month puts *The Cradle of the Deep* back into the General list, where more than half of the librarians now list it; last month it was classified as fiction, the month before as non-fiction. Its score was higher this month than any of the works of fiction listed here. It is noteworthy, in view of the confusion, that Corey Ford's—shall we say "companion?"—work, *Salt Water Taffy,* occupies an equally ambiguous place in the minds of librarians. Readers and publishers are entitled to another word of explanation. The place of *The Bishop Murder Case* was determined by bunching all reports of that title with those of librarians who simply wrote, "any Van Dine murder". Standing alone, *The Bishop Murder Case* would have ranked ninth, moving four other titles each up a peg in the Score. —F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	DODSWORTH	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT, BRACE
2.	DARK HESTER	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
3.	SCARLET SISTER MARY	*Julia Peterkin*	BOBBS-MERRILL
4.	THE BISHOP MURDER CASE	*S. S. Van Dine*	SCRIBNER'S
5.	ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT *	*Erich Maria Remarque*	LITTLE, BROWN
6.	PEDER VICTORIOUS	*O. E. Rölvaag*	HARPERS
7.	STORM HOUSE	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
8.	MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS	*Du Bose Heyward*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
9.	A LANTERN IN HER HAND	*Bess Streeter Aldrich*	APPLETON
10.	JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN	*H. W. Freeman*	HENRY HOLT
11.	THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA	*Arnold Zweig*	VIKING
12.	THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

GENERAL

1.	HENRY THE EIGHTH	*Francis Hackett*	LIVERIGHT
2.	THE ART OF THINKING	*Ernest Dimnet*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
3.	THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP	*Joan Lowell*	SIMON & SCHUSTER
4.	ELIZABETH AND ESSEX	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT, BRACE
5.	MID-CHANNEL	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	HARPERS
6.	RASPUTIN	*René Fülöp-Miller*	VIKING
7.	A PREFACE TO MORALS *	*Walter Lippmann*	MACMILLAN
8.	STRANGE INTERLUDE	*Eugene O'Neill*	LIVERIGHT
9.	JOHN BROWN'S BODY	*Stephen Vincent Benét*	DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
10.	LION	*Martin Johnson*	PUTNAM
11.	HOWS AND WHYS OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR	*George A. Dorsey*	HARPERS
12.	MOTHER INDIA	*Katherine Mayo*	HARCOURT, BRACE

* *This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World of High Adventure

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

Most of us at heart are somewhat like Alphonse Daudet's Tartarin of Tarascon. We have our Don Quixote side, which calls for glory and the quest of high adventure, and our Sancho Panza side, which counsels the easier way of material comfort. The two voices are in perpetual conflict. It is Don Quixote who makes the early rising resolve of the night before; it is Sancho Panza who keeps us in bed when the morning comes. It is the Knight who sounds the trumpet call to journey to islands of the remote seas, to plunge into jungle labyrinths; it is the squire who urges that these adventures be enjoyed vicariously, by the reading of the books of other men. The world is rapidly adapting itself to the Don Quixote idea. In most parts of the globe the Don can do his tilting at windmills from a deck chair on a 30,000 ton steamer or a seat in an observation car. But there are still a few corners of the earth where it is perhaps wiser to listen to the moderating voice of Sancho Panza.

Here is a group of travel books dealing with the world of high adventure, the unbeaten paths that are not to be reached through the convenient medium of the travel agency. The dark continent described in Carl von Hoffman's *Jungle Gods* (Henry Holt. $3.50) is a very different thing from the Africa that is seen from the veranda of Shepheard's in Cairo or the terrace of the St. George in Algiers. The book is the story of a trip made in 1925-26 from Cairo to the Cape through the heart of equatorial Africa and Rhodesia. The author, a Russian, is a product of the Military Academy of St. Petersburg and fought in the Russo-Japanese War, as well as in the World War in the service of the United States. Being a modern explorer, in preparing his equipment, he sacrificed ammunition to film.

Here is a narrative to test the stoutest heart—a tale of the jungle and the great thirsty land beyond its shadow. Eliminating entirely the human enemy, the traveller across these regions has to battle with the insects beneath his feet and the swarming insects of the air, driven mad by the broiling heat of the sun. The red ants, carnivorous, destructive, attack in columns, and their bite is like the burn of a red hot coal of fire. The unfortunate wanderer who stumbles across their columns or puts a foot through one of their tunnels is attacked instantly and with deadly effectiveness. They swarm up the legs and bite through the clothing. They get in the hair and cannot be dislodged. The pain of their poison lingers for hours.

Paradoxically, a chapter in Gordon MacCreagh's *The Last of Free Africa* (Century. $4.00), that clings in the memory after the book has been laid aside, is one that is equivalent to a defense of the institution of slavery as it exists in present-day Abyssinia. At least Mr. MacCreagh is outspoken in saying that to deal with the problem as the United States did in the Civil War would be a crime and a hideous blunder. An edict of abolition would lead to civil war within twenty-four hours. Wisely, Abyssinia is following the course of permitting slavery to die out with the present generation, quietly and without disturbance. In the meantime there are laws that protect a slave as far as a slave may be protected. If a slave thinks he is being cruelly treated he may bring a charge to that effect against his master before judges appointed for that purpose and, if the charge is upheld by the court, the slave "has the right to be freed", if he wishes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are many similar protective laws. A radical edict of abolition would find the slaves themselves in open revolt. One conspicuous reformer, Hakim Wargneh, who adopted the name of Dr. Martin, sought to set an example by freeing his own slaves and the hundred female slaves of his wife, a princess of the land. She made something of a ceremony in giving the slaves their liberty. The women accepted the gift with manifestations of joy, and then unanimously refused to go away. "Our mistress is our mother. Our home is here"—this was their quite logical point of view. So there they sit, the whole hundred of them, being fed and clothed, and taking with African literalness the information that they need no longer take orders. *The Last of Free Africa* is an interesting, informative and well written book.

From East Africa the reader crosses half the world to an archipelago in the West Pacific. Even here, according to S. G. C. Knibbs in *The Savage Solomons* (Lippincott. $5.00), the influence of the new order of things is in evidence. Today the venturesome visitor to Tulagi will find a nine-hole golf course, tennis courts, a well equipped clubhouse, and near-by a row of hospital buildings, quarters for single officers, a police barracks and a wireless station. All these institutions represent the progress of the last fourteen years. Forty years ago there was scarcely a single village on the coast, for to have built in that position would have meant exposure to the depredations of the head hunters of the neighboring islands. In addition there was the legendary terror of the ape-men who were supposed to inhabit the forest.

With the establishment of a white protectorate, the natives left their villages in the interior and moved down to the sea. In time a Chinatown came to Tulagi. Now Saturday has become a regular market day. Swarms of canoes arrive in the morning. The natives lounge about the store verandas while the Chinese traders entertain them with the gramophone and display the more enticing wares invitingly. Two Chinese restaurants, The Island Café and The Ambassadors, supply meals at any hour to the schooner people and the traders. At the club the members congregate after the afternoon's sport, the tennis players, thirsty after strenuous sets of tennis, and the golfers seeking the benevolent comforts of the nineteenth hole. The native waiter is carrying foaming glasses and fizzing bottles on trays and insistently demanding that a "chit" be signed.

On May 18, 1923, Nicholas Roerich left America for India and, for almost five years, wandered through India, Tibet, Chinese Turkestan and Siberia. His *Altai Himalaya* (Stokes. $5.00), is a diary of that journey written, more literally than figuratively, "in the saddle". This Russian is, first of all, a painter, and he writes like a painter. As Claude Bragdon says in the "Introduction",

> One has the feeling that in everything he does he is seeking the hidden truth, the unrevealed beauty, the Lost Word, in fact. Like some indefatigable hunter, armed not with a gun, but with his pen and brushes, he stalks his quarry across oceans, rivers, mountains, though knowing all the while that the thing he is seeking is himself. Both in his writing and in his painting he permits us to participate in this adventure, and thus draw nearer to the truth which is beauty, and that beauty which is truth.

The flavor of the book is in its sharply etched musings of the past and impressions of the practical present. For example:

> A number of members of the brotherhood of Buddha spent their time in quarrels and the Blessed One left them. The neighboring donors were repelled by the quarreling ones and the latter were humbled and came to Buddha asking him to forget everything not referring to the cause of quarrel among them. But Buddha said: "Such reconciliation will not be fundamental. On the contrary, fearlessly uncover all the roots of the quarrels and of your animosity. Only then will reconciliation be real" . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going to Asia do not take much food. Everything is there in sufficient quantity. Kashmiri agencies know nothing. They made us carry flour and rice with us. They warned us that there was no sugar. They made us take forage. However, everything is there and for the ten days of desert through Karakorum, not much provision is needed. It only makes the caravan senselessly long.

Had the fates so ordained, the Russian painter Roerich and the American Owen Lattimore would have met in some corner of the Gobi Desert or some mountain pass of the Himalayas. For Mr. Lattimore's *The Desert Road to Turkestan* (Little, Brown. $4.00) is the account of a journey made between 1926 and 1928 through Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan to India, a sixteen hundred-mile adventure made by camel caravan by a previously unknown route. Travel by camel caravan is something very different from travel by a *train de luxe*. The outward road to Mongolia or Chinese Turkestan is always "up", while the homeward journey is "down". On the road up a man must walk the whole distance, no matter how footsore or sick he may be, even if he is leading several unladen camels. The only test of sickness is inability to eat. If a man cannot eat, he is put on a camel and tied there, if necessary, until either he can eat or he dies.

The caravan master has something of the authority of a skipper at sea. He is not paid a monthly wage, but a set fee for the journey up and down. He has no expenses, and if the venture has been a success there is always a bonus for him. He must not only know the business of camels and the road, but be able to handle the rowdy camel pullers, who demand dignity without swank and authority without discipline. He must also be competent to deal with any Chinese or Mongol officials who may be met, and is responsible in full for the expenses of the journey, including the purchase of provisions for the men and feed for the camels.

Ranking in high adventure with the narratives of Roerich and Lattimore, and in some respects even more surprising, is *Vagabonding at Fifty* (Coward, McCann. $5.00). It is the story of Helen Calista Wilson and Elsie Reed Mitchell, two middle-aged American women who began by a journey of almost eight thousand miles across Asia, consuming four months, and then settled down to a four years' stay in Russia itself, during which time they earned their livings like Russians, at Russian salaries. Incidentally, as the names "Meechel" and "Veelson" were generally regarded as being unpronounceable and unnecessary, by an inevitable process of Russification, they became "Ereeda Tomasovna" and "Elena Danyelovna".

Their eight-thousand-mile journey was made at a cost of approximately $350.00 or $175.00 apiece. That included food, lodging, boat and railway fares, horses and all incidentals. Naturally, to do it they had to live as the peasants live. Their total living expenses averaged about twenty cents a day for the more economical stages. It is a remarkable story and a lesson in feminine courage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS—(*continued*)

when one becomes used to the mad, whirlwind pace of the story, one finds real characterization and style. It tells of Fedor Harolsen, Vagabond, whose life is governed by the law of the "black and red", and Laura Vlasto, a beautiful girl who demands the impossible of her would-be lovers. It is exciting, colorful and fascinating in its originality.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON *by Martha Ostenso* (DODD, MEAD. $2.50)

WIDOWED in the first months of her marriage by her young husband's suicide after a quarrel, Miss Ostenso's heroine struggles for years, before she finds serenity, in the home of a narrowly-religious and jealous mother-in-law, surrounded by the gossip of a small town. One is cheated of full satisfaction in a colorful book by the feeling that if the heroine had been gifted with one grain of common sense in addition to the courage with which she was lavishly endowed, she would have solved most of her problems in short order.

EX-WIFE *Anonymous* (CAPE & SMITH. $2.00)

PATRICIA and Peter are a modern New York married couple. A single act of infidelity on Patricia's part completely changes Peter from an adoring young husband to a brutal egotist. Patricia runs through the whole gamut of divorce, affairs with a thousand-and-one men, friendship with a few and hopeless love for one. She finally marries a young man who is more comrade than lover, and means to make him a perfect wife. Since this intention, however, is modified by a hope of finding once more the man she loves, the reader is led to suspect that Patricia's story will repeat itself to infinity. It is a sincerely written autobiography, presented as fiction, and the author has set her scenes and painted her characters convincingly. Her picture of women's freedom, which she terms "God's greatest gift to men", is less attractive. Beneath the alluring glamour of such freedom can be felt the hopeless despair of wrecked ideals. It is a vivid footnote to Twentieth Century matrimony.

OVERSHADOWED *by Eugene Löhrke* (CAPE & SMITH. $2.50)

As a war chronicle alone Mr. Löhrke's first novel merits comparison with E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room* and Dos Passos's *Three Soldiers*. But the war in *Overshadowed* is only the perfect crimson backdrop which brings into strong relief the spiritual destitution of young Darrow. Abnormally nourished on the plenitude of his widowed mother's love, young Darrow marched toward the Holy Grail with a volume of Shelley under his arm and his mother's benediction. Equipped thus inadequately, war was a maniacal interlude from which the sensitive boy never recovered. Mr. Löhrke's prose has tonal resilience, maturity and strength. He has written a poignant and splendid novel.

THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE *by Jesse Lynch Williams* (SCRIBNER'S. $2.50)

AN ENGAGING story of a cocky young scientist, a multimillionaire and the great man's daughter. They all learn a number of healthy things from each other and end by forming a happy alliance. The book is amusing and very funny, and its comedy flows not from prearranged situations but from the impact of three well-realized characters upon each other.

COUSIN BERYL *by J. C. Snaith* (APPLETON. $2.50)

THE POOR parson's daughter who comes to London and writes a best seller is seen here from a decidedly new and unsentimentalized angle. In fact, all the people appearing in the story are ruthlessly stripped of glamour and exposed in all their vulgarity.

THE BUFFER *by Alice Hegan Rice* (CENTURY. $2.50)

CYNTHIA is the buffer for her family; it is she who bears the worries for her widowed mother, looking for love; for the gay and reckless brother, the old invalid aunt, and even for the dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rupting Claire, eager for freedom. While the Reverend Mr. Curtis Brown sings, "Would God I were the tender apple blossom", her more masterful suitor, Captain Kelly, is a very different character who demands, "Are you coming or not?" Cynthia at last makes her own way to love and happiness. The story has a quiet appeal and gentle charm, with enough incident to make it agreeably interesting.

PAPER HOUSES *by William Plomer* (COWARD-MCCANN. $2.50)

AFTER an unnecessarily belligerent introduction in which Mr. Plomer disavows any desire to be "a second Lafcadio Hearn", *Paper Houses* turns out to be eight remarkably acute stories of Japan, the Japanese, and Englishmen in the Orient. The stories are shrewd, unsentimental and yet often tender. There is no scandal-mongering for scandal's sake—the white man in the East gets very little quarter from Mr. Plomer—but there is, at least to the reader untravelled in the Orient, a series of very convincing pictures of manners, minds and customs strange to us.

FLOWER UNDER GLASS *by Jean Temple* (CAPE AND SMITH. $2.00)

HONEST, intense and self-righteous, this book is the record of an attempt to find beauty. It is the story of a woman, her two children and the succession of extraordinarily footless and irresponsible men whom it is her fate to attract and cherish. The book will shock conventional readers by its outspokenness; it will raise to ecstasy those in whom the word "polarity", used to designate an otherwise indefinable emotional tension, evokes awe.

ROON *by Herbert Asquith* (SCRIBNER'S. $2.50)

IN SMOOTH slow prose that gets its effect by giving trivialities the same emphasis as momentous events and which accords with the leisurely tempo of his story, Herbert Asquith has written a novel about Roon Harnis, a woman dependent upon her emotions for guidance, who is cleverly steered into marriage by her aunt, Lady Treolare. Roon's husband has political ambitions, and is best described by an adjective which the author often applies to him: complacent. When Roon meets Dick Napier, she is enchanted by qualities in him which her husband does not possess. She is torn between duty and desire, until, with the advent of the War, the tale moves to its tragic ending.

Although the career of Roon's husband figures largely in the book, there is none of the endless discussion of politics so often met in the English novel. Mr. Asquith's descriptions of the English countryside have a quiet sincerity about them that bespeaks more than a desire to do "fine" writing.

SPRING *by Sophia Cleugh* (MACMILLAN. $2.00)

A SPRIGHTLY story of an English family and their American cousin, on a holiday in Italy. These youngsters, ranging from Sweet William, aged eight, to Cousin Hugo in the early twenties, prove themselves heroes and heroines by preventing the theft of a priceless painting and by circumventing the deep-laid plans of two match-making mothers, an ogreish *contessa* and a Boston society matron. Mrs. Cleugh makes her mothers cold-hearted and unsympathetic, giving all the laurels of tenderness to an understanding Aunt Mary. The book has a certain gaiety and charm, which, coupled with the glamour of its Italian setting and an innocuous elopement, make it pleasant, though not exciting reading.

NEAPOLITAN ICE *by Renée Haynes* (DIAL PRESS. $2.00)

SYLVIA goes to Oxford, and there girls chatter and are gay; yet in this lightness and immaturity of her life is set a simple and unforgettable separate tragedy, so startling that it seems unreal. At home there are Kitty, who can speak only in italics, and an undesirable stepmother, but there is also a dear and quite real father—and there is Crispin, comrade and would-be lover. But near to gaiety is sadness for Sylvia—Crispin must go out of her life—and what seems perhaps a light and shallow story shows the bitterness and loneliness of life—"a Neapolitan ice into whose stripes a child had put bitter aloes". But it is the bitterness of youth, and one dares hope for Sylvia that bitterness is not the end of the story.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE HOW THEY RUN *by Helen Grace Carlisle* (CAPE & SMITH. $2.50)

ANOTHER book of awakening adolescence and sex told in the short, hysterical sentences and stream-of-consciousness method of the modern manner. The title is aptly illustrative of the style and content. Three young girls go to New York to express themselves. One seeks refuge in a middle-class, foreign marriage, another is broken and disillusioned. The third, also disillusioned, but wiser than the others, thrusts from her the danger of entanglements and clings to loneliness, out of which she builds an ideal of work—self-expression by means of the stage. Miss Carlisle displays a keenness of analysis and facility of expression which would seem to promise that some time she may give us a work of real distinction.

THE HAPPY PARROT *by Robert W. Chambers* (APPLETON. $2.50)

THE stirring romance of a maid and a young sailor in New York around 1812, that carries the reader along through a maze of semi-historical events, from trading in Black Ivory to piracy on the high seas. A fitting climax is provided by the famous sea battle between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*.

PORTRAIT OF A SPY *by E. Temple Thurston* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.50)

FROM a dive in the seaport town of Marseilles, Liane Sonrel dances her way to fame in Paris. Her rapid ascent and her violent hatred of the French, because of her betrayal by a Frenchman, form a vivid and seductive picture. At the peak of her career her swift punishment as a German spy concludes a most interesting phase of the side of war that shows no mercy to either sex.

MAIDS WILL BE WIVES *by Hazel Cole* (LITTLE, BROWN. $2.50)

THE DILEMMA of the woman educated to no definite end, without the courage to marry the uneducated man she really loves, who overestimates always her intellectual possibilities and actually accepts life on the most elementary terms, makes an excellent novel in Miss Cole's handling of it. The rather unhealthy atmosphere of a woman's college, full of false values and sterile emotions, is well given. Miss Cole tempers her criticism of women's education somewhat by insinuating that this is what a woman's education of twenty-five years ago led to, but most of the points she makes against women's colleges are still matters to be taken seriously.

RED LIKKER *by Irvin S. Cobb* (COSMOPOLITAN. $2.50)

MR. COBB turns serious in this novel about his home state, Kentucky. With relish he describes the old life of prodigal wealth, when the worst crime was to stint on food and the only honorable occupations for a gentleman were horse-breeding and the manufacture of good Bourbon whiskey. Then into this Eden he brings prohibition and modernity. It is a book that will make the new generation marvel and its elders sigh with regret that the old order must pass.

THE MASQUERADERS *by Georgette Heyer* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $2.00)

THIS rollicking tale of the days of the Stuart Rebellion is a splendid yarn of excitement and romance. Brother and sister exchange rôles and mingle in London society, secure in their masquerade. Their father, a peerless adventurer, is such a consummate actor that even his children and the reader are in the end uncertain whether the old reprobate has merely "put it over again" or is really Lord Barham. It is a thrilling story brimming over with fun.

KIF *by Gordon Daviot* (APPLETON. $2.50)

ARCHIBALD VICAR, orphan, otherwise known as Kif, feeling the pulse of life, leaves his job as helper on an English farm and goes to war. After the war, returning to a London that doesn't want him, and unable to make his living honestly, he drifts into the underworld. After a brief apprenticeship with a coterie of burglars, he starts out for himself. His life becomes a series of tragedies. It is an unvarnished history of what might have happened to any homeless ex-service man in a large city after the war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROBBERS AND SOLDIERS *by Albert Ehrenstein* (KNOPF. $2.50)

THIS is a novel which tries to break away from the traditional story of Chinese pirates, princesses and opium dens. There is none of that pseudo-Orientalism here which pervades most novels dealing with the East. It is the story of Wu Sung, robber, lover, soldier and fugitive. Wu stumbles by accident into a region harassed by a man-eating tiger. Unarmed, he succeeds in killing the beast, and after being acclaimed as hero by the townsfolk, he is appointed officer on the staff of the Governor of the Province. Wu Ta, his brother, sells bean puffs in the same town, and his young and alluring wife, Gold Lotus, becomes the mistress of a wealthy merchant who persuades her to kill Wu Ta. Wu Sung returns, wrings the confession from the terrified widow, and unceremoniously beheads her.

The book presents a panorama of schoolmasters, hawkers, officials, robbers and soldiers with none of that grenadine flavor of "pale hands" and "temple bells".

LURE OF THE DUST *by Harding Forrester* (CENTURY. $2.50)

AFRICA, that cruel, mysterious land, has been blamed for many failures; but Mr. Forrester shows how the hardship of life in Rhodesia merely brings out a latent yellow streak in certain persons by the severe test of character that it imposes. Six delightful young English people meet on the boat going out, and the story follows their varying careers in Africa. The book is brimming with humor, always fresh and spontaneous; and even the mystery surrounding the heroine isn't taken too seriously. It is a first novel by a man who, having lived in Africa most of his life, is familiar enough with the country not to let its drama warp his sense of humor.

GOOD GESTES *by P. C. Wren* (STOKES. $2.00)

THE Geste brothers figure again in a series of gruesome short stories of the Foreign Legion. Each one is a masterpiece of adventure and horror. "A Gentleman of Color," a tale of poetic justice, is a splendid, well-constructed bit of writing. This book lacks the fascination of the three novels that preceded it, perhaps because there is too much similarity of background and theme, but nevertheless it is genuinely interesting.

YOUNG MRS. GREELEY *by Booth Tarkington* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

THE VAIN, pretty, stupid heroine of *Young Mrs. Greeley* is persuaded by another woman of her own type that her husband's business advancement is due entirely to the effect of her charm on her husband's employer. Mr. Tarkington's favorite theme in recent years has been that the average American girl is spoiled, conceited beyond belief, and in no way a match for her blunt but competent masculine partner; disillusion descends cruelly on these butterflies. Except that his ear for dialogue is so unerring and his sense of the ridiculous keen enough to make even his scenes of disaster genuinely amusing, Mr. Tarkington's cruelty to his trivial heroines would begin to be tiresome.

SUMMER FRUIT *by Dornford Yates* (MINTON, BALCH. $2.50)

ANTHONY LEVYDEN, D. S. O., ex-officer, is forced to enter domestic service to keep from starving, and there he falls in love with Valerie French. After a quarrel with her he seeks work restoring an enormous estate in the Cotswolds, Gramarye. The place exerts a sinister effect on him and he suffers brain fever, followed by loss of memory. This tale with amnesia as its theme is unreal, but it has humor as well as tragedy.

THE COURTS OF THE MORNING *by John Buchan* (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN. $2.50)

TO CREATE an erudite, yet breathless and romantic tale of adventure is no mean achievement. John Buchan has done this in his latest book, which is concerned with war and intrigue in a South American republic. The El Pais Venenos, that eerie world of jungle and dank growth, from which "malevolence rises out of fog", home of the pearly pill of astura which insures waxy-skinned robots with feverish brains for the Gobernador of the Gran Seco,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

robots who, automatically, do his bidding in all parts of the world, is the background. As in this author's other books, the tale is carried in a rhythmic and graceful prose which reaches its height in descriptive passages of rare beauty.

GROWING PAINS *by John Peter Toohey* (DIAL PRESS. $2.00)

A TALE of a freshman at college that recalls Mr. Tarkington's incomparable portraits of youth. Although the episode in which the boy's mother helps him sell the family automobile to pay a gambling debt leaves an unpleasant taste, anyone who has passed his twentieth birthday is sure to find many a laugh in the pages of this book, and to remember his own youthful exuberances.

SHACKLES OF THE FREE *by Mary Grace Ashton* (STOKES. $2.50)

SOULS, wickedness, Catholicism and sophistication, all get about equal attention in Miss Ashton's second book. It is worth reading because its author is a born writer, and probably could not be dull if her life depended on it. It is the story of a charming young woman married to a hopeless invalid; but the heroine is not the heroine, and even Miss Ashton seems to be in doubt as to whether her main character is a sophisticated *dea ex machina* or a meddlesome nuisance. Give the author five years and she will have experience to round out her uncanny observation; then her characters will not float in a void, giving out a pale melodramatic light.

THE MAJOR'S CANDLESTICKS *by George A. Birmingham* (BOBBS-MERRILL. $2.00)

THE VERY same Reverend J. J. Meldon whose jovial garrulities did so much to make *Spanish Gold* a treasury of chuckles, serves again to enliven Mr. Birmingham's newest farce. J. J.'s Celtic ingenuity and wit are as recreative as they ever were. He is the backbone of this novel. While the plot itself rotates on the slimmest cotter-pin—namely, the loss and recovery from the river Shannon of Major Kent's seven silver candlesticks—the setting against which this curious adventure is placed is of embroiled, corrupt and factious Ireland; the Ireland of Free Staters and Republicans. If you like a fine blending of whimsy and satire this book of Birmingham's is a perfect *bonne bouche*.

MAYPOLES AND MORALS *by Frederic Arnold Kummer* (SEARS. $2.50)

MORAL: "The way to hold a woman is not to neglect her". Mr. Shackleford, the protagonist of this sophisticated novel, is a writing gentleman who divides his moments between tempting inadequately-mated ladies and preparing a lengthy treatise on sex mythology. He does both with ease and talent. The wise and beautiful Mrs. Darrow only reluctantly succumbs to his six feet of handsomeness. There is considerable trading of lively epigrams and some showy reflection on the dilemmas of sex and marriage. Moral: Even a philanderer can make an excellent husband once he understands that sex is as much psychic as it is physical.

THE LOST MARK *by Patrick Wynnton* (LIPPINCOTT. $2.00)

CUTTY LORRINGER was a decent, clean-cut lad—the first mate of the *Maid of Dee*—but he had made dangerous enemies, and they led him into no end of trouble, even murder, before they finally succumbed. From Marseilles to the island of Tragos there is a steady stream of action—dungeons, murder, piracy, with a pretty adventuress who becomes honest after meeting with Cutty. A good yarn.

Detective and Mystery

THE EATER OF DARKNESS *by Robert M. Coates* (MACAULAY. $2.50)

MR. COATES has the disadvantage of being a little late in imitating the dadaism of Aragon, Souppault, Breton and Ribemont-Dessaignes. Seven years ago it was mildly shocking to some readers to find a list of items wrongly numbered, and it was perhaps amusing to others to have nature described in terms of mechanical images. But novelty has deserted such phrasing as "The Palisades on their right had shut down on them like a well-oiled shutter", the detective story has been often enough burlesqued, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"movie-chase" as a literary device has lost much of its thrill, and so it is now difficult to get any strong "kick" out of *The Eater of Darkness.* The author has attempted to endow his narrative with the qualities of a dream, but dreams are neither labored in their unfolding nor meagre in their fancies. For invention and surprise Mr. Coates is not in competition with E. E. Cummings, and as for his book being the first pure dada novel to be written in English—an assertion made by the publishers—what about Donald Ogden Stewart's *The Crazy Fool,* a much more uproariously absurd book published in 1925?

BLAIR'S ATTIC *by Joseph C. and Freeman Lincoln* (COWARD-MCCANN. $2.00)

JOSEPH LINCOLN, author of Cape Cod stories, has collaborated with his son. The same philosophy and dry humor that characterize his other books appear here, and in addition he provides mystery. Written around the wreck of the *Pride of the Fleet* in 1883, and the home of its skipper, Captain Blair, which becomes a place of terror, the action covers a period of forty years. The narrative is told by the occupants of the house, and Jonas Jones, an antique dealer, who determines to settle the mystery.

THE FIVE FLAMBOYS *by Francis Beeding* (LITTLE, BROWN. $2.00)

CONCERNING a conspiracy to overthrow the monarchy in Roumania, this tale is cleverly woven about the five men who are engineering the revolution. Inspector Granby, of Scotland Yard, John Baxter, under-secretary to the League at Geneva, and daring Ann Winspeare, an English governess, all play an important part in frustrating the machinations of the Flamboys.

THE GLENLITTEN MURDER *by E. Phillips Oppenheim* (LITTLE, BROWN. $2.00)

CENTERING about the stealing of the priceless Glenlitten diamond necklace, and a murder in the Marquise's bedroom, Oppenheim has written another thriller that lacks none of his usual *savoir faire.* While it is obvious, before reading half of the book, who the murderer is, unexpected twists keep up the suspense to the end.

DETECTIVE DUFF UNRAVELS IT *by Harvey O'Higgins* (LIVERIGHT. $2.00)

EIGHT cases are cleverly worked out by Duff, who works from mental clews, his method being quite at variance with those of most of his confrères. The subjects are totally unlike and each is handled in a neat psychological manner.

THE DAIN CURSE *by Dashiell Hammett* (KNOPF. $2.00)

A JEWEL robbery and a temple of thought are investigated by an operative of a private detective agency. Employing the same methods as in *Red Harvest,* this same detective arrives at his conclusions after participating in several gruesome murders. *The Dain Curse* will be no disappointment to those who enjoyed Mr. Hammett's former book.

BARRON IXELL: CRIME BREAKER *by Oscar Schisgall* (LONGMANS, GREEN. $2.00)

WE REVISE our opinion of Scotland Yard, for the exploits of Barron Ixell, international criminologist, contain no end of intrigue and adventure. In Brussels, Paris, Berlin and Geneva the American crime-breaker pits his cunning against four gangs of criminals and successfully puts them to rout. A very well-written piece of detective fiction.

YELLOW MUNRO *by Gerard Fairlie* (LITTLE, BROWN. $2.00)

AFTER perfecting an invention that will revolutionize crime, an eminent scientist is brutally murdered, leaving the key to his secret in a pearl necklace. How the formula is finally obtained from the merciless "Yellow Munro", a deformed fiend who employs the torture chamber to procure his information, makes an exceptionally good mystery story.

THE MAY DAY MYSTERY *by Octavus Roy Cohen* (APPLETON. $2.00)

A MYSTERY story with a Southern co-educational university for a background. Several students are accused of a murder on the campus. The complications that arise from circumstantial evidence

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are cleverly swept aside by a grotesque bank detective named Jim Hanvey, who solves the dual mystery of murder and bank robbery.

HIDE IN THE DARK *by Frances Noyes Hart* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

LADY COURT, an old Southern mansion forty miles from Washington, is opened by the thirteen Mad March Hares on Hallowe'en, who have reunited to play once more their childhood games. In the midst of "hide in the dark" one of them is murdered, but before morning a confession is made and the secret laid bare. An unusual plot, but weakened by an anticlimax.

THE FIFTH LATCHKEY *by Natalie Sumner Lincoln* (APPLETON. $2.00)

A CLEVER piece of detective fiction that revolves about an extra latchkey to the front door of Senator Sanford's home in Maryland. The senator's son-in-law, a man of questionable affairs, is murdered, and the whole family works at cross purposes in an attempt to shield the apparently guilty person. The book works up to a perfect climax and a surprising solution.

TEMPLE TOWER *by H. C. McNeile* (DOUBLEDAY, DORAN. $2.00)

"BULLDOG" DRUMMOND reappears in a thoroughly satisfying and wild mystery story. Let it suffice that Drummond, Mr. McNeile's unofficial sleuth, can always ferret out the real solution of strange and macabre events, after leading the reader through a series of weird and hair-raising thrills. A barricaded house on the moors, several murders and a whole bag of tricks, keep the interest at high pitch to the conclusion.

THE MURDER IN THE LABORATORY *by T. L. Davidson* (DUTTON. $2.00)

THE VICTIM of a poisonous drug, Walter Sheppery is found on the floor of his laboratory. Clues pointing to his having had a double personality confuse the police, as well as Dr. Blythe, who assists the Scotland Yard Inspector. After innumerable set-backs and false leads the secret of the dual personality is discovered, and by an ingenious scheme the real murderer is found.

Reprints and Anthologies

New Modern Library Books. $.95 each.

Swann's Way *by Marcel Proust*, translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff.

Mrs. Dalloway *by Virginia Woolf*. Introduction by the author.

Twelve Men *by Theodore Dreiser*.

The Heretic of Soana *by Gerhart Hauptmann*. Introduction by Harry Salpeter.

The Golden Ass of Aupelius. Adlington's 1566 translation.

The Revolt of the Angels *by Anatole France*.

Salambo *by Gustave Flaubert*. In the new balloon cloth binding.

The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins *by Robert Paltock* (Dutton. $7.00). Charmingly illustrated edition of the fantastic romance that delighted Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, and Leigh Hunt.

The Spanish Ladie *by Miguel Cervantes* translated by James Mabbe (1640) (Oxford. $7.50). With two other tales by the author of *Don Quixote*, beautifully printed, and illustrated by Douglas Percy Bliss.

Pan Michael *by Henryk Sienkiewicz* (Little, Brown. $3.00). The last of the Polish trilogy, though independent in itself—the period from the Turkish invasion to the crowning of King Sobieski.

Nick of the Woods *by Robert Montgomery Bird* (Vanguard. $2.50). The fifth volume of An American Bookshelf, edited by Mark Van Doren. One of the bloody tales that thrilled our grandfathers. 21st edition.

Guy Livingtone *by George Lawrence* (Stokes, Rescue Series. $2.00). One of the less eminent Victorians. Racing and hunting novel considered improper for the Young Person of the 'sixties.

In the Appleton Dollar Library:

On the Plantation *by Joel Chandler Harris* The old romantic South.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE XXIX)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

THE LONDON auction rooms this summer have provided enough excitement to prevent anything like the usual mid-summer dust from settling over the market for rare books and autographs. The London season, which continued for some months (and later than usual) after the New York houses had held their closing sales, was notable for two things: first, in the matter of prices it was a reflection of the now famous Kern sale at Anderson's last winter; secondly, the remarkable appreciation in the values of original manuscripts of modern authors was something of a tip to those who regard book collecting as a business. A few years ago Mitchell Kennerley, president of the Anderson Auction Company of New York, predicted that within a short time collectors would be falling over one another in the rush to secure manuscripts of modern authors. The prices of the Conrad manuscripts in the John Quinn sale might alone have justified this prediction, but since that time authors of considerably less note than Conrad have shared in the general advance. H. G. Wells, for instance, was an author whose manuscripts were at that time neglected and could be picked up for a song, although as an actual fact holograph manuscripts of H. G. Wells are exceedingly rare—perhaps not more than half a dozen exist. Yet the holograph manuscript of "Æpyornis Island", twenty-three pages, which was published in the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Budget* in 1894 and for which Mr. Wells originally received five guineas, was sold at a benefit for the East End Hostels Association for $4,750. It was Arnold Bennett, now an enthusiast on book collecting, who acquainted Mr. Wells with the knowledge that his original manuscripts were valuable.

George Bernard Shaw seems to lead the moderns in prices paid for his autographic material. Mr. Shaw, whose philosophic calm is seldom disturbed, must view with mingled amazement and amusement the prices paid for his autograph letters which have come into the London market in an unfailing stream. That he enjoys it all hugely, although he is not the particular beneficiary of the high prices, is evident from his actions and utterances regarding these sales. Archibald Henderson, of North Carolina, whose book, *Is Bernard Shaw a Dramatist?* was published by Mitchell Kennerley, recently received an annotated copy of his book from Mr. Shaw himself, which the Irish dramatist advised the recipient to sell to raise a dowry for his daughter. As the copy is unique, it doubtless would provide a nice little dowry or, at least, pin-money, if offered at auction. But somehow Mr. Henderson seems to prize it above money. The sale of an autograph manuscript of Shaw's is an event. The typed manuscript of Shaw's *You Never Can Tell,* with eight and one-half pages in the author's handwriting, was the most interesting feature of the London sale of books and manuscripts on July twenty-second.

The moderns, however, are not the only ones whose manuscripts are in demand. At a sale at Sotheby's a short time ago the holograph manuscript of Coleridge's "The Three Graves," 1797, brought $2,950. It consisted of sixteen pages, with alterations in the author's hand and a four-page letter from Swinburne written in 1886 describing this manuscript as a relic of "one of the greatest among all great poets". The great autograph item of the London summer season, however, was not literary, but historical. This consisted of a series of contemporary manuscripts relating to the foundation and early history of Maryland, being the papers of Lords Cecil and Charles Calvert, first and second Lords Baltimore. Messrs. Quaritch, bidding against several

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOOKS: OLD, RARE and NEW
In all departments of Art, Science, and Literature.
Out-of-Print books supplied. Catalogues issued.
Libraries purchased. New Books sent post free.
DAUBER *and* PINE BOOK SHOPS, Inc.
66 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Phone Algonquin 7880-7881 Open Evenings

Visit or Write
THE FRENCH BOOKMAN
202 West 96th St. (near Broadway)
"Headquarters for French Books and Magazines."
Careful, prompt attention and reasonable prices.
Catalogue 5c (stamps).

Six Plays of Eugene O'Neill, A Valuation by Alan D. Mickle, $2.00; Eugene O'Neill, The Man & His Plays, by Barrett Clark, $1.50; Strange Interlude, $3.75.
All First Editions.
GOTHAM BOOK MART
51 W. 47TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

MASONIC BOOKS
The latest books on Freemasonry. Come in and visit our bookshelves. *Mail orders promptly filled. Send for Catalog B.*
REDDING MASONIC SUPPLY CO.
9 West 23rd Street Masonic Publishers New York, N. Y.

McDEVITT-WILSON'S
NEW BOOKS—RARE BOOKS
FINE BINDINGS—AUTOGRAPH LETTERS
Monthly BOOK-TALK 50c a year
30 Church St. New York City

OCCULT—ASTROLOGICAL—MYSTICISM
MASONIC
Theosophy; Auras and Colors; Numerology; Spiritualism; Physiognomy; Phrenology; Palmistry; The Tarot—books on strange and rare subjects. FREE Book Catalogs (state one wanted) 1 L-Occult; 2 L-Astrological; 3 L-Masonic.
MACOY PUB. & MASONIC SUP. CO.
35 W. 32nd Street (Est. 1849) New York City

American agents, secured the lot for £3,500 ($17,500). They are of great historical interest, and it is believed they will find their way to this country, where they belong.

A midsummer book sale in this country was that of Charles F. Heartman, which drew collectors and dealers in Americana to Metuchen, N. J., as nothing else would have done. The sale was a great success, the Americana offered being of high quality and comprising some pieces that have not been offered at auction sale for more than a generation. Of especial interest were those pieces of American printing issued before the year 1700 —known as our American incunabula. An election sermon, entitled *New England's True Interest; Not to Lie,* brought $725. This sermon was preached in Boston by William Stoughton and printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson at Cambridge in 1670. This was the second edition, of which no other copy has been sold for fifty years. Whether or not the sermon was preached to correct an evil among the hearers cannot be known, but the modern collector values it as containing the oft-quoted sentence: "God sifted a whole Nation that he might send choice Grain over into this Wilderness". Two of the rare *Andros Tracts* in this sale brought $790 each, the purchaser being Lathrop C. Harper of New York. These were William Stoughton's *Narrative of the Proceedings of Sir Edmond Androsse and His Complices,* Boston, 1691, and Edward Rawson's and Samuel Sewall's *Revolution in New England Justified,* also Boston, 1691. There was also some valuable autographic material in this sale, an autograph document signed by Washington bringing $650, and a Paul Jones letter, the record price of $1,150. The Jones letter, only one page quarto, was a note introducing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

Commodore John Barry to M. Dumas *a la Hai,* and was dated Philadelphia June 4, 1783.

It has long been a complaint among librarians that they did not have sufficient funds to compete in the auction room with the wealthy private collector. Judging by a report recently made to the Harvard alumni by George Parker Winship, assistant librarian, of gifts received by the library in 1928-29, Harvard does not need to worry much about the private collector. The gifts to the Harvard library in the last year amounted, in money value, to more than a million dollars. The principal benefaction was the gift from the family of William A. White, '63, of his collection of early editions of Shakespeare's plays, which were appraised at $435,000. As Mr. Winship points out, however, while money values make a convenient measure for showing one development of the library, every single volume added to the library this year has increased the value of other books already there, by at least an equal amount, whether measured in money or usefulness.

Reprints and Anthologies (CONTINUED)

Wolfville Folks *by Alfred Henry Lewis* Cowboy life.

The White Terror *translated from the Provençal* of Felix Gras.

The Romance of an Empress. Translated from the French of Waliszewski.

Gleanings in Europe, France *by J. Fenimore Cooper* (Oxford. $3.50). The first reprint of a contemporary storm-center in social criticism.

A Tour Through England and Wales *by Daniel Defoe* (Dutton, Everyman's Library. $.80). Not only good reading, but valuable to the student of economic history. Excellent introduction by G. D. H. Cole.

BOOKS *by Mail*

Prompt, intelligent service by a shop in close touch with the centre of the publishing world. ¶We invite questions and correspondence.

The OSBORNE BOOK SHOP

209 West 57th Street, NEW YORK

CURRENT BOOKS | ART AND RARE BOOKS | ENGLISH EDITIONS

Rare Books | Sporting Prints

First Editions | Standard Editions

BOOKS

Real Booklovers invariably go to Himebaugh & Browne. An immense stock and intelligent assistants make it easy to find just what one seeks. Prices are GUARANTEED to be as low as any other shop and every purchase not meeting your full approval is returnable for credit. What more can one ask?

Write for catalogue

HIMEBAUGH & BROWNE
Booksellers and Stationers
4 East 46th Street

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Any Book of Any Publisher
PROMPT CAREFUL SERVICE!
THE H. R. HUNTTING COMPANY
(*Library Specialists*)
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

CINCINNATI, OHIO

RARE BOOKS, FIRST EDITIONS, FINE BINDINGS
Extra Illustrated Books, Autograph Letters, Old Prints, etc.
Write for our New Catalog of Old and Rare Books
STEWART KIDD, 19 E. Fourth Street, CINCINNATI
We have all the good new books!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK MART

CHICAGO, ILL.

The Walden Book Shop

410 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago

lists some of the rare first editions of Barrie, Coppard, Frost, Galsworthy, Garnett, Hardy, Huxley, Jeffers, Kipling, Milne, Sassoon, Shaw and Tomlinson. Catalogue and announcements on request.

FOREIGN BOOKSELLERS

That Book You Want! We hold 1,250,000 vols. new, secondhand, out-of-print. Also Rare Books and Sets of Authors. Books on approval. Outline requirements and interests. Catalogues free (20 issued).
FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

FINE RARE BOOKS

Catalogues Free
R. Fletcher, Ltd.
23 New Oxford St.
London, W C 1
England

THE TEST OF TIME

Time proves worth—a trite statement it is true, but an argument undeniable when proving the effectiveness of an advertising medium. You can find refutation for alluring statements and exaggerated promises—but what arguments, can you offer against the proofs of time?

The majority of the advertisers in the Book Mart section continue to use this space, month in, month out, year after year. The value, the effectiveness of this section of THE BOOKMAN has proven itself for them—why not, then, let it prove itself for you?

unusually low rates for three or more issues.

Huc and Gabet, Travels in Tartary, Tibet, and China (Harpers, Broadway Travellers Series, two vols. $10.00). Two jolly and courageous French missionaries reach the Forbidden City.

Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides *by James Boswell* (Dutton. $3.00). Sam Johnson at his salty best, with "the best travelling companion in the world".

The Yellow Book: A Selection *edited by Cedric Ellsworth Smith* (Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $4.00). Wherein we understand why sneers at the 'nineties are now passée. Designed by Robert Josephy, the creator of The Bookman's new format.

British Prose of Today (Longmans, Greene. $1.50). Published under the auspices of The English Association, J. C. Squire, chairman. Characteristic extracts from the best writers of our time.

England from Wordsworth to Dickens *edited by R. W. King* (Harcourt, Brace. $2.00). 7th volume of English Life in English Literature series. Rather a good picture of the social, political, economic, and cultural life of the period.

An Anthology of Recent Philosophy *by Daniel S. Robinson of Miami University* (Crowell. $4.00). Cross-section of the most readable of recent philosophic works.

Romantic Tales from the Punjab *collected and edited by Reverend Charles Swynnerton,* Indian Chaplain, Retired (Oxford. $3.50).

Essays in Liberal Thought *selected by W. H. Thomas and Stewart S. Morgan of the A. & M. College of Texas* (Harcourt, Brace. $1.90). Andre Siegfried, Walter Lippman, Robert A. Millikan, and others, offering the college student something to bite on.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY AGENTS AND WRITERS AIDS

LITERARY AGENTS

F. M. HOLLY
AUTHORS' REPRESENTATIVE
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Rates and full information sent upon application

SELL YOUR STORY!

For adequate representation among **talking picture** producers, New York market, send your stories promptly. No special form, theme, dialogue or length required. The story is the thing! Correspondence invited.

Daniel O'Malley Co.
109 East 37th St. New York, N. Y.

Recommended by Editors
ROBERT THOMAS HARDY
Play-Broker and Authors' Agent
55 W. FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Plays, Books, Magazine Fiction, Articles
Motion Pictures, etc. Send for circulars.

Strengthen Your Work and Increase Your Sales

By Having Me Criticise Your Manuscripts
Fee—Fifty Cents per Thousand Words
Circulars on request

G. GLENWOOD CLARK
219 North Henry Street, Williamsburg, Virginia

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICIZED, edited and prepared for publication. Free unless sold. Short or full length poetry or prose sold. Inquiries welcomed. No critical fees charged.
HYDRA BOOK CORP., Dept. B.M, 100-5th Ave., N. Y. C.

Archibald H. McLees, Manuscript Specialist. Established 1922, Typing, Revising, Criticising, Markets. Rates on request. **BRISTOL, PA.**

Books for Writers 1001 Places to Sell Manuscripts, $2.50. The Writer's Book, $2.50. How to write a Short Story, 65c. What Editors Want, 25c. Catalogue 30 others. Also personal service in criticism of manuscripts and advice as to markets. Correspondence invited.
***JAMES KNAPP REEVE**
Service Bureau for Writers (*Former editor of the Editor) Franklin, Ohio

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY ADVISER
Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized, marketed; special department for plays and motion pictures.
The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 135 E. 58th St., N. Y.

SPEAKERS, WRITERS, Club members We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert scholarly service suited to your requirements, highly endorsed. Revision of manuscripts, story and books, a specialty.
AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU
Room 491, 500 Fifth Avenue New York

Criticism, Revision, Collaboration

We have helped our clients sell to American, McClure, Delineator, McCall, Young's True Story, etc. Stories up to 5000 words, $5.00. 50 cents additional for each additional 1000 words. Stories read and appraised, $1.00. Return postage required.

LAIRD EXTENSION INSTITUTE
555 LAIRD BLDG. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

COPYISTS

MASSACHUSETTS

BOOKS, SHORT STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS
NEATLY AND ACCURATELY TYPED
50c per 1000 words, including carbon copy. Poetry 2c a line
FLORENCE LARKINS, Box 179, Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

COLORADO

Manuscripts, articles, poetry, photoplays—neatly, accurately typed, 50c per 1000 words. With corrections, 75c per 1000 words. Carbon copy on request.

J. E. SCHANO
Glockner Colorado Springs Colorado

Literary Agents *and* Typists

can reach an unusually interested list of prospects through the use of this section of THE BOOKMAN.

Write for special rates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMPLETE MANUFACTURE

THE TREND

in magazines is toward distinctiveness in typography, in printing, in binding and in the general format. This is not alone true of magazines but also of books—the modern bookcase is a treasure, with its contents representing months of planning and research ~ A forward impetus is prevalent in the publishing and manufacturing of today—the entire industry is "looking up" ~ Demands of service and quality, with cost a consideration, are not insurmountable for an organization tuned in every manufacturing detail ~ Every publisher has a problem—it should not be one of manufacture

The Haddon Craftsmen
INCORPORATED

Where Federal crosses Nineteenth

CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

NEW YORK: THREE-NINETY-THREE SEVENTH AVENUE

Please mention THE BOOKMAN in writing to advertisers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAS. H. OLIPHANT & CO.

Established 1898

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
MEMBERS NEW YORK CURB EXCHANGE
MEMBERS CHICAGO STOCK EXCHANGE
MEMBERS NEW YORK COFFEE &
SUGAR EXCHANGE, INC.

NEW YORK

61 BROADWAY

230 PARK AVENUE
(New York Central Building)

CHICAGO

THE ROOKERY

THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN
CAMDEN, N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the Winner

HARPER PRIZE NOVEL CONTEST

1929-30

THE DARK JOURNEY

by Julian Green

as selected by the Judges

CARL VAN DOREN, ELLEN GLASGOW
GRANT OVERTON

"He has so far simplified his theme that it can come home, with peculiar force, to any reader, in any country, in any age. This book is as timeless as MADAME BOVARY."—
Grant Overton

Publication Date: August 23

Price $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED